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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Gambrook

"Money Mad" How the stock market works—and whom **By Walt**

JOHN DUNCAN
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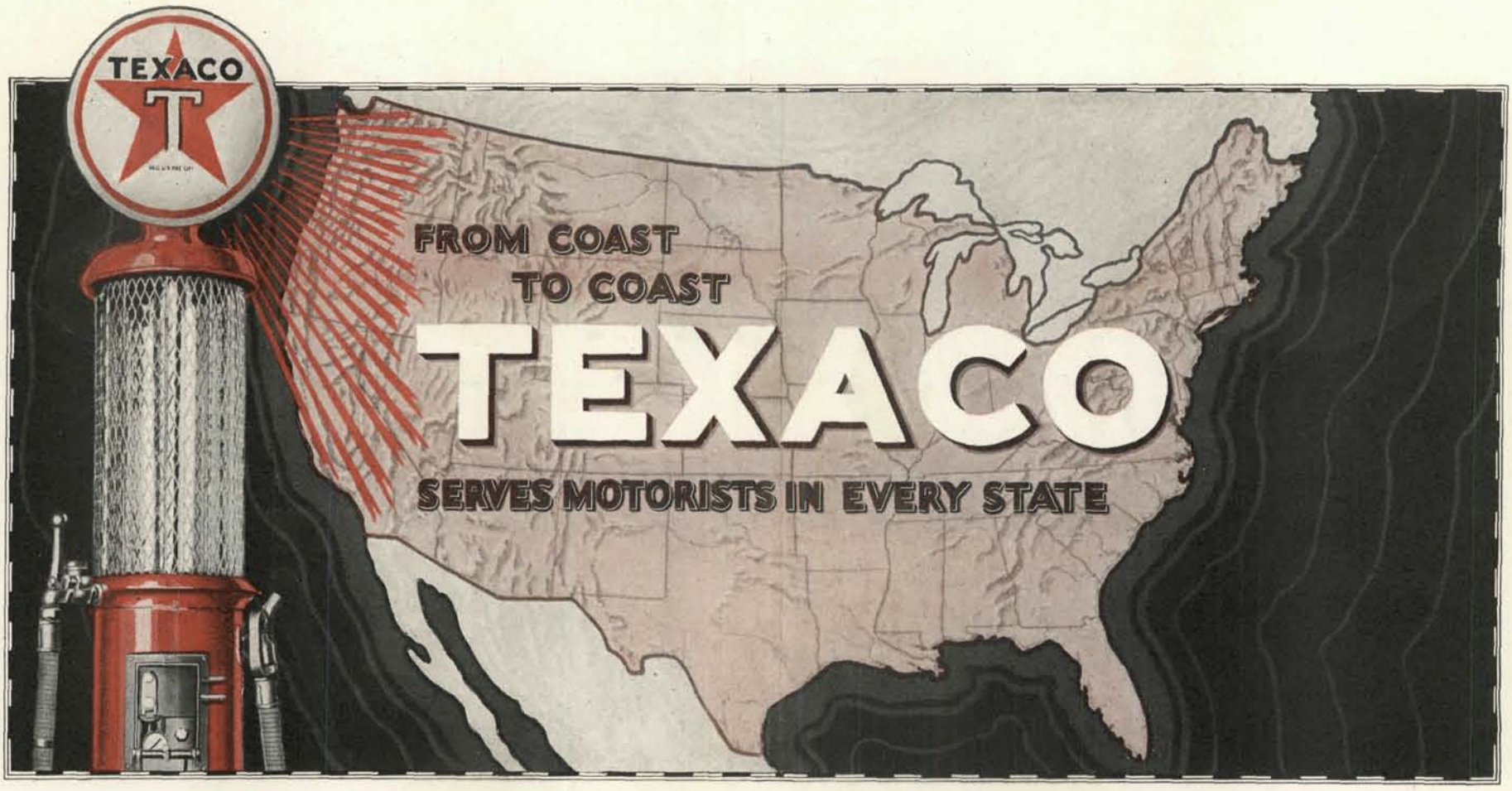

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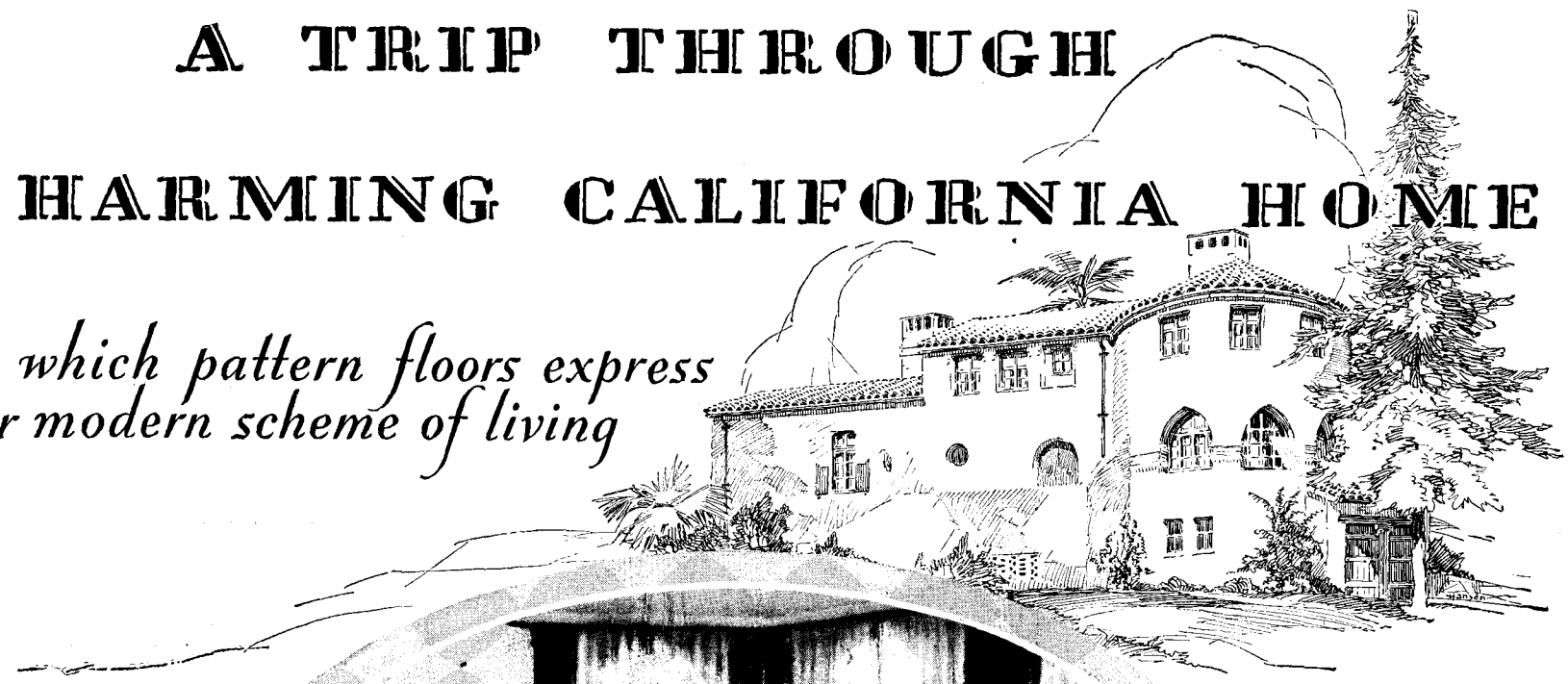

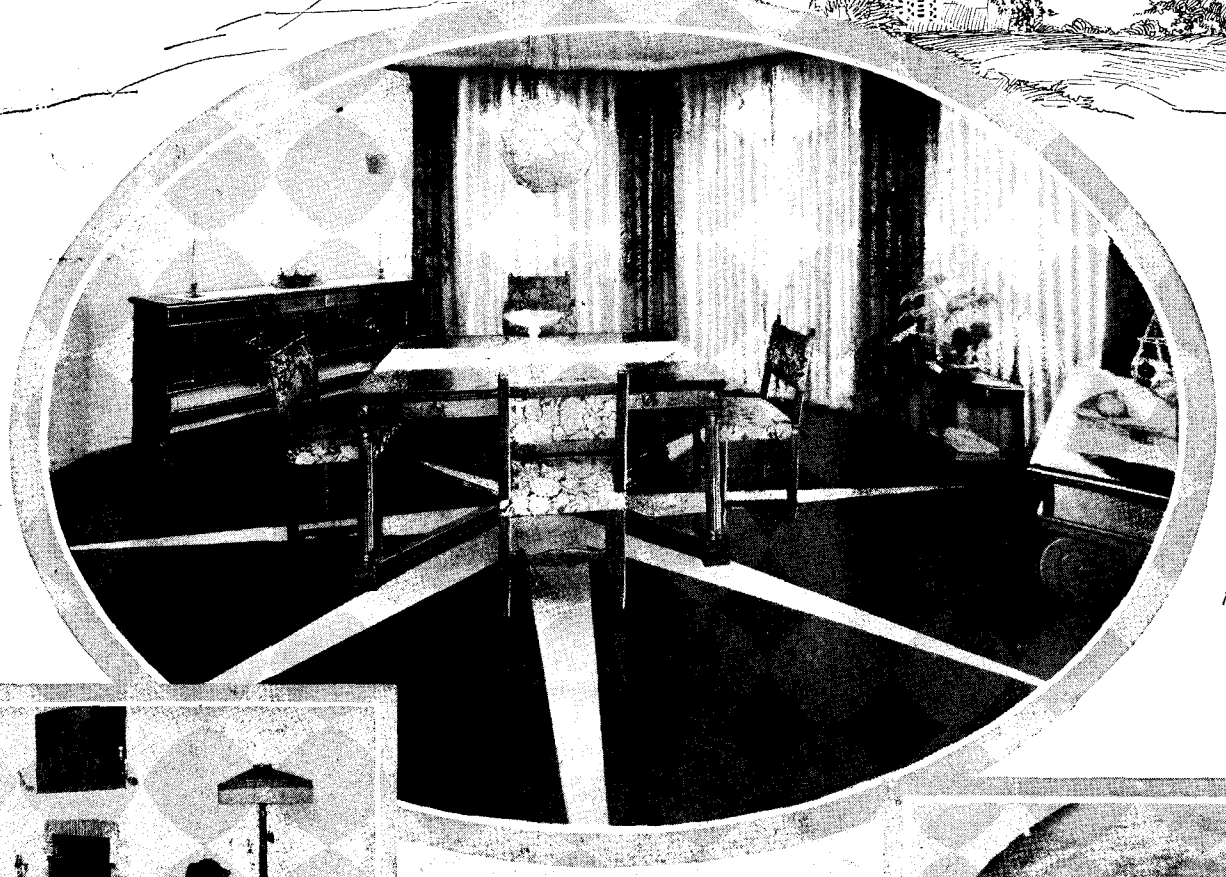

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IOLA, KANSAS

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Weary River

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

Jerry, in prison, sang over the radio. And that's how it started

EVERY Monday, Wednesday and Friday night a group of gray-clad men, each carrying a musical-instrument case, crowded happily into the long, black carryall which ran from the Big House into town, and there went to a velvet-hung room on the top floor of the local hotel, where for two hours they played before the microphone and then, once more under discipline, moved out to the waiting bus and the journey back to their cells. They formed the jazz band of Ladring Prison; and the leader, who played the piano, was a young fellow whose Bertillon record marked him as having been the "gay cat" for a safe cracker.

It was by such things as this that the warden of Ladring Prison proved his contention that a penitentiary had a greater mission than merely to keep men caged. Ladring's warden, he prided himself, was a builder; among his convicts the prison stoop and the prison pallor were absent, the prison walk, too, and the furtiveness.

More than this, when a person stood forth for unusual endeavor, whether it were in the labor gangs or elsewhere, he was allowed to forget that he was only a number and take his name again. This happened for the leader of the jazz band shortly after the little town had called upon the prison for talent to aid in its broadcasting program, and the leader, fearful for the success of an ill-rehearsed number, had substituted a piano number by himself.

Jerry Davis had given up his freedom grudgingly; guilty, and knowing it, he nevertheless had fought to the last atom of his energy and the final penny of his small store of money that he might remain beyond the law. Yet, withal, Jerry Davis was not a criminal in the common sense of the word; the thing he had done had been committed with the thought of friendship paramount. For that he had taken his chance and lost. His sentence had been for fourteen years, five of which had been served, when the city of Ladring, as so often happens with those who blunder in unknown fields, had stumbled into a masterpiece of broadcasting.

The resumption of his name had done strange things to the straight, sinewy-strong man. It had brought new light to eyes which, deep-set and dark, had always carried within them the hint of slow fires burning deep beneath. They had always contained this light; Jerry Davis, sensitive, reactive to beauty in a queer, almost painful way, was one of those strange admixtures of life with the soul of an artist and the calloused elbows of one who had met the world.

The widening of her fright-ridden eyes caused him to whirl quickly. "Run!" he commanded. "Run, I tell you!"

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Had Fifth Avenue reared him, there might have been another weakling genius for music critics to discuss. But it had been the vicinity of Mott and Pell streets instead, in the days when the sight-seeing busses, rolling from Broadway into New York's Chinatown, had something better to offer than mere memories.

When Jerry was twelve his father, the only relative he had ever known, died, and no one missed him save his son.

ABOUT that time there was need for an energetic boy in the kitchen of Ah Wing's Chop Suey Parlor, and Jerry had gone there. One day as he worked at stacking the dishes and replenishing the fuel in the big range the boss, whose only connection with Chinatown was the Oriental name with which he adorned his place, came into the kitchen, and, jamming his hands into his pockets, stood listening, as the boy went singing about his labors. At last:

"Got pipes on him like a choir boy," he said to the manager. "Same kind of a face too. Might be a knockout singin' mother stuff to the late drunks."

So Jerry left the kitchen for the restaurant proper.

Years passed there, with Jerry Davis a definite figure now in the shadowy, shuffling place of darkness and light which called itself New York's Chinatown. He came to understand crime as such, apart from the theory of it as held by the respectable, and when the old piano player who had taught Jerry returned one night when Jerry was twen-

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ty-five the interview was neither long nor awkward.

"Sure," he said as he twirled about upon his piano stool, the facile fingers of his left hand rippling the keys into the suggestion of a faint, far-away melody. "Sure, Nick. I know you wouldn't ask me if you could get anybody else. You were a friend to me. Sure."

So they went west, and Jerry gay-catted while Nick, with his soup and his drills and his blankets, sought to invade the confines of a safe. But three burly cops spoiled their plans. Jerry saw them as they closed in, and shouted a warning to Nick, who made his get-away. But the gay-cat, trapped by the trio, went to jail, and fight as he might he failed to find freedom again.

Now Jerry was thirty, and truly alive again after five years.

ONE day as he moved about his work in the prison library, his key-strengthened fingers turned the pages of a book of poems and halted as a verse of Swinburne caught his eyes and they became suddenly lustrous. At last he closed the book and put it back on the shelf. But the last two lines of the verse remained, refusing to depart:

That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The lilt of it would not leave him; he played badly that night for the first time since he could remember; strange themes insisted on finding their way to his fingers and thence to the keys: queer breaks which had nothing to do with the music he was striving to interpret. And when he sang he halted, as though his brain were struggling to hold back something which insisted on striving to break through.

Three nights later, in the darkness of his cell, Jerry Davis crawled from his sleepless bunk, and, fumbling, found a stub of pencil. Prison rules were in effect; there could be no light; handling carefully the scraps of paper which he had dragged from beneath his bunk, he slumped to the steel floor of his prison, and there he wrote the thing which all night had been racing through his brain. In queer, scrawly lines, scarcely decipherable, run together in the darkness, or slanting at wide angles, he put it down, a classic in common rhyme.

The next day, fagged from loss of sleep, yet driven nevertheless, Jerry Davis worked out the music as he went about his duties in the library, humming the notes over and over, or pausing for just an instant that, in quick dots and figures upon a pencil scale, he might jot them down, a bar at a time, for future coördination. At last, pitifully expectant, he turned it over to the warden and awaited developments.

"Jerry," said that person the next morning when the convict had answered the summons to the executive office. "I don't know." He picked up the hand-written music from his desk and looked appraisingly at it. "Of course, I'm no judge of music, but there don't seem to be much of a catchy refrain to it. I had my daughter play it last night, and she kind of thinks the same way I do. The words are pretty, mighty pretty, but I don't know that it'll ever be awfully popular."

"No, sir," said Jerry Davis, and cleared his throat. The warden looked up, noted the disappointment in the other man's face, and rose.

"We'll go to the assembly hall. Let's see if it's any different when you play it."

Jerry took his place at the piano, disregarding the music—he knew its every note by heart. He seemed to forget the warden; now he was playing to those empty benches, half turned, smiling, as if the figures of his fellow men were there—men who could understand. The warden stirred when it was done and rubbed his hands together as though the palms had been perspiring.

"Wonder what was the matter?" he asked. "That wasn't the way it sounded last night."

Jerry rose from the piano.

"No, sir," he said. "I know, sir. You see, there's something I—can't write down in the music."

"I guess there is a lot in the playing. Well, give it a try tonight." Then, as an afterthought, "You might announce it—there'll be a response if it's any good."

"Yes, sir," said the convict gratefully, and that night, dry-lipped, he faced the microphone. "Now our pianist, Jerry Davis, will play and sing something new for your approval," he said with an attempt at nonchalance. "A little composition of his own, founded on Swinburne's Garden of Proserpine, and called 'Weary River'."

"Bunch of telegrams," said the warden an hour later. "Guess you'd better give it to 'em again. Seems to have made a hit."

It was the beginning of a wave of popularity, the extent of which Jerry Davis could not understand nor know. Some radio editor had called him "Master of Melody." The alliteration pleased others; soon every radio schedule carried it; often the telegrams now forgot the true name of the convict in his more graceful subtitle.

One night a minister, pressed for a Sunday sermon, turned the dials of his radio set for relaxation—and came upon Jerry. He found a moral in the Master of Melody, something about the uses of adversity, and preached of it the following Sunday.

THE subject knew nothing of it, just as he failed to see the newspaper stories that were increasing constantly with the passage of time, concerning this dark-eyed, music-loving man who, from behind bars, had made himself known to the world. One day, some eight months later, he answered a call to the warden's office.

"Well, Jerry," said the official, "you'll be going out Monday. Some radio fan started a petition. Got about forty thousand signers and then turned it over to the governor." The warden chuckled. "I've heard about fellows playing their way into the Big House, but this is the first time I ever heard of one playing his way out!"

"NO, SIR; yes, sir," said Jerry Davis, and returned, dazed and trembling, to his work in the prison library. Only for a short time, however; once more a messenger entered, to summon him anew to the office of the warden.

A slick-appearing, dumpy, black-haired man sat beside the warden's desk, flipping his chamois gloves over the turned handle of his heavy cane. He rose at Jerry's deferential entrance and smirked when the warden introduced him. Mr. Blum, said the executive, had come from Chicago, upon reading the newspaper accounts of Jerry's impending release, with a proposition concerning vaudeville.

Four nights later Jerry Davis, trim-appearing in black and white, awaited his cue in the wings of a theatre. The wisecracking act which had preceded him was taking its final bow; all in an instant the curtain was up, and he was standing beside his piano, bowing as the applause greeted him. Then the stillness, as he took his place at the keys, broken only by the whispering of the auditors as they bent, one to the other! And out of that whispering came one word, which shot over the footlights with telegraphic sharpness, an epithet, no matter how softly applied:

"Convict!"

It created but little impression now. Prison and his prison life were but too lately left behind for Jerry to think of himself in terms of dis-association; he was a convict still, a convict pianist, with his field of musical activity transferred from the broadcasting-room to the stage; that was all.

Outside the stage door a shadowy crew waited, all with begging plaints; one caught him by the arm:

"You wouldn't turn down a pal that's been in stir?" he begged. Jerry Davis pulled hard at his breath; then hastily, as if striving to free himself as swiftly as possible, drew from his pocket a handful of loose silver.

"Pass it around," he ordered, and suddenly sickened, hastened for a taxicab and his hotel. There a telephone call awaited him. It was from a "flusie," inviting him to front for her, doing a jolt for the badger game. The next afternoon, as he seated himself at his piano for his matinée performance, Jerry Davis winced in spite of himself. The epithet had come as usual over the footlights—merely the remarks of those in the audience who were fully informed, retailing history to those who were ignorant.

In the days and weeks which followed Jerry Davis realized that he resented it not so much for what it meant as for what it did—the stamping and placing of him in a definite category from which there seemed no means of escape. When he had played before the microphone as a member of the penitentiary band, he had been a hero, in a way. Out here he saw that he was only a freak performer, to be viewed as a monstrosity, little else.

Gradually the fire vanished from

Jerry saw them as they closed in, and shouted a warning to Nick, who made his get-away. But the gay-cat, trapped by the burly trio, went to jail

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"I listen to you every night and wonder why you are there—what you have done that you should be there"

his act; even Weary River became little more than ordinary vaudeville song, done for persons who had come to feast on notoriety rather than to listen to the outpouring of one who reached — and reached — but whose fingers touched nothing. At last, in April, his contract was done.

"TELL you what I'll do, Jerry," said Jake Blum, back at his desk from the barber's chair. "You're a smart boy, I don't have to write it on a blackboard for you. After all, you know, your act ain't so hot. All you got is the novelty, and a show shop needs more'n that. You see, some way, you ain't got the fire and the pull that you had over the radio. The stuff ain't there, do you get me? How about a summer over the small-time and five hundred a week for the next season?"

Jerry Davis shook his head.

Back at his hotel he sat down at the desk for his weekly letter to the warden of Ladring Prison. This time control departed; when he had finished Jerry Davis took it dejectedly to the mail drop down the hall. It had been a hard job to confess failure. After that he merely wandered. Toward late afternoon he slouched in the lounge of the hotel, reading an amusement weekly, only to tear suddenly a small advertisement from it, look at the clock, then move hastily four blocks away to a rookery type of building and an office therein, hung heavily with posters, and smelling of printers' ink. The advertiser sat at a roll-top desk, pawing over stacks of railroad mileage books, and cussing billposters over his shoulder as he carried on a conversation with a fellow worker across the room. Jerry approached him.

"Mace is my name," he said. It was the first time that he ever had resorted to a moniker. "Jerry Mace. That calliope job taken yet?"

"No," answered the circus manager. "Think you could fill it?"

"Compressed-air instrument isn't it, with a short keyboard?"

"YEH. Not using the steamer any more. The Great Mammoth don't make parades. Just use this in the band. Experienced piano player, are you? Little tired of these straight calliope thumpers."

"If you don't think I am," answered the man who called himself Jerry Mace, "just lead me to a box."

"One over at the hotel. Come on. If you're kayo, we'll ship you out tonight. The job pays thirty a week and cakes. Suit?"

Only Jerry himself could answer how wholly it suited.

For this was a vacation, a joyful, happy, boyish vacation, under the billowing big top of the Great Mammoth, in the life and activity and noise and bustle of a tremendous show as it made its way from town to town—a new locale each day, a new thrill in the close-packed throngs, the blare of the band of which he formed a part, the deep-throated music of his calliope, carrying the burden of the main melody as the various numbers were played for the swiftly changing performance. Gradually, withal, the old reactions came back to him: a choking at the beauty of a cloud-fringed moon, sailing over the gigantic mushroom space that was the circus lot; the brightness and activity of the padroom; the sight of a slender girlish figure as she each afternoon and night moved gracefully up the tape to her act on the Roman rings, while the eyes of Jerry Davis that was left the music that they might feast upon her.

"Is she new in the circus racket?" he asked of the bass horn one afternoon and indicated with a nod of the head the form of Alice Larrabee, passing from the finish of her act to the padroom. The bass horn laughed.

"Lord, no. Born in it. She did that act when she was a kid. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. She looks so scared—sometimes."

"Good reason. Her husband's back on the show."

"Yeh?" Jerry sounded a chord in G for the finish of the perch act, and resumed the conversation with a forced air of nonchalance. "Married, huh? What's that got to do with her being scared?"

"Any frail's scared of being beaten up."

"Oh, that kind, eh? Hard-boiled with kids and women? Why don't she ditch him?"

"Same reason. Afraid he'll bump her off." The bass horn laughed again. "Nix, pal. I've seen you watchin' her. No chance; that guy's got her licked."

"Just interested, that's all," said Jerry. Then, with a steely sort of enmity which he could not understand, "So he's a tough egg?"

"When he's doped, yeh."

"All that too?" Instinctively there had returned a drawling, high-pitched tone of voice, reminiscent of Mott and Pell streets. "Yet the racket stands for him?"

"On account of her," said the bass horn. "She's good, that kid. As far as the man-and-wife stuff is concerned, that ain't nothin' to him. She lives in the performers' car, an' he stays with the ticket crew. Got some kind of agreement, I guess, that if he'll leave her alone she won't divorce him. Anyway, she knows blamed well that if she'd try it, or hook up with somebody else, he'd bump her off. Watches her like a hawk; she's his meal ticket, and don't ever think he misses any chance to trade on it! Gettin' worse all the time now—the boss has been sendin' him ahead to check up on the billposters or most anything else lately to keep him off the lot."

IT WAS three days later that Jerry Davis met Alice Larrabee. A circus is only a family, after all; there is little need for introductions. They spoke naturally as they met, crossing the lot after the matinée for the usual showman's afternoon sortie downtown. As naturally he fell in beside her, and took her arm, showman fashion, as they crossed the streets. He knew her name; she knew his alias: new faces remain so but a short time under the big tops. Downtown he paused before a confectionery shop.

"I'll buy a soda," he ventured. Then they were together at a little table in the back of the place, and he was studying her, without knowing it: the clearness of her eyes and skin, the femininity of her; the alluring twist of her lips when she smiled like a child striving to be serious and failing, and with it all the hesitancy, the narrowness with which she watched the entrance.

"Looking for somebody?" asked Jerry Davis.

"No," she answered quickly enough for him to know that she falsified. For a moment they centered their attention upon the drinks before them. At last:

"How long have you been married?"

"You bandmen know everything, don't you?" She laughed at the directness of his question.

"Well, not that, or I wouldn't have asked."

"Six years."

"Gee!" he said it whole-heartedly, "you were only a kid!"

A cloud seemed to pass over the girl's countenance.

"Yes," she said quietly.

After that conversation was more perfunctory; they parted at the confectionery door. But the next day Jerry saw her again and on succeeding days.

Then one afternoon he was startled by catching sight of her crossing the lot toward town. Her head was down, a handkerchief was at her lips; even at this distance, Jerry Davis could see that she had only recently ceased sobbing. Hurriedly he (*Continued on page 46*)

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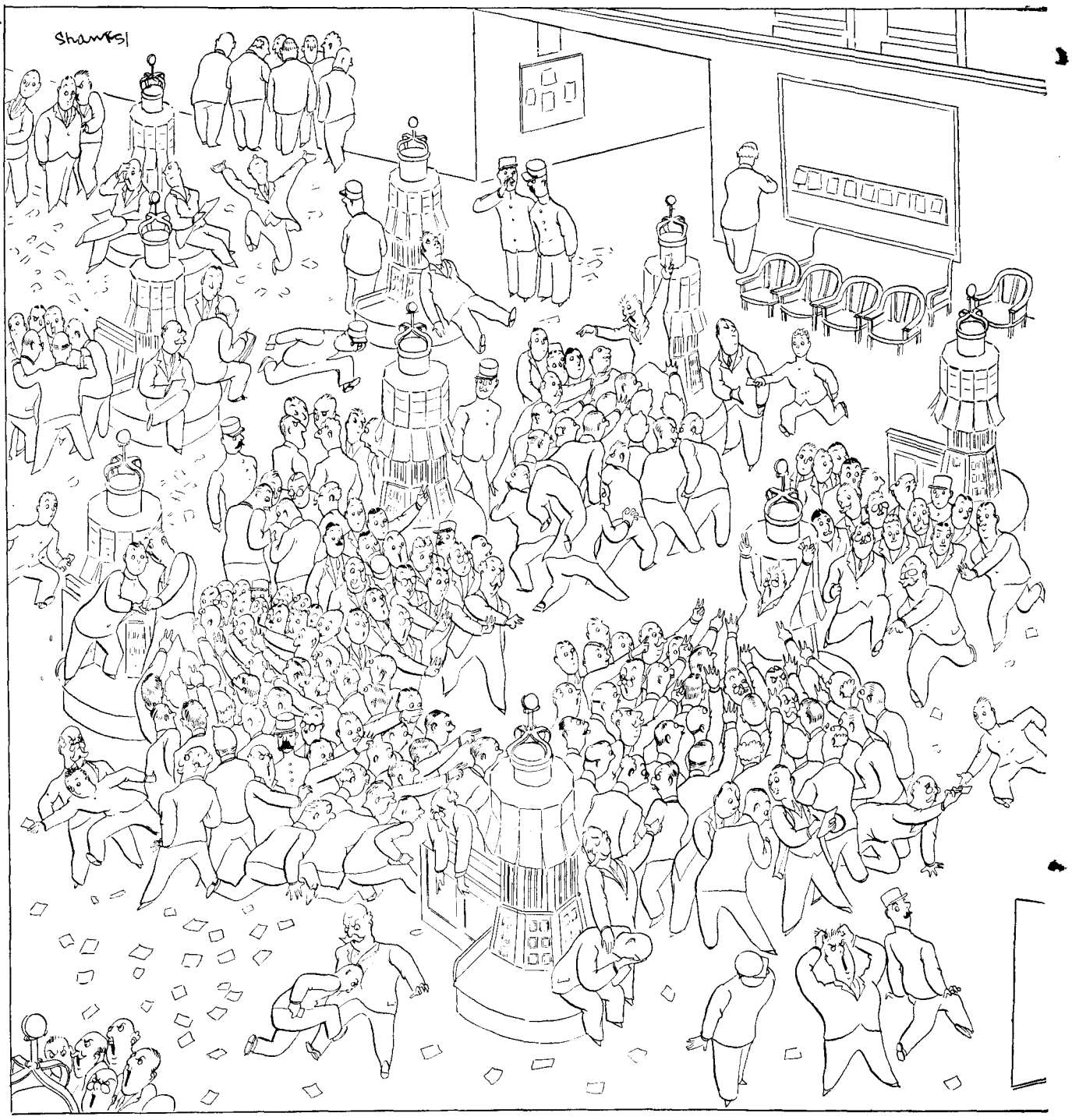
Money Mad

By WALTER DAVENPORT

ONE out of five of us was afflicted in the recent epidemic of frenzied finance. Yet not one out of five thousand knew what it was all about. So in the interest of the amateur plunger Mr. Davenport investigated and found out some amazing things! The Stock Exchange is a business institution vital to our financial life. Shorts and longs do not refer to pants. Puts and calls can be operated by any child. The bulls and bears, who gore and claw the poor lambs, are often skinned themselves. Here's a stock-market story that even a novice can understand and, less likely, profit by.



It amazes you, as you watch the floor of the exchange, that the whole business isn't utterly messed up.

UNTIL the market broke under its own weight, the heartbeats of somewhere between ten and twenty million gambling Americans were being regulated from a stone floor which happens to be called the New York Stock Exchange.

There was no panic, in the old meaning of that word, marking the end of the greatest bull movement we have ever witnessed; the brakes were put on too gradually and scientifically for that. But the speculation had to stop, just as all abnormal phenomena must come to an end, making it possible for magnates and their valets, clergymen and their parishioners, shopkeepers and their clerks, gamblers and their touts, fathers and their sons, mothers and their daughters to go back to their jobs again.

A few years ago it was a small group of favored men that did the spectacular work in Wall Street. A few household names covered the great operators. They were always the same names. One man or one little group of men could dictate the trend of finance; the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Sages, the Fisks, the Cudahys, the Hills, the Harrimans. But no more of that. The market is too huge.

In a few hysterical months—the climax of four years of mounting markets, of inflated values—stenographers and gardeners, butlers and gas-meter readers experienced the magnificent thrill of seeing a year's salary fall into their hats in an hour.

Your bootblack made $40,000 in a month. Your chauffeur won $5,000 by buying on margin the stock of the company that made your car. Cooks and delivery men, school-teachers and janitors caught the fever and even high-school boys and girls were pooling their pocket money to buy stocks—any old stock—and collecting their profits with the naïve wonder of Aladdin rubbing his lamp for the first time.

Every state in the Union and every town that could muster a single broker's office joined the helter-skelter rush for riches.

Unless you were in it and therefore blinded to everything except your own personal fortunes, you couldn't get any comprehensive view of the scramble.

The only grand-stand seats available were those offered by the galleries of the New York Stock Exchange, wherein the battle concentrated—the nerve center of the money-mad country during those bewildering and bewildered weeks.

What you saw and what you heard there in the Stock Exchange was grimly ironic. For all the absence of irresponsible stocks from the lists, this scene reminded you somewhat of the furor which obtained around Charlie Ponzi's offices in Boston, in 520 per cent Miller's headquarters in Brooklyn, of Cassie Chadwick's day in Cleveland and New York, of the tales of the South Sea Bubble, of the Mississippi Bubble, and the Dutch Tulip Mania of the seventeenth century.

Those Crazy Weeks

I TALKED to brokers, on the floor and off, before the break. Some groaned that the bottom was sure to drop out of the market; that ruin of a peculiarly lasting character lurked in every offing.

But they'd leave off their prophecies of gloom to come and rush to telephones and from telephones to trading posts and back again to execute orders from farmers in Mount Joy, Pa.; miners in Butte, Mont.; beef stunners in Chicago; cowpunchers in Texas; apple pickers in Oregon, and movie extras in Hollywood—all speculating through a local broker who carried on through one of the eleven hundred New York brokers who have seats on the Stock Exchange.

Four years ago the turnover of a million shares in a single day in the stock market was a first-page sensation. Two years ago the nation got a twelve-hour thrill because two million shares had changed hands one day. A year ago we grew apprehensive of panic because three million shares had been traded. But now they were seeing four-million days, and EVEN ONE FIVE-MILLION DAY.

To nine tenths of the speculators in those crazy weeks nothing but mystery existed beyond their decision to buy something and the acceptance by their brokers of their money with which to buy.

Yet it was and is simple enough.

Suppose you live near New Caledonia, Iowa, and in New Caledonia there is a small office in the Conover Block, wherein Leed, Jackman & Co., brokers, of Des Moines, maintain a branch office.

You instruct the representative of Leed, Jackman & Co. to buy 100 Pacific common for you. With prices fluctuating so rapidly it is probable that he won't take your order to buy at a certain figure—say $80 a share—because by the time he gets the order to Des Moines and Des Moines relays it to the broker who is the Leed, Jackman correspondent in New York and the New York broker passes it on to his partner on the floor of the exchange, where the actual buying and selling is done, the price could change a dozen times. It might take ten minutes. If, of course, you do your business in Des Moines where Leed, Jackman & Co. maintain a leased and ever-open wire to New York the whole thing might be transacted in two minutes.

How Iowa Reaches New York

AT ANY rate, your broker in New Caledonia telegraphs Des Moines, and in no time at all your order is in the hands of a well-nourished, smartly tailored gentleman on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. This gentleman, being a floor trader, has a number. If he is wanted on the telephone, which he is about ten times a minute in big days, his clerk, who is forever hovering near, is notified by one of the Stock Exchange pages who has noticed the broker's number leap into one of the squares of the

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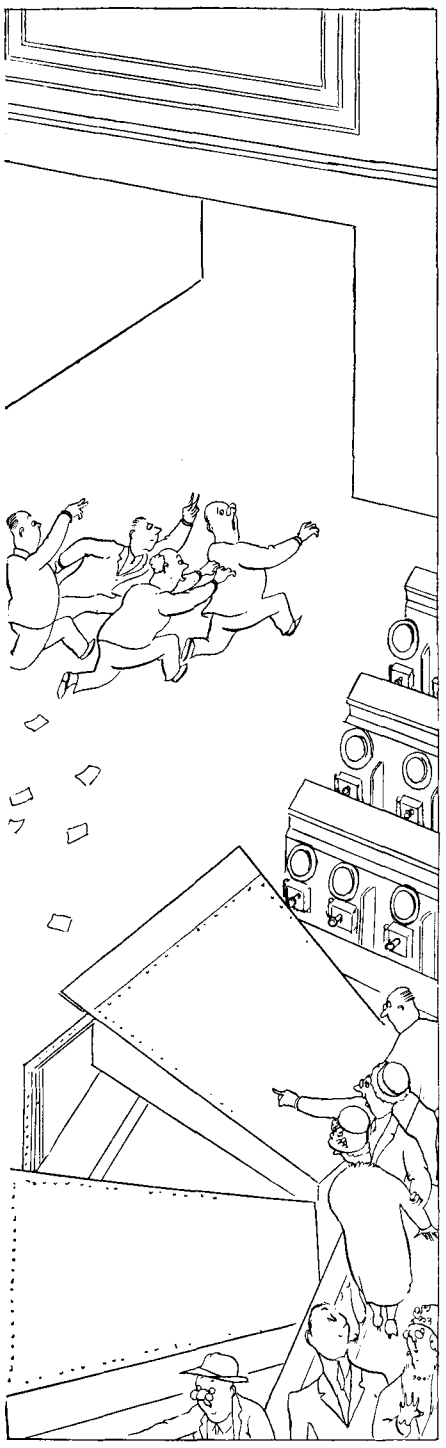

Yet hardly anything goes amiss

huge annunciator at the end of the room.

The clerk runs to the telephone. His office instructs him to buy 100 Pacific common at 80 or at the market as the case may be. He scurries back to the floor member of his firm and tells him. The floor man hustles to the trading post where Pacific is being dealt in and, plunging into the mêlée around the station, shouts:

"I buy 100 Pacific at 80."

Another broker with an order to sell 100 or more Pacific at that figure yells, "Sold."

Both buyer and seller make notes of the transaction, which is given, as a matter of routine news, to the ticker reporter, and the transaction is duly recorded on the ticker tape, to flow through a thousand offices to guide the decisions of the crowds of men who sit therein wondering what they'll buy or sell next.

Errors Come High

IF YOU'VE bought on margin, you never see the Pacific stock certificate. It is taken for granted that you don't want to see it, that you're merely betting 10, 15 or 20 per cent of the stock's market value that it will rise. If you have bought it outright, you receive in due time by mail the certificate of ownership—unless, of course, you sell before the transfer can be recorded in The Pacific Corporation books. No attempt is made to keep books on marginal buying.

What amazes you as you watch the floor of the exchange is how the brokers record their deals, how the purchaser of stock ever gets what he bought and how the seller is ever sure that he is rid of it.

No memoranda are exchanged between buyer and seller. Every man is taking notes of his own. Somebody offers a hundred of this or asks a hundred of that—"A hundred at 80?" "Taken." "A hundred for 80?" "Taken."

Or often there is no spoken word "taken"; there may be merely a nod of the head or a raising of the finger. With nearly a million shares changing hands every hour, just why at least half these split-second transactions are not forgotten or overlooked, or why the whole business isn't inextricably messed up, is a great deal more than the bewildered sightseer is able to comprehend.

Yet nothing goes amiss; or, if it does, THE BROKER MUST PAY FOR HIS OWN ERRORS.

For example, there's Clancey Folsom, who was commissioned to buy 5,000 General Motors at the opening market. At the end of the day he found that his bid had not been recorded. Maybe it was his fault, maybe not. But General Motors had risen twenty-two points that day, and it was up to him to deliver to his customer 1,000 shares which he had not bought at the opening price.

Folsom delivered the 1,000 shares, but he bought them at the closing price instead of the opening and was out of pocket just $120,000.

But that's nothing. There's another broker—Jennings or something like that—who, on the second of those furious four-million-share days, failed to register purchases of 20,000 shares of various stocks. And the stocks were going up. He made good, but it cost him $200,000.

Yet these errors are relatively trivial. On big days on the New York Stock Exchange these crazy offerings and takings of stock involve between $675,000,000 and $700,000,000. And there will be bigger days—much bigger.

Both the buying and selling brokers report back to their offices the result of the transaction intrusted to them. The purchasing broker gives his house the name of the selling broker, and vice versa. The transfer of the stock from one house to the other is accomplished by runners.

A picturesque lot, these runners. They enter and leave brokerage offices in steady processions.

There's one now. Recognize him? No? Well, you didn't patronize prize fights a few years back. That's Edward Irenæus Smith—Gunboat Smith—famous for his devastating right fist.

And there's Johnny O'Toole, who used to tend a popular bar in the days before prohibition.

That one's Ted Johnston, son of Jimmy, the manager of old Mike McTigue, the light heavyweight, and other sluggers. The little fellow's Teddy Hill. He used to be a jockey. And following him is Harry Robinson, who has done almost everything in his day—actor, cabaret singer, sea cook, cattle drover, soldier. He was wounded four times in France. Tough lad.

Bill Hummel's another of the runners who used to act. So is Burt Hunter. Burt was on the stage for eighteen years, and Bill was a Ben Hur actor until Ben Hur shows joined Tom shows, 'Way Down East, Shore Acres and The Fall of Pompeii spectacles in oblivion. So Bill eventually came to Wall Street and joined what Gunboat Smith calls the "Busted-Arch Brigade."

In the crowd in the brokers' offices are the spotters—sort of detectives. They know the runners, and they know what houses the runners represent. They know what houses are entitled to come in and get stock which has been purchased from this brokerage.

Several times in the history of Wall Street husky men came in claiming to be runners for other houses and they've walked away with bunches of negotiable paper. No more of that.

But to get back to our stock purchasings and sellings. Suppose you've given an order to sell 100 Pacific common at 80 and Pacific is quoted at 70. It looks bad for you, doesn't it? Well, not necessarily. The broker takes your offer to a specialist.

A specialist is a man who may believe so firmly in a stock that he may buy it even if there's no other market for it at the moment. His faith in that security is perhaps as stanch as the building he works in. He has "taken a position in it." It is possible that he will buy the stock even if he hasn't a purchaser in sight at that price. He is willing to wait. But you will have to take what he offers.

All About Put and Call

OR PERHAPS he will not buy the stock, but merely record the offer in his book at the figure you demand. If a demand for Pacific common is created and buying sets in, Pacific begins to soar. But before it reaches 80 you see greater profit in sight and have your broker telephone the specialist to raise the asked price to 90. This may occur a thousand times in the course of a specialist's day. His book is chaos, but, somehow, he understands it. Thank heaven for that.

Mike Meehan, who made $5,000,000 in radio, was a specialist in Radio Corporation of America for years. He has always been a bull in radio, and his optimism cost him a fortune at least once before this great rise came and justified his judgment with millions.

The put and call brokers did a terrific business during the furor. You will find put and call brokerages everywhere and an ultra-active day's life in their establishments is something warranted to ruin nerves.

For a fee of $137.50 or more a put and call man will give you what he calls an option for thirty days or less on 100 shares of a stock to which you have taken a fancy. If you buy a call, you are betting that the stock will rise. If you are betting that the stock will fall, you buy a put.

Let's suppose you believe the stock is on the upgrade. You pay the fee and designate, let us say, Pacific common. The broker, being on sound thinking terms with the market, tells you that he will take you "ten away."

What he means is this: Pacific common was quoted on the exchange at that moment at 80. In the broker's opinion Pacific common will not rise more than ten points in thirty days. If at the end of your option Pacific common has not risen above 90 (or at any time during those thirty days) the deal is ended and you are out just $137.50 or whatever his fee has been.

If, on the other hand, it rises to 91 or more and you elect to sell, you collect your profit.

The same process, with a downward trend instead of an upward, is followed if you buy a put. You are a bear. You believe the market is sinking, and you are willing to bet the fee that you are right.

But you could complicate matters by buying a straddle. In such event you pay a double fee and buy both a put and a call, possibly on the same stock. You can take up your pencil and have a jolly quarter hour figuring out the potentialities of that sort of dealing!

If the idea catches your fancy and kindles your imagination to that point where you decide to try the put and call game, remember this: it would be just as well for you that you do not try to carry on any other business at the same time.

Your put and call broker is always prepared to deliver the stock to you. If, for example, at the expiration of your option you elect to buy the stock outright you give him the money and he hands you the stock.

The New Caledonian has heard of something better than milk

No wonder his nerves went bad before the frenzy was over

He has protected himself by having made an arrangement with another broker, who also deals in futures but who is not in the put and call business, to supply him with the stock upon demand at a price agreed upon when you bought your option. But you don't buy at the market, whether it be high or low. You buy at the price the put and call broker quoted you when you became his customer.

Women the Best Sports

IF ONE may take the vast flood of inter-office business between brokerages during those crazy weeks of gambling as an indication of who were doing the speculating, we find that more than half a million women were trading on their own initiative, their own hunches and with their own money.

There was a time, the brokers tell us, when they were shy of women speculators. Women, the legend had it, were bad losers, given to uttering shrill cries of agony when the tide ebbed. Likewise brokers were a little afraid of taking money from women for fear of the wrath of husbands and that there would be hurtful outbursts from newspapers—"Brokers Preying on Women" and more of the sort.

But that's all past. Here is a hard, cold broker who wouldn't buy a share of anything for himself, but who has done a million dollars' worth of business for women clients in a week. And his respect for the woman gambler is towering.

He says that (*Continued on page 30*)

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Blake's Wild Lass

Illustrated by FRANK STREET

A romantic tale of reckless youth and the penalty it paid

HELEN BLAKE died at thirty, a quiet, uncomplaining figure in the close black bonnet and shawl of Victorian propriety; but Blake's wild lass, whose ghost Helen was, died eleven years before—died standing upright in the sunshine in a gay crimson silk gown of many flounces.

Ninety years ago Squire Blake lived outside a small Northern town and drew his fortune from a steel foundry within it. His manor lay south of the town, with the road to the burying ground running through and beyond the estate, so that the parson must always ride ahead of a funeral procession to ask the squire's leave to use his right of way. This was always given, with bluff courtesy; and therefore it entered no one's head to offend the squire and at the same time add three miles to the journey by making a new road round and about his land.

Blake was an arbitrary man. Nothing pleased him better than to have his permission or opinion sought, so that he was always on excellent terms with old Parson Hilyard.

For their little ceremony he achieved as grave and reverent a face as the parson himself, and the words between them followed a prescribed form; but of an evening, when Hilyard, a scholar and a man of wit, rode up to the manor for a chat, confidence and good-fellowship would pass between one and the other faster than the crystal decanter of old Amontillado, of which wine the squire was so justly proud.

Then the parson would unburden himself about the shortcomings of his new curate, a burning-eyed young man of curious ideas; and Blake would extol the beauty of his daughter, ornamenting his approval with a string of full-bodied Elizabethan oaths.

"Devilish dam' fine girl, I tell you! God in heaven, I wish her blessed mother was alive to see her!"

And he would probably ring for her to come and prove his words—the child Helen, with her flashing eye and the curl to her red lip. Flushed from her first sleep, in her white dressing gown, trimmed with fur, and her curls loose, she would march into the library and claim a seat on the squire's knee, to be spoiled with sips of sherry from his glass and premature compliments and tweaks of the ear. As he trained, so she grew, hot-tempered, spoiled, brave and lovable. And wild as a hare.

"Do you realize what this means? We are shut in here for the night, alone"

HER faults were those of her father, and he, who had reared her, did not know how to meet them. He stamped and swore; so did she, and looked twice as lovely in her anger. He locked up her horse for punishment; she stole his and put it across country so straight that he had to cry, "Well done!" before he added, "You damned little virago!" She set the whole countryside by the ears, and did not care the smallest snap of her long fingers for its opinion. While they called her, according to their sex, Belle Helen, mad Helen and Blake's wild lass, her father called her a little devil and his darling.

"Why can't you speak when you're spoken to, and sit with a bit of embroidery, like other young women?" Blake would demand, but if anyone else ventured the same question he would roar: "You dare to try and make her one of your bread-and-butter misses! By God, I tell you there isn't a lass in the country fit to lick my Helen's plate! Who'll deny that the little devil's a plucky 'un, and as handsome as a picture?" Which no one ever could.

The ladies round about consoled themselves by fearing hopefully to one another that, "of course wild Helen Blake would never get a husband"; but it was cold comfort, and they knew it, since every man for miles round was waiting on the lift of her eyelid.

BUT Belle Helen soon wearied of their nervous vows; she was not one to be held long by an easy game. She would dance alone in the woods by moonlight and laugh with glee, but not at the grand ball in the town, which she thought mighty dull. She would stay to supper with a farmer and his wife and sing to them afterward in the flagged kitchen; but her father, crimson in the face, would be reduced to announcing to a roomful of guests, simpering apprehensively up at the manor, that she had been taken suddenly ill.

Whenever she returned from an escapade there would be a scene; starting with each of them trying to be the first to obtain the advantageous position on the hearth, back to the fire, from which to storm.

"Do you want to ruin me? You bring me to shame every day of the week. What do you suppose folks are saying of you!"

Over which she would fling:

"I care nothing of what they say, I tell you! It is not for their amusement that I go my own way. It is because I think it stupid never to do what one wants because one is afraid, like all the old pussycats! Bah, they put me past my patience with their silly, wagging tongues! But they shall not make me afraid. I will do as I want!"

Then, one day, the great wind of politics blew a cloud across the affairs of the little town, and Belle Helen's name suffered a temporary eclipse.

The matter was this: To the northwest lay Sheffield, and Sheffield was at this time writhing in the grip of that infant Hercules, the trade union. For generations the law of the land had practically ignored the rights of workmen; as though justice were a piece of delicate porcelain, useless and extravagant in the lives of the poor. Therefore, they banded themselves together to snatch what had not been given to them, and marred a just cause by doing it very cruelly and badly.

The Sheffield fever spread to the little town over which Squire Blake ruled, and an honest workman at his foundry who refused to join the new union of cutlers was burned in his bed one night with his wife beside him.

He passes out of this story as suddenly and terribly as he passed out of life, but the next morning the countryside awoke to little short of civil war. The workmen, approving or no, were stubbornly silent and menacing; the shocked and outraged gentry were less than ever disposed to look for cause in their horror at effect. To see both sides of the question was as much as it would have been to declare yourself a loyalist and at the same time advise Cromwell's men to search the oak for fugitive King Charles.

Naturally, Squire Blake was hottest, being nearest the fire; and at this point, all things working together for anything but good, Roger Collen, his lifelong friend, died, and young Guy Collen came home from London.

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By JANE SAVILLE

In those days one did not say, "You are wrong," to the squire. One did not even say, "I do not think you are right." Guy Collen, the young barrister from London, said both when he called at the manor after his father's funeral.

"Of course you are shocked and astounded at this outrage. It is quite time that the upper classes were shocked. It will make us think and look at last for the evil at the root of this which has produced such a horrible fruit."

An ominous flush mounted up the squire's heavy face.

"So these murderers have your approval, sir?"

"You mistake me, sir! It is the cause, not the few ignorant and crazy individuals behind this one happening, that has my sympathy!"

"Sympathy!" cried the squire at red heat. "Sympathy be damned! I am sorry that my hospitality cannot extend to your father's son, sir, but I must ask you to leave my house, now and forever. It is a pity you did not extend your studies in London and learn something of sense from your betters! I wish you good day, you and your sympathies. You are a traitor to your class, sir."

ALL this while Belle Helen had been in the paneled window seat, listening with bright eyes, at a tambour frame that never grew richer by a stitch. For this young man had roused her interest and amazement, and these were tunes she was not used to hear played. Though, in all fairness, it was hospitality that sent her after him into the great square hall.

He had taken his hat and cloak and was at the door when the manservant surprisingly left him; and he turned to find her standing there instead, in her hooped amber gown with the dark curls on her neck.

"Mr. Collen!"

"Madam?"

"I am come to say that I am sorry for this division between you and my father, since it prevents my offering you refreshments after your ride."

He looked her straight in the eyes and then said slowly, "I am sorry too."

She flushed. "But, after all, it is your own doing! My father was right."

"Madam," he said, never taking his eyes from her, "I should have granted you the wit to hold opinions of your own!"

And with that he left her, standing speechless in the wide hall among the deep silver bowls of red roses.

Down in the town the malignant fever spread. Distrust blew like evil seed and took root everywhere. Men peered sharply round corners before committing themselves to another street. What work was done went on behind closed shutters; and, after dark, the courts and alleys eddied with whispers and the soft pad of creeping feet.

Up at the manor Blake's lass chafed under her curiosity for a whole week; and then, the squire being gone on a three days' journey to Sheffield, she called for her horse and rode out alone. "For," she said to herself, "he gave me credit for wit, and I should like him to prove that my tongue has as sharp a barb as his own, should I meet him."

For this reason—she was very certain that it was for this reason only—she rode round the lanes about his house, drawing a closer and closer circle, until she found herself on a rise of ground overlooking the long windows of old Roger Collen's cherished library.

From the house the garden ran down, bright and formal, to a stream with little wooden bridges and climbed the rise beyond amid high wild grasses. There she waited, reining her horse under a clump of elms and sitting motionless in the shade of them; wondering in which room her enemy was, and if he were ever lonely, and to whom he spoke of all his new, wrong ideas, when he was full of them.

And then the storm broke. She was so lost in thought that she had not noticed a foreboding shadow blot the bright color from the blue and yellow flower beds, nor the hush which had silenced all the birds. Her horse reared as a vivid blade of lightning split the sky, and before she had time to dismount and soothe him the first heavy drops of rain were drumming on the leaves overhead.

She woke to the fact that the trees were dangerous, and tried to lead the terrified animal away. But the sensitive creature would not trust himself to the crashing thunder and sheet of thudding silver rain. His mistress coaxed and swore; but, with flattened ears and quivering nostrils, he backed into the perilous shelter again and again.

A man came running up the soaking grass, a sack over his head and a cloak on his arm.

"Madam!" he gasped, "Mr. Collen's compliments, and will you please to shelter in the house until the storm is over? He says to put on this cloak and run, while I take the horse. Them trees isn't safe, m'am, in a storm!"

"Go back!" she cried, "and tell him I had sooner—"

The lightning struck a tree a little distance from them. It split like a carrot, and a great branch crashed to the ground. A figure emerged from the long library windows, running toward them.

Her thought was: "He'll be hurt!" The splintered tree was fresh in her mind. She seized the cloak and flung it round her shoulders, running out at once into the violent storm to drive him back into safety.

THEY stood and faced each other, among old Roger Collen's friendly books, both shaken and breathless and steaming from the rain.

"I trust," he said, catching his breath, "that you will not refuse *my* poor hospitality, madam, after your ride!"

Up went her head at the taunt.

"You forget, sir, that my home is my father's also!"

"Like your opinions!" he countered, but smiling and holding his arm for her wet cloak. "Come, my housekeeper has a fire. Will you not let me take you to dry your dress by it until one is lighted here?"

But, face to face with her unacknowledged purpose, she was afraid again and drew back.

"Thank you; I will not intrude. In my haste I accepted your shelter thoughtlessly. I will go now, if you please."

"That I could not allow." He pointed to the swirling torrents of rain outside. "Miss Blake, I was fool enough to think myself very fortunate in this encounter, since I so much wished to speak to you again. But if my presence is so bitter to you, I will take my leave, and send a woman to wait on you. I dine at six—it wants but half an hour. I had hoped that your tolerance of mind would allow me your company. But you would rather dine with the devil, I see."

At that challenge Blake's wild lass was herself again, and with a gay, deep laugh tossed him her wet cloak.

"Come, then!" she cried, "I will dine with you, for I use a long spoon."

SO THEY dined, and afterward, when the elderly woman who had waited on them left the room, she leaned between the tall candles, her face on her long white hands, and heard what he had to say.

It was dark when she finished her wine, and he said: "Now I will ride with you to your home. Then I must go down to the town. There is a meeting I must attend tonight."

She understood the inference and rose at once, the spell of their companionship broken. It was rumored that he was actually leading the union men, organizing, banding them together with skill and order for their mad enterprise. Her face darkened and she drew away.

"I do not need your escort. I am ready to go now. Will you send for my horse, if you please?"

He simply repeated, "I will ride with you," as though she had not spoken.

He rang for servants. None came. He rang again, and then, in surprise, took a lamp and went through the corridors and rooms of the silent house. She heard his footsteps and the echo of his voice, unanswered, and followed him at last into the dusky hall.

"What is amiss, sir?"

"I cannot understand! I can get no reply; the house seems deserted. If you are not afraid to be left alone for a moment, I will run over to the stable yard and call the groom."

"I am not afraid. Let me hold the lamp while you unfasten the door."

But the door was locked and the key gone. While he tugged and pulled, scarcely believing, he heard a sudden exclamation from the girl behind him; and turning, saw that the close circle of light had discovered the white corner of a folded note, thrust half under the mat. They set the lamp on a table and read it together, their feud forgotten.

His wine seemed flavorless; his favorite airs were silent; his hand at piquet wanted a partner

Sir: The White Hill foundry men are out for (*Continued on page 28*)

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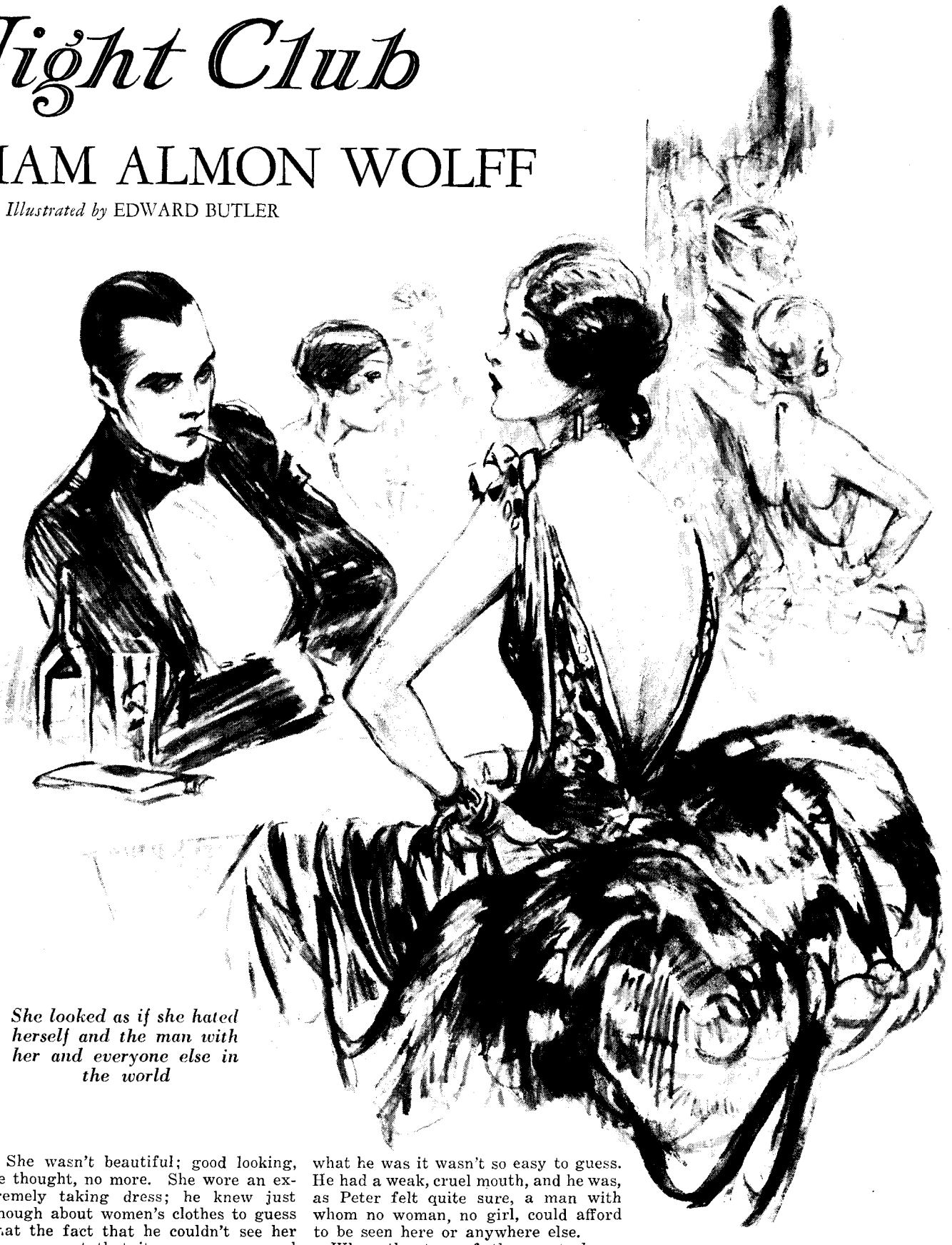
Night Club

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by EDWARD BUTLER

She was in a dangerous place with a dangerous man—but she was a dangerous girl



She looked as if she hated herself and the man with her and everyone else in the world

CHEZ EMMA was a small, airproof room, with benches around the walls and tables set all around a tiny dance floor, two or three flights up in a nice firetrap of a building in the Forties in New York—so that it could stay open after the regular closing hour at three o'clock, and the police could pretend not to know it. Peter Bradford had asked his sister hopefully, an hour or so ago, what time they did close.

"Oh, after the Exchange opens!" she said cheerfully.

The presiding spirit of this night club seemed to be a light-brown wench named, Peter supposed, Emma, who sang risqué songs with a suggestion of a French accent, acquired in Paris, where she had been the rage for a time.

The room Peter was in, though, wasn't the real Emma's. What gave the place character, apparently, was the bar, and the bar puzzled Peter a good deal. People came to Emma's bringing with them, at some personal inconvenience, ample supplies of liquor that they had, presumably, proved to be at least non-poisonous. But all who had the entrée to the bar—everyone didn't—left their flasks at their tables and flocked into the bar, and fairly fought for the privilege of buying abominably bad drinks at a dollar apiece.

That was how Peter came to be all by himself at a deserted table, with half a dozen chairs pulled out any-which-way; and the ash-strewn cloth littered with half-empty glasses and ginger ale bottles and an empty flask and ash trays overflowing with cigarette butts. He'd landed in New York at ten o'clock, and his sister had organized a party to welcome him home, and here he was, wishing he were back in Russia, where he'd been, most of the time, for the last five years.

HE WASN'T, to put it mildly, thrilled. If this was, as his sister said, the smartest and most amusing night club in New York, then New York had gone back since his time. What he'd like to do right now would be to slip out and go back to his hotel and go to bed. And he knew that, if any of the others felt as he did, they'd do just that.

New York, if he gave it time, would probably emancipate him, too, and free him from his inhibitions, but as yet Peter still had a lot of archaic ideas about good manners, even with one's own sister.

He was just about ready, in sheer desperation, to try the bar again, when the sight of the first human being who'd interested him and really attracted his attention since he had come ashore made him drop back into his chair. This was a girl just coming in; and something about her made him stare at her, regardless of manners or anything else.

She wasn't beautiful; good looking, he thought, no more. She wore an extremely taking dress; he knew just enough about women's clothes to guess that the fact that he couldn't see her knees meant that it was a very good dress, indeed, as well as a very lovely one; and a string of pearls she wore confirmed that guess. He did know about pearls, as it happened; and she passed close enough for him to be sure that hers were real, and worth a lot of money.

This girl had what almost no other woman in the place possessed—distinction. Young though she was there was no doubting that she was somebody.

As her progress toward her table carried her past him, so that he could no longer see anything but her back, Peter transferred his interest to the man who walked a step or two behind her. It struck him at once, and very forcefully, that he had seen him before somewhere.

He was a tall young man, very straight and slim; his waist was drawn in and his shoulders were thrown back, so that Peter was sure he had been an officer in some army. He wasn't an American or an Englishman, but just what he was it wasn't so easy to guess. He had a weak, cruel mouth, and he was, as Peter felt quite sure, a man with whom no woman, no girl, could afford to be seen here or anywhere else.

When the two of them sat down, against the wall, Peter looked at the girl again, and now, as she looked toward him for a moment, as if she were a little interested in him, he saw what hadn't been plain before—the stark, hopeless contempt in her eyes, as if she hated herself and the man with her and everyone else in the world.

JUST then his sister came and dropped wearily into a chair beside him.

"Who's that girl who just came in, Nana? Do you know?" Peter asked.

"Where? Oh—why, Carol Venner, of course. You know her, Peter. Her sister Janet married Hugh Cameron, from Cleveland. Weren't you an usher?"

"Good Lord—yes!" said Peter. "Is that the kid Janet had for a flower girl?"

"Probably. I'm dead. Where's everyone? In the bar? Let's find them—"

"Who's the man with her?" Peter said persistently.

"Heavens, Peter, I don't know! Some foreigner. New York's full of them. They say there are so many of them downtown that two or three Yale men couldn't get jobs selling bonds last June. She's engaged to George Warner. Do you know him?"

"I used to," he said. "What's she doing with this bozo in a place like this if she's engaged?"

"It's perfectly all right, really," said Nan. "These kids know a lot more than we did at their age, darling. Coming?"

"Do you mind if I don't, Nan? I think I'll need a couple more inoculations before I'm up to the air in that bar."

"Suit yourself," she said, with a shrug, and went off.

He didn't mind being left alone now, though. This girl interested him all the more now that he knew who she was, and that he had, in a way, known her years ago. But it struck him that it was all wrong for her to be engaged to George Warner; she rated someone with more hair and a more varied lot

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of ideas under what hair he did have.

Now she and her young man were getting up to dance. The man was, Peter saw, an extraordinarily good dancer; he was able to talk to her with great earnestness, and still to guide her, on that packed floor, so that no one ever touched her. But if she was enjoying the dance she didn't look as if she were. It seemed to Peter, indeed, as if what the boy friend had to say was filling her not only with resentment but with fear as well.

Peter wouldn't have seen what happened, of course, if he hadn't been almost spying on them. Even then he could scarcely believe he had seen it. For, never breaking the rhythm of the dance, the man let the girl's right hand go, and with his own hand loosened the clasp of her pearls, and took them and slipped them into his pocket. And though Carol Venner must have known, of course, what he had done, she said nothing, did nothing; though she went, all at once, very pale, and the color seemed to fade even from her lips.

HE ACTED swiftly, then, did Peter, on an impulse he wouldn't take the time to analyze or examine. He got up, and walked straight out to them.

"May I cut in?" he said, as pleasantly, as lightly, as he could. "I'm afraid you don't remember me, Miss Venner?"

"But of course I do!" she said. "I saw you when I came in, but I didn't think you'd know me. You're Peter Bradford, and the last time I saw you was at my sister's wedding. Oh—do you know Serge Vasilov, Mr. Bradford?"

Vasilov bowed from the waist; there was no question of shaking hands, Peter was glad to see. Carol turned to him, and then went off; the Russian, staring after them curiously, a little angrily, went back to his table.

"It was great luck, your remembering me," said Peter. "I had to take a chance—"

He stopped, because he realized just how hard it was to find words for what he wanted to say.

"Yes, Mr. Bradford?" she said finally.

He blurted it out, then:

"I saw that Russian take your pearls—!"

"Oh!" she said. "But, really, Mr. Bradford, isn't that—don't you think that's my affair?"

"No," he said, bluntly. "I mean, anyway, I think it's mine, too. After all, I've known your people all your life, and I knew you when you were a kid. Don't you know this Vasilov's no good?"

She might be furious, of course. He'd had to take that chance; to risk having her stop dancing with him and send him about his business. But he didn't think she was angry.

"Play up," he said. "He's watching us. If you could smile—"

She did, on his word. And it transformed her whole face, lighted it up; brought loveliness to her eyes and all her features.

"Oh, yes," she said, after a moment. "I know that. Better than you. But you—how did you happen to be here—and see that? I—I wonder if there is a God?"

"I shouldn't wonder," he said.

"There isn't anything you can do, though," she said. "There isn't anything anyone can do."

"You can't tell till you try, you know," Peter said.

"I *don't* see why you should be dragged in—" she said.

"I haven't been," he said. "I didn't have a ticket, and I crawled in under the tent. You couldn't have kept me out. Look here—don't you know I want to be in on this—don't you know I'm aching for a chance to queer this fellow's game, whatever it is?"

"I believe you are," she said, and she chuckled deep down in her throat, and that thrilled him and delighted him as no sound had that he had ever heard before. "All right! Heaven knows I seem to be licked—I need some help if anyone ever did. Are you with a crowd?"

"Oh, in theory—yes, but they've forgotten it. I can get away any time."

"Then—do you want to take me home? Take me back to Serge now, and then come back as soon as you can."

He took her back to Vasilov, and went to find Nan and plead weariness and a headache as an excuse for going. He was back in ten minutes; and this time, as Vasilov rose, punctiliously, at his coming, he remembered, all at once, where and when he had seen him before. It was the Russian's upper lip that gave him away; it had that look a man's lip always does have, for a long time, when he has shaved off a mustache.

Carol got up at once and turned to Vasilov.

"I'm going now, Serge," she said. "Mr. Bradford will take me home—you needn't bother."

She might have been dismissing a chauffeur, Peter thought. But if Vasilov resented her manner he didn't show it. Peter took her down to the street and picked out a good cab.

"How about going round the park?" he suggested. "If we're going to talk—"

"Yes," she said, "we are. The park's a splendid idea."

"I don't know where to begin," she said, after they had started. "It's a messy story, really. I hate the idea of having to tell you."

"You needn't," he said.

"You see," she said, "Vasilov's really a pretty terrible person. He looks decent enough, and he ought to be. His family's as good as it can be—he belongs to the old aristocracy, and he's a refugee. But he's no good at all. He's been—well, he's been blackmailing me."

"LET me interrupt you, just for a second," said Peter. "My sister happened to tell me you were engaged to a man I used to know—George Warner. You—you feel you can't take this story to him?"

"Oh, no—no—I can't!" she cried. "He's the very last person in the world I could go to!"

"Well?" said Peter. Her vehemence was convincing. "If you're sure—"

"I am," she said. "You see—oh, I'm not a nice person at all, Peter Bradford, really I'm not. George is sweet, and I'm very fond of him, but—well, it's not love's young dream, exactly. I do like him, and there's no one else, and—well, I've got to marry somebody before long. Ladies"—she tried, not too successfully, to laugh—"ladies must eat!"

"I see," said Peter, quite savagely.

"You probably don't, at all," she said. "I mean—oh, what's the use of being sentimental and romantic? I've seen so many marriages with people crazy about one another—and in a couple of years they've fallen out of love and into hate, and there's a messy, bad-tempered divorce. Isn't it better to marry someone you like and have a chance to make it go—?"

"It doesn't have to end in a divorce," said Peter. "Love—"

"Yes, I know," she said. "But I think the French are right. Still—that's one of the reasons I can't go to George. And he wouldn't help, anyway. He'd think he oughtn't to. He's full of ideas about things, and they're not the right sort of ideas for this jam. You see—well—I don't suppose you remember him, but I've got a kid brother—"

SHE stopped, because of the noise Peter made when all the breath he had been holding in to listen to her went out of him in one vast sigh of relief. Idiot! The thing he'd been thinking! He might have known.

"Sure, I remember him," he said. "Let's see—Bill?"

"No. Jack," she said. "He's a darling, but he's frightfully dumb, and people can twist him round their fingers. He's downtown, and he did something a while ago that wasn't so good. He won't again—I've given him the devil, and I know he'll be all right from now on. But—well—he put up some bonds he had no right to use, for a few days. Vasilov's in the same house, and he knew about it. He can prove it, too, and Jack would be through forever downtown if it came out and he got fired.

"Vasilov went to him, and tried to make him get money for him. But Jack knew enough not to get in any deeper than he was. He came to me—because, of course, he couldn't give Vasilov anything. That's how I found out—and then I laid him out. But Vasilov came to me, too, because he knew I'd do anything I could to save the boy. He really oughtn't to have his whole life smashed for this one thing, do you think?"

"No, I don't," said Peter. "Gosh, if all the chaps who stepped off on the wrong foot just once had to pay up, they'd have to build more jails than houses every year. So that's it, is it? You've been paying Vasilov to keep quiet?"

"Yes. But I haven't anything. I never did have any jewels—till George brought me those pearls and insisted on my wearing them. I didn't want to, till we were married, but he made me—they were his mother's, and he said they'd lose their life if they weren't worn."

"They do," said Peter. "Pearls are queer things."

"I suppose they gave Vasilov an idea," Carol went on. "He got worse than ever a few days ago, anyway, and said he had to have ten thousand dollars, right away. I told him I couldn't possibly manage it, but he insisted. And tonight George and I went to Judy Harper's dance, and I had to wear the pearls. George left me there—he had to catch a late train to go to Washington on business.

"And Vasilov was there, and he made me go to Emma's with him, so we could talk, he said. I didn't want to, because George hates Emma's, and I'd promised him never to go there, though it's perfectly all right, really, and everyone does go. And he told me he was going to take the pearls—that he'd give them back when I gave him the money. I suppose he thought I could get it all the time, if I wanted to, and that I'd have to, so that George wouldn't miss the pearls. But I can't! There isn't any way in the world for me to get that much money!"

"It probably (*Continued on page 38*)

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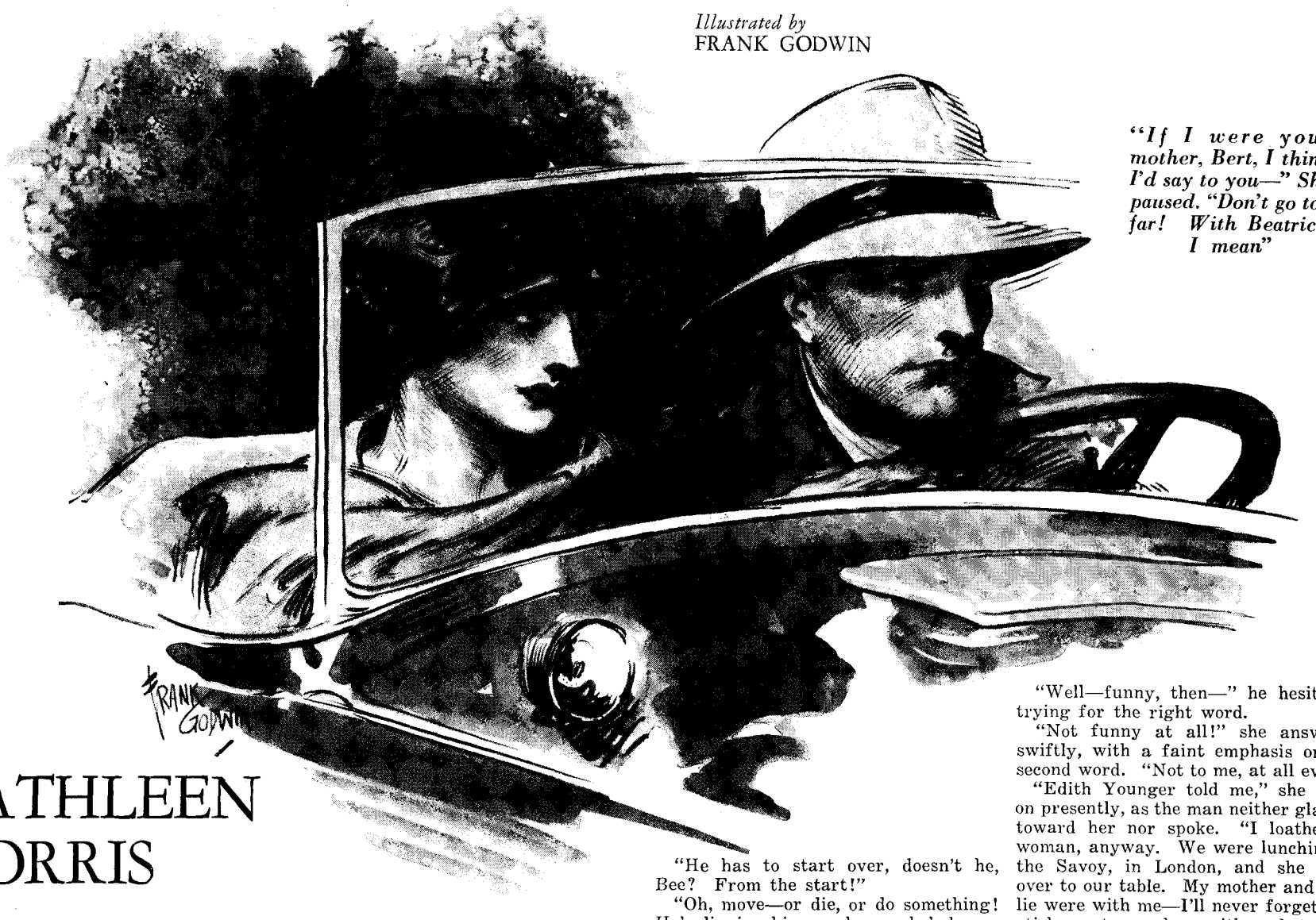
The Make-Believe Wife

Illustrated by
FRANK GODWIN



"If I were your mother, Bert, I think I'd say to you—" She paused. "Don't go too far! With Beatrice, I mean"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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A jealous woman tries to mar the serenity of a happy home

The Story Thus Far:

BEATRICE ST. JOHN, young and lovely, marries Houston Challoner, an attractive widower years older than Beatrice. She was at one time a clerk in the architectural firm of which Hugh is president, and her sister, Marcia, was his secretary.

The St. Johns are very poor. Marcia's health fails. Beatrice at first would not countenance Hugh's suit, but she realizes what such a marriage would mean to her and her family—and agrees, soon finding herself deeply fond of Hugh.

Marcia and Mrs. St. John are sent to California, and Beatrice lives a perfectly contented and happy life in the big Challoner house, the only cloud on the horizon being that Hugh can't help feeling that he is too old for his lovely young wife and that his own son, Bert, would be a more suitable match for her. To make things more complicated Bert is falling in love with her though she is wholly unconscious of it.

Aileen Kavanaugh, a school friend of Hugh's first wife, Alice, widowed, returns from abroad, having learned with a shock of Hugh's marriage. She is in love with Hugh and fiendishly jealous of Beatrice. She goes to see them at their country home on the lake.

IV

PRESENTLY Aileen and Hugh, and some of the others in the idling group, began to talk of persons Beatrice did not know or knew so slightly that she felt no interest in them. She was accustomed to that; it never distressed her. The Whites went home at about six o'clock, but still Mrs. Kavanaugh's smart little roadster stood baking in the streaming western light on the dry cliff grass, beside Hugh's car, and still she and Hugh chatted in low tones.

Young Larry Merritt, Harriet Carey, Bert and Beatrice meanwhile dug neat grooves in the wet sand just above the waves and conducted a race of the sandy, hairy beach fleas that were hopping all about.

"Aw, Bert—aw, Bert," Beatrice protested, "yours is a perfect monster—that's no fair! You've got to get a smaller one—"

"Mine may be small," said Larry, anxiously, "but wait until they get started, and watch that baby hop!"

"Now, listen, we've got to start even!" young Harriet said, in her odd bass voice. "That's the least you can do, Bert, if you're going to race that elephant! Bring him back now—"

"Haul him back!" Larry said, inflexibly.

"Come on, now, start over, Bert—"

"Oh, look at mine—look at mine—oh, he's simply tearing!" Beatrice exulted. "Go on, boy, that's the boy!"

"Hop, you idiot!" Harriet said, in deep rich tones, her head bent over the course.

"Mine is a paralytic—leave it to me to pick a cripple, out of all this mob!" Bert exclaimed disgustedly. Larry, whose favorite was progressing by leaps and bounds, gave a chuckle of satisfaction, and hunched himself along on the sand to keep pace with him. Beatrice, fairly breathing upon her own entry, as she urged him along, followed youthfully on all fours.

"Mine's jumped out of the ditch! What do we do if they jump out?" Harriet demanded excitedly.

"He has to start over, doesn't he, Bee? From the start!"

"Oh, move—or die, or do something! He's digging his way home—he's homesick!" Bert announced.

"How old is she?" Mrs. Kavanaugh asked, watching.

"Beatrice? Twenty-one."

"She's better than pretty—" the older woman said slowly after a space.

"She's—gold," Hugh Challoner stated, in deep satisfaction.

Aileen dug her heel into the sand, withdrew it, and looked at the little indentation on the smooth, tide-washed shore.

"Where'd you meet her, Hugh?"

"Her sister was my secretary for years. A fine girl."

The woman pursed her lips slightly, and glanced at him obliquely.

"And is she still?"

"No, her health broke down completely. She and the mother are in southern California. She's very much improved, —the thing was taken in time. Bee here is perfectly delighted with their letters."

"Timely," Aileen commented dryly, after thought.

HE BROUGHT his unruffled gaze back from the racers, who were now a hundred feet away, still jerking themselves along beside the track.

"How timely?"

"Well," she asked innocently, "isn't it like a novel? The plain older sister gets ill, and the pretty younger sister marries her employer! Could anything be simpler?"

"You seem to suggest—you seem to imply—" he began, with all a man's helplessness under this sort of fire, "that there was something cooked up about it?"

"Cooked up?" she echoed, wide-eyed and smiling.

"Well—funny, then—" he hesitated, trying for the right word.

"Not funny at all!" she answered swiftly, with a faint emphasis on the second word. "Not to me, at all events.

"Edith Younger told me," she went on presently, as the man neither glanced toward her nor spoke. "I loathe the woman, anyway. We were lunching at the Savoy, in London, and she came over to our table. My mother and Mollie were with me—I'll never forget it, a sticky autumn day, with a hot wind blowing. Edith was full of it! It was about two weeks after Arthur's death, and we were supposed to be sailing for home the following week." She paused.

"I WENT back to Paris," she went on, in a flat, toneless voice. "Mollie came with me, and afterward we went to Egypt—and to Norway, in the spring. . . . You didn't write me?" she said, in a silence.

"I didn't write anyone," he answered easily enough, but without looking at her. "It was a surprise to everyone—my mother, everyone. It was even," he said, laughing a little, "a surprise to me."

"If you had to marry," she said patiently, "why such a little girl?"

"I didn't *have* to marry!" he smilingly repeated her phrase, faintly annoyed, and refusing her sentimentality as if it had been a definite object she offered him.

"I didn't believe it, at first," Aileen said irrelevantly.

"I don't know why not."

"Well, because—because you had always been my stand-by," she offered, a little hesitatingly. "I *depended on you* —more than you know. If it had been Cecily McLean or Charlotte—yes. But you—*you*—fine as you are, different from everyone else—to choose a—a—"

"A what?" he said, almost harshly, as she paused.

"Well—" she began, and hesitated. "Don't—don't blame me, Hugh," she interrupted herself to say, in a lower tone. "It—was a shock. I may say that much, mayn't I? Everyone who came over last year, everyone I met, was as surprised as I. It"—her dark

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eyes watered, and she brushed them with the back of her slim, nervous brown hand, and laughed through wet lashes—"it didn't seem for your happiness, or for hers, my dear," she said, a little unsteadily, a little thickly.

Hugh looked at her with resentment and impatience that were tempered by old affection. She had been Alice's bridesmaid, Aileen Kavanaugh—Aileen Crawford then, and only seventeen at the time of that long-ago, blossomy June wedding.

After Alice's death, in the sudden accentuation of intimacy that their common grief had made natural, she had been confidential with him, and he sufficiently wrapped in his own sense of loss and change to accept without analysis the brotherly part for which she cast him.

A DAY had come when she told him exactly how she disliked Arthur Kavanaugh, how Arthur bored her. And this had vaguely offended Hugh; he had seen in it her frank offer of herself, and it had made him feel uncomfortable.

After that embarrassing hour he had seen less of Aileen, had deliberately avoided her neighborhood. Kavanaugh's health was failing, anyway; the man had worked too hard and was anæmic—he was to be sent away to rest and play, and rebuild if that might be.

Hugh had felt a distinct relief when the Kavanaughs had left town, two years ago, although Aileen had given him no further reason to feel that she was unduly fond of him. And during the weeks of his engagement and marriage he had never once sent her a thought; somehow she had no real place in his scheme of life, agreeable as it was to have her reappear, on this heavenly summer Sunday and meet his lovely wife and gossip pleasantly of old times again.

As for her little touch of sentimental emotion over his marriage—well, that was just Aileen. She was always the actress, always extracting from every situation the elements that displayed her best—the aspect that was most becoming to her. Several other old friends—especially Alice's friends—had taken this attitude with him concerning his marriage; it nettled him a little, without seeming to be particularly significant in any way.

Suddenly she smiled brightly, her face cleared, and her voice, when she spoke, was brisk and final.

"But you *are* happy, Hugh?"

"Happier than I've ever been before," he answered simply.

Aileen flinched a trifle, as if he had threatened to strike her; smiled again over the hurt.

"Ah, Hugh, I loved her—I loved Alice!" she whispered quickly. And then, in the cheerful tone she had used before, she added, "Well, you're happy. And *she's* happy, isn't she? That's the main thing—the only thing, after all. And Bert—Bert likes her?"

"Adores her," the man said contentedly.

Mrs. Kavanaugh pursed the fine red line of her lips thoughtfully, narrowed her eyes, looked at him speculatively as if she were going to speak, and checked herself.

"I see—" she presently commented, vaguely. "When I last saw Bert he was frantic at the mere thought of living anywhere else than in Paris," she observed.

"Seems contented enough here now," his father said briefly, a faint uneasiness in his tone.

She marked it, and a strange light came into her dark, bright eyes.

"Perhaps there's some girl at the bottom of it?" she suggested.

"No," he said, scowling a little; "I don't think so."

"He's mighty good-looking," the woman said simply.

"Yes, he's attractive," his father conceded.

"Attractive! Bert? Why, he's a heartbreaker, Hugh," she protested. "The girls in Paris went crazy about him!"

"I suppose so," Hugh said briefly.

He was looking toward the younger persons who were returning to them. Mrs. Kavanaugh watched instead his own handsome, serious face.

"Hugh," Beatrice said breathlessly, dropping down on the sand opposite him, sitting childishly on her heels, and with no eyes but for him, "I have been winning *everything!*"

"She's evidently been out here, early mornings, racing sand fleas," the boy called Larry said darkly.

Beatrice laughed again joyfully and then turned politely to the older woman. "Have you and Hugh begun to catch up?" she asked.

"Just made a beginning," Aileen said, with a slight smile.

"And has Hugh asked you if you'll share a very informal Sunday supper with us?" Beatrice, still like a well-trained child, pursued.

"He hasn't. But if you will, we'll ignore Hugh, Mrs. Challoner," Aileen answered, still almost unsmiling, studying Beatrice with steady, thoughtful eyes.

"Oh, but you mustn't call me Mrs. Challoner," Beatrice protested. And her heart gave a spring of joy. She had looked at Hugh, rather than Aileen, as she spoke, and she could see that Hugh was pleased that she and his old friend should begin their acquaintanceship thus cordially.

"That won't be hard," Aileen said, as they all rose.

She felt almost faint with hatred and anger. She had not known until this hour what Houston Challoner meant to her; she had not known how bitterly she resented the intrusion of this red-headed little nobody into the holy of holies of her rare affections.

With all the force of an extraordinarily tenacious and reserved nature she hated Houston's wife. Beatrice's mere neighborhood affronted her, Beatrice, young, slim, quick and unselfconscious, with her frankly flushed, hot face, just like a child's face, and her simple hospitality. She to ask Aileen Kavanaugh to the Challoner house! Her incessant adoring "Hugh" was another thorn, and her insolent suggestion of familiar names. That overture, that comfortable "Oh, but you mustn't call me Mrs. Challoner!" should have come from Aileen, of course.

Exquisitely cultured, forty-nine-year-old Houston Challoner married to this commoner! Aileen, walking pleasantly between husband and wife, toward the cars, felt her soul teeming with resentment, questions, plots.

WHEN they reached the cottage Beatrice escorted her upstairs, doing the honors of the dusky, airy spare-room happily, looking to towels, powder and brushes, snapping up lights.

"We always forage free on Sunday nights," she exclaimed, "so come down whenever you're ready. Hugh and I'll probably be in the big room—deep in Kreutzmann!"

"I remember the Sunday nights in this house," Aileen said deliberately, to hurt her. But Beatrice's bright face did not cloud.

"Of course you do!" she conceded cordially. "You'd remember our old Nelly, too?" she added from the doorway.

"And Lewis," Aileen said coldly. "The driver they always had."

"Oh, he's dead, you know. He died of pneumonia, last Christmas," Beatrice explained. And Aileen hated her afresh, hated her for being in touch with even so insignificant a vein of Challoner history as one of the family, while she herself was entirely ignorant of it.

"And what is this Kreutzmann thing?" she asked.

"Why," Beatrice explained eagerly, "this old man named Kreutzmann died—"

"And Hugh is doing a million-dollar memorial?" Aileen asked, as if she knew all about it.

"Well, not exactly," Beatrice corrected, exasperating her afresh. "It's to be a college, out near Santa Barbara somewhere, in California. And Hugh's doing *the*—most—beautiful—plans—" she finished, her face brightening with every word.

"And what is there in that for him?" Aileen asked unenthusiastically.

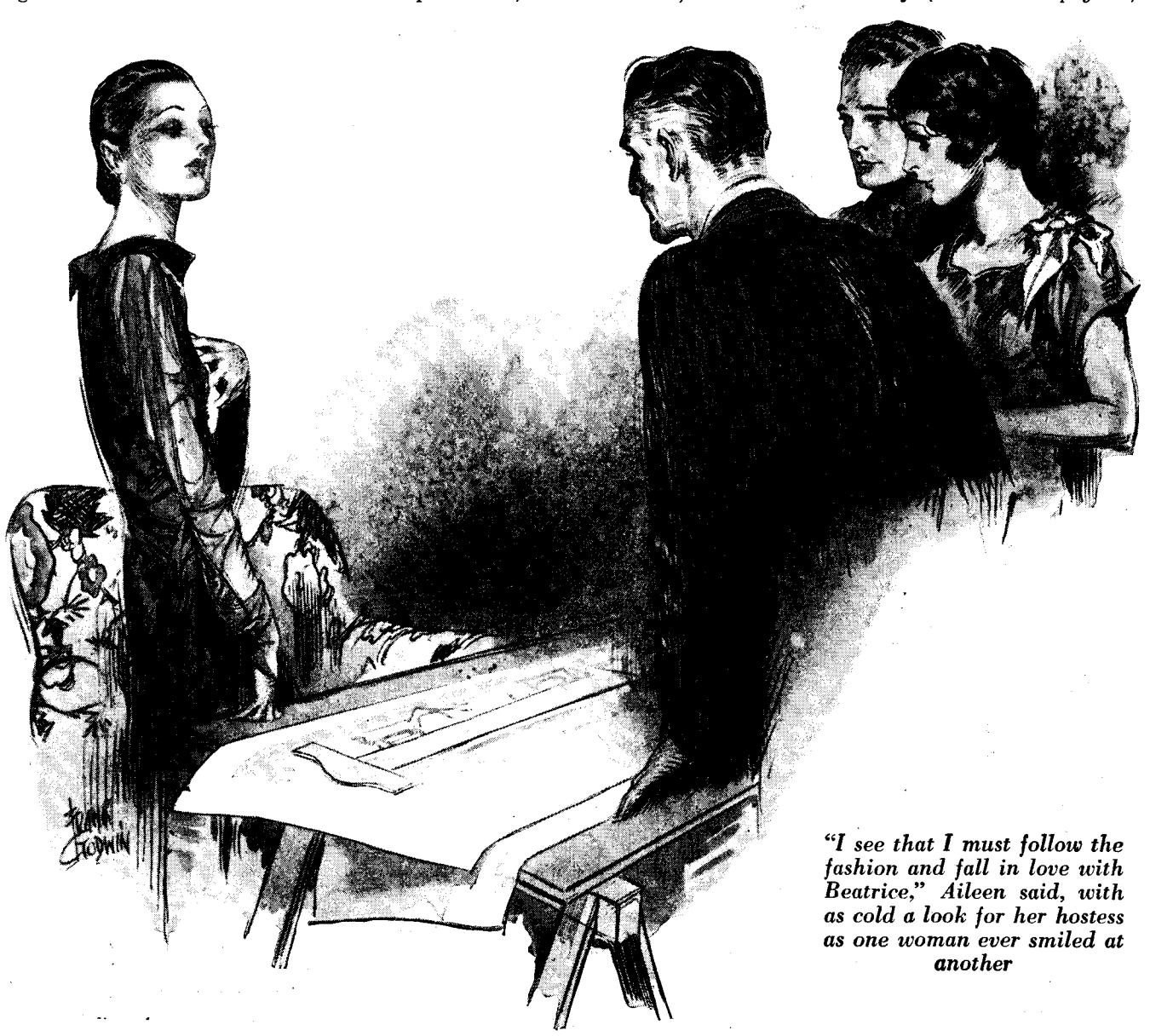
"There's a fifty-thousand-dollar prize, but of course it isn't that!" Beatrice explained. "It's really," she added, "that he has a sort of inspiration about it, and he's in it heart and soul. And whatever Hugh goes after," she concluded, with a little shy pride, "he seems to get!"

Arthur Kavanaugh had lived a few weeks too long; they had been expensive weeks to the dark-eyed, thin woman who washed her face and brushed her black hair in the warm, summery pleasantness of the Challoners' guest room this Sunday night, and heard Beatrice Challoner's happy voice in conversation with her stepson in the hall.

"Bert! Use the upstairs bathroom, will you?"

"Anything to oblige!" And then in a juvenile whine, "Ma, do I have to wash?"

"Yes, dear. You have to do what Mamma tells you to do!" Beatrice's voice said maternally. (*Continued on page 39*)



"I see that I must follow the fashion and fall in love with Beatrice," Aileen said, with as cold a look for her hostess as one woman ever smiled at another

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The Witness

By PERCIVAL WILDE

Illustrated by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER

A Short Short Story

Cicoletti's eyes sneered into those of his enemy

AS THE truck bearing the motion-picture camera neared the scene of action, the natty young man in command addressed a few final words to his companions.

"Now, boys," he said, "every one of you knows what you've got to do. Do it, and do it right the first time."

They nodded silently.

The truck wheeled into a position where the camera could conveniently be focused on the imposing entrance of the Second National Bank. The noonday crowds halted as if by magic. Well-trained assistants split them neatly on either side of the field commanded by the lens.

"Action!" cried the natty young man. He began to turn the crank.

A portly business man passed through the revolving doors.

"Act as if you didn't see the camera!" cried the director.

He seized the situation at once, and obligingly entered into the spirit of the game.

An old man with a small, bulging satchel—the very picture of a trusted employee—passed through the doors. As he did so, three younger men hemmed him in.

"Go to it!" cried the director, turning the crank busily.

What followed was convincingly realistic.

The old man halted in dismay, clutching his satchel more tightly, while his right hand groped for his pistol. A fist caught him solidly under the chin. His weapon leaped into view, but a revolver in the hands of one of his assailants spoke first. There was a single, sharp report, and the old man collapsed to the pavement.

The crowd, multiplying rapidly, grinned its appreciation of the drama.

"Now, Joe," reminded the director, "the satchel."

It was torn from the quivering fingers.

The director cast a final glance upon the scene. "O. K.," he announced. The men who had played the rôles of assassins leaped on the truck. It was in motion instantly. It swung around the corner.

"Funny," commented one of the interested spectators, "they left one of their actors behind."

He pointed to the old man, lying motionless where he had fallen. Then he noticed a thin stream of blood, oozing from a hole drilled neatly through the old man's temple. . . .

"Come in, Cicoletti," invited Troon, the assistant district attorney, "come right in, and sit down. I want to talk over the Mackenzie case with you."

The gunman glared at the policemen who ranged themselves alertly at his side. His eyes sneered into those of his enemy.

"Well, what do you want?"

Troon pushed a little sheaf of papers toward him. "This is your confession," he announced agreeably. "I've got all the dope, and I've saved you the trouble of writing out your story. All I want is your signature."

Cicoletti's lip curled. "And how are you going to get that?"

Troon smiled. "I'm putting my cards on the table, Cicoletti. I know where you stole the truck. I know where you abandoned it."

"What does that prove?" demanded Cicoletti.

"Nothing—by itself," admitted Troon, "but I know more than that. I know where you stole the motion-picture camera. You left it in the truck. And here is a list of the men who took part in the crime."

Cicoletti glanced at it casually. "Who says they did? Here's Joe Gennaro's name, I see. I got witnesses to prove he was in Pittsburgh all week."

Troon held his ground. "I've got other witnesses who saw him shoot old man Mackenzie through the head."

"Witnesses?" echoed Cicoletti. "Witnesses? Well, who are the witnesses?"

There was no mistaking the threat. Bitter experience had taught Troon what to expect when his witnesses, placed upon the stand, gazed into the merciless faces of the men whom their testimony alone could convict. Memories would begin to fail; identifications, once positive, would become doubtful. There would be contradictions, recantations, withdrawn accusations—and acquittal for the defendants.

One witness, some months ago, had refused to be intimidated. His body, riddled with bullets, had been found in his own doorway a week later. Troon remembered the case well.

"You're thinking, aren't you, that once you know who they are, you'll see to it that they won't open their mouths? Yes, Cicoletti, that's what you're thinking! But this time you've left a witness who can't be bulldozed! You've left a witness who can't be intimidated! You've left a witness who saw just what happened, and who is going to tell it to the jury in the same way!"

Troon made a sign to one of the policemen, and the room was darkened. A square on the whitewashed wall facing them was suddenly illuminated.

Shapes and figures began to appear in the patch of light; the imposing entrance of the Second National Bank; the portly business man who had been the first to walk into the field of the lens; old man Mackenzie, clutching a small, bulging satchel.

Troon's voice cut through the darkness.

"Of course, you're not in the picture, Cicoletti. You couldn't be. But you left your fingerprints on the crank of the camera, and we photographed them."

But for the clicking of the projector and the gasping inhalations of the gunman, the room was silent.

Again Troon spoke:

"A really clever man would have made sure that the camera was unloaded. Somehow you overlooked that. There was film in it when you stole it. There was film in it when you cranked it. Cicoletti, you took this picture yourself."

The lights flashed on, to reveal the gunman, suddenly no longer natty, slumped in a heap in his chair.

"Here's your confession, Cicoletti," said Troon.

And Cicoletti signed on the dotted line.

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The Flight of the America

By
CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

NOW, for the first time, is told the complete story of Byrd's flight to France. How nerves snapped under the strain, how Balchen, groping through the storm, saw the beacons of La Bourget only to lose them again and how an error in estimating the gasoline supply sent hope spinning into the fog. The end of the flight in triumphant disaster is history but the inside story is stirring news.

A FEW minutes before dawn, a monster three-engined plane couches on the crest of a lumpish mound at Roosevelt Field, its nose peering through a sluggishly beating propeller into a hazy murk, and through the murk . . . to Paris.

Now the port and starboard propellers join in the pounding harmony. A chilling rain falls. And in the narrow fuselage a handsome man in navy relief uniform is feverishly sorting sundry supplies and handing them to a man outside.

Wide World

Commander Richard E. Byrd

With full load the adventurers "went through hell" for the sake of aviation

It is the morning of June 29, 1927, and Commander Richard E. Byrd, the first man to fly over the North Pole, is getting ready to fly to Paris.

"That's about ninety pounds," he called. "Let me look around a bit." "Doc" Kinkade, the man who fixed his motors, looked at him anxiously.

Byrd picked up a vacuum bottle and carelessly tossed it to Kinkade. The motor expert looked at him, puzzled.

"But," he protested, "that's your tea!"

"Never mind," replied Byrd, "it gives us another five pounds."

Kinkade weighs 160 pounds.

"I didn't know you were shaving weight that closely," he said softly, to himself. "I'm out, absolutely."

Kinkade stepped back. Not now could he "stowaway" in the back of that plane. It was heavy enough. How wise he was, no one was to know for minutes. But that sacrifice of tea, wisely interpreted by a man who knew airplanes, was twice to symbolize the margin by which four men cheated disaster.

At 5:24 A. M., with four men in her cockpit and the "stowaway" self-exiled on the ground, the America was off and away for one of the toughest air battles ever fought, over land or sea.

Almost from the beginning, disaster cuffed the soul of the America. And each time, by skill and boldness, her pilots pulled her through. It can be a tough business, this transatlantic flying, and don't let the romanticists tell you different.

That she might take off with maximum speed, they had lashed the America's tail skid to a mound. The theory was first to "rev" up the motors to full speed, then cut the restraining cable with an ax blow. If all went well, the plane would achieve, theoretically, a ground speed of 50 miles an hour before she hit the runway, a mile-long stretch of hardened, manicured turf extending from the base of the mound.

But theories have a habit of breaking down.

Not Glory, or Prizes

WHILE Bert Acosta, one of the America's pilots, was still nursing the morning chill out of the engines, the cable parted suddenly. The America, her engines turning over at less than half speed, began to roll drunkenly down the mound. And Tom Mulroy's ax fell emptily upon frayed ends of cable.

Chance it? Only a year before the French ace, Captain René Fonck, and his American navigator, Bill Curtain, U. S. N., *chanced it* along this same runway. Fifty seconds later they were hurled from a $75,000 bonfire of twisted, melting airplane in which two of their mechanics lay burning to death.

Chance it? Acosta needed no word from Byrd. His strong fingers were already caressing the three throttles, and the plane was gathering speed. The nimble finger of the air speed indicator danced from twenty to forty miles an hour, then to sixty.

Great spaces of the runway, worth their length in human lives, are vanishing. But still the tail of the plane clutches the ground. And the edge of the dreadful gully, where Fonck plunged, is scarcely 100 yards away.

Lieutenant Noville, face pale, jaw set, crouches behind Acosta, his hand on the fuel discharge valve. He has eyes for only one thing—the rigidly braced elbow of Acosta.

If that elbow snaps back, Noville is to rip open the valve and spill the 1,200 gallons of fuel on the ground. It may, at least, reduce the fire hazard in the event of a crash. And Noville knows the elbow will come back only if a crash is inevitable.

Balchen, beside Acosta in the relief pilot's seat, braces his feet nervously. Behind them stands Byrd.

Now the rim of the gully is only a few seconds away.

Ever so lightly, Acosta jiggles the rudder pedals. And ever so lightly, too, he fingers the control wheel. Then all the power latent in his shoulders spurts to his hands and, with a force that fairly shakes the plane to its wing tips, he pulls upward.

Sluggishly, it seems, the tail pries loose from the turf and rises to flying position. The mad bumping ceases. They are off the ground, climbing, a few precious feet at a time, to be sure, but climbing.

From his seat, Balchen sees the yawning crevasse slip away less than *five* feet below him.

"Bert!" he shouts, "that was magnificent!"

Byrd smiles, thinking of what a few pounds more of weight might have done . . . and of a pot of tea.

Now, and at last, they were off. Four men in one of the fastest and most scientific instruments of travel that a scientific world had conceived. There was Byrd, a commander in the United States Navy, a descendant of King Henry of Navarre; Bert Acosta, dark and handsome, at 38 one of the two most experienced commercial pilots on this hemisphere: George Noville, U. S. Naval reserve, an engineer, and now flight engineer; and Bert Balchen, who resigned a commission in the Norwegian naval air service to become an American citizen, that this flight might be made by an All-American crew.

Two hours slip by. The America is still plowing through the mist, but is now over Cape Cod. In the control cockpit, behind the silent, impassive figures of Acosta and Balchen, crouches Noville, tapping a wireless key, to tell the anxious world that is slipping beneath them that all is well.

What's ahead?

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Wide World

Acosta, Lieut. Noville and Balchen find that Lindbergh has got over first

Immediately, of course, 3,300 miles of rock-coarsened coast and sea to France. That, and fog, and storm.

Surely not glory, or prizes. Lindbergh had already captured most of these, and what had not been poured into his hands had overflowed into the hands of Clarence Chamberlin and Levine.

What, then, for Byrd, proud and sensitive, for whom there is no "second best"; who beat Amundsen in that thrilling race to the top of the world. Why did he still go on, planning as carefully as ever, despite the crash in early spring which definitely disqualified the America from the "Transatlantic Derby."

Byrd, to those who know him intimately, is a philosopher; a dreamer whose eyes seek distant, purple horizons. Indeed, it is from this metaphysical side of him that his adventurous mainspring draws its energies. Unlike most philosophers, he physically, actually attains his contemplated horizons.

Loaded for a Great Test

THAT was why he went to the North Pole; why he now plans to fly to the South Pole; why he flew the Atlantic. It is because he would reduce the world we live in to the visual dimensions of the globe on his library table; because he would enfold time and space within his own palm. His airplane keeps pace with his imagination.

"I thought," he told me, of those first few hours of the flight, "of the years to come when airplanes, mightier even than the America, would be shooting over this same path, loaded with freight and passengers; days, perhaps, when this flight we were chancing would be reduced to a daily, routine job, as unemotional as traveling on the 5:15 suburban local.

"For centuries man has trafficked in time and distance. But nature has been a cold bargainer. She conceded grudgingly. It took incalculable centuries to evolve the wheel, and hundreds of centuries more to evolve the internal-combustion motor. Within the past century, however, science's knowledge, moving with the accumulating momentum of discovery, has opened up an amazing perspective of time to be lengthened, and distances to be diminished.

"It learned to put an internal-combustion engine underneath a wing. Now, in our fastest airplanes, we can fly almost fast enough to overtake our own sounds.

"I wanted to see how near we were to transatlantic passenger travel. How soon we might reasonably expect to see this expanse of ocean, which now requires six days to cross, chiseled down to a matter of thirty hours, with safety. Naturally, with safety. For safety is the primary consideration of transportation; if it cannot be guaranteed, within reasonable limits, the method of transportation involved is useless, impractical."

No, this transatlantic flight was no suddenly-born ambition with Byrd. As far back as 1917, he had the idea. We were at war then. He importuned the Navy Department to approve his petition to fly an N C flying boat from Newfoundland to Europe. The armistice killed any hopes of such a dangerous venture, and the permission was withdrawn.

But he didn't give up. He devised and assisted in the perfection of instruments by which airplanes might be navigated to distant objectives in transoceanic flight. Instruments which acknowledgedly played such an important part in the successful transatlantic flights of the N C planes, of which he was officer in charge of navigation. Alcock and Brown, first to make the non-stop flight between Newfoundland and Ireland, sought his advice, then, on navigational problems. Even at the North Pole, Byrd was turning his eyes toward the Atlantic.

And the fruit of this thought, and dreaming, was the America.

Why a tri-motored ship instead of a single-engined job? Safety factors. Because, if one motor went dead, tests had proved, the remaining two could carry it to its objective. Indeed, toward the journey's end, with light load, one motor could sustain flight for 100 miles or so. Here Byrd is thinking of passenger safety.

Why four men, involving 800 pounds of weight, when two can pilot and navigate the ship? Because he wants to prove passengers actually can be carried.

Why a heavy radio set, a generator which burdens air resistance, and an operative propeller which has a habit of flying off and threatening to kill somebody in the cabin? Because he wants to prove that, in fog and storm, when ordinary navigational methods are impossible, an airplane can be navigated from land and ship radio stations.

Why pounds upon pounds of impedimenta Chamberlin and Lindbergh did not take? A special water-proof radio to send automatic signals if they crash at sea; two rubber boats, no longer than a valise when folded; special fuel lines so that all motors are fed not only from all tanks, but from each tank separately, in case of a stoppage in any fuel line; food enough to stow in the boats to keep them alive for thirty days, if forced down; heavy flares for night landing at sea and for navigation; thermometers around the plane to guard against the critical temperatures at which weight-adding ice forms on the wings.

Why, in truth, nearly half a ton of such impedimenta, which only served further to diminish the cruising radius of the plane, already less than that of a single-engined plane, when it might better be allotted, it would seem, to fuel reserve?

"Because we envisioned our job," Commander Byrd said slowly, "from the point of view of passenger carrying. So naturally we took the point of view of anyone who would buy a round-trip ticket to Paris. We equipped the plane with every possible safety device. We wanted it to be truly the transatlantic plane of the future. A passenger-carrying plane with a pay load."

Terrifying Possibilities

WITHAL, this tri-motored plane remained essentially a pioneering effort in such an undertaking. Fonck's plane had crashed with its 14-ton load. On its first trial flight, April 20th, the America itself had crashed, almost mortally injuring Byrd's co-pilot, the late Floyd Bennett; and Byrd and Noville considered themselves lucky to have escaped with cracked bones. And Noel Davis' American Legion staggered to earth, a crumpled wreck, a few weeks later, because its power, they said, had been overtaxed by its load.

So, when the America did struggle from the ground, though needing a speed of 90 miles an hour to do it, Byrd's faith in the three-engined plane was vindicated; likewise, too, his foresight in having had built that runway and mound which gave his ship the tremendous springboard it needed. Men had planed that runway to billiard-table smoothness for weeks. Lindbergh took advantage of it. A single soft spot, a bump, and either plane might have crashed.

"Bennett (who was my co-pilot on the North Pole flight) and I had concluded," Byrd continued, "that the most disastrous thing that could happen to us would be to reach our destination in fog at night. We appreciated the other risks. The prospect of a forced landing at sea did not worry us. We had the radio and the rubber boats.

"But to arrive over France at night, in a storm, unable to see—that was a terrifying (*Continued on page 36*)

Wide World

End of the chapter: The wreck of the America on the beach at Ver-sur-Mer

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The Bouncing Barton

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

James Barton invaded New York with an Alger complex and a determination to achieve the hop from burlesque to stardom within a year. He made it in six months

THE gentleman was at least four sheets in the wind. He staggered across stage toward a stoop and front door indented in a black velvet back drop. A prop tree stood alone, imprisoned in a wire fence. As he slithered by he grasped at it!

"Oh," he grunted. "Lost in a forest!"

Gathering gleams of intelligence, he concentrated on a card in his hand.

"A guy gave this to me," he confided to the audience. "He said, 'Joe,' he said. 'Give 'em this card and you'll get in.' No. 71." He regarded the façade of the speak-easy, which had a bold No. 17 thereon.

"No. 71," he repeated. "Right."

And he sailed up the stoop, only to be shot out by an alert bouncer. Undaunted, he tried again. Rejected. He dropped the card bearing the name of his voucher. He bent to pick it up. Failed. Tried the stoop again. Was shot to the sidewalk, falling in a heap by the card.

"I'll pick this up while I'm here," he said, and did so.

Switch the scene, and have the same gentleman in black-face as a window washer on the thirty-ninth story of a business tower; a property eagle bumps into him on its wired way to an aerie in the flies; then a cigar-shaped dirigible brushes his head as it floats out to somewhere-in-Europe. An irate business man catches the window washer pausing to light a cigarette. Flicking his own cigar ash in the poor fellow's face, he bawls, "You're fired!"

Comes to the window a troubled belle: the business man's secretary.

"Don't fire him," she pleads, and turns to the window washer. "What *did* you do?"

"Nothin' yet," he replies.

"That's why he's fired!"

"Ah was jes' lookin' for a light for this cigarette, miss."

Limber Legs Work Wonders

AN AIRPLANE whirs past, the propeller standing the window washer's hair on edge.

"You're fired!" the boss bawls again.

"Wait," pleads the girl, and, as the window washer begins unbuckling his protective belt: "Are you married?"

"Twice, miss. With four children."

"Oh," she begs her boss, "don't fire him."

"Miss," the window washer blurts, "mind yo' business. I's fired—and stays fired."

He attempts to light his cigarette, slips, and up rushes the scenery to portray a tremendous drop. Giddily swirling through space, he clutches at a window ledge. He's hauled back, slowly, painfully, to the thirty-ninth story.

Rescuers struggle to lift him to the ledge, sweating and grunting.

"Anybody got a match?" he asks.

At which they toss him back.

Similar gags might be quoted to the same end, for all have the same method. They illustrate the style of the most laconic clown on the American stage. His name is James Barton, and his principal assets are a flexible baritone voice and the best-trained pair of legs on the boards.

If the reader happens to be that old, he may remember seeing a certain comedy company more than thirty years ago. That was before the Gerry society became inquisitive about small children working long hours and late. I said comedy company. Really it was a burlesque outfit, and, strangely enough, the pioneer among "clean" burlesque outfits, ladies welcome, smoking in all parts of the house.

Gardner

Jimmy, the comic tramp, plays with Mother Clara

Jimmy Barton was then four years of age. His father was the principal comic. In one subtle scene he was a pad-shouldered tough struggling against arrest. Flooring two coppers and a plain-clothes man, the tough glared about for further encounters as whistles screeched. On ambled a knee-high figure in uniform, carrying a papier-mâché night stick as big as himself. He rushed right at the tough with the insouciance of childhood, and as the burly brute stopped to see what kind of microbe it was, whacked him with the stick. The tough fell senseless and the audience roared.

"Babes in arms," says James Barton, "have been carried on to do their stuff before the footlights. But I claim the world's championship for the youngest appearance with a pivotal part in an act."

Please observe that in his début no words were spoken. Vigorous and effective pantomime was and remains his forte.

When he had concluded a successful tour as truncheon wielder his mother, Clara Barton, the soubrette, needed a tramp comic as relief to her ballad warbling. And so, aged six, Jimmy Barton donned the immemorial tatters of jocose poverty. As ancient photographs depict him against a studio curtain drop, he displays a pair of trousers more ventilated than any in the history of tailoring. In that, his second venture before gas footlights, James Barton for the first time broke his silence in public. When a high kick knocked off his collapsed hat, and laid him low, a stage hand appeared with wheelbarrow and broom, swept him into the barrow, and as Jimmy piped "Home, James!" trundled him off.

James Barton, most limber and laconic of clowns, loves yachts and six-day biking

"You see," he said, "that old type of comedy was heavy-handed, but real human stuff. There was so much talky-talk in the drayma"—Jim insisted on that broad vowel—"that the comics had to be brief and blunt, even to the extent of blunt instruments."

Shrewd counsel is at some time or other the key to every career. James Barton got his early, from a strange source.

Not Jim the Penman

IN a Louisville theatre one night little Jimmy followed his mother's songs with a solo dance—a shuffling bit of tramp character stuff. From a stage box a red-faced man with Bowery black curls pasted to his brow shouted a cheer and flung a coin. The coin was a ten-dollar gold piece. It struck Jimmy Barton in the right eye and nearly knocked that useful organ into blindness. But he keeps the coin yet.

"You're goin' to be a headliner some day, kid," said the thrower of the coin, going backstage to inquire as to the effect of his bad aim, "but take things easy, and don't take too many chances."

If such (*Continued on page 47*)

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Innocence Abroad

Ever since Liverpool has been a port Neptune, as you might expect, has been one of its closest chums. Small wonder, then, that the youngsters of the English sea city feel well enough acquainted with him to scramble over his effigy

The Scout salute is the same the world over, so you can't be blamed if you have to be told that this alert youth is a Dutch Boy Scout clicking to respectful attention. Almost anywhere you travel nowadays you'll run into these doers-of-one-good-turn-daily

Above: A Parisian gentleman who has profited greatly by stopping in at a boulangerie on his way to school. Not that it's helped the general cleanliness of his face. French jam buns are just as sticky as the ones over here

One of the points of interest on the isle of Marken in the Netherlands. And not at all camera-shy you might gather from the firmly rooted position of the left foot and the right arm. The costume is a rare treat for tourist eyes

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All photographs by MARION L. STARKEY

Children may be the same the world over but varying backgrounds and costumes contribute to their eternal fascination

On the Lake Geneva excursion boats you'll occasionally run into such dainty and distinctive bits of costuming as this. The bored Swiss miss attired in the stripes was beginning to weary a bit of posing for American tourists—and you can't blame her. Seven had snapped her since the boat put out from the pier

Below: Reputed to be just as gifted when it comes to the Charleston as any youthful Negro from below the Mason and Dixon Line is this Parisian pickaninny. He struts his stuff in the Charleston Kermasse, an amusing exhibit in the Bois de Boulogne

Right: "Hilf mir doch, Fritz!" or, if you didn't pay close enough attention in Miss Birch's German classes, "Gimme a boost, Fritz!" Unauthorized but interesting addition to detail of the Bunsen Memorial in Heidelberg, Germany

Above: "Well, I'll pose but I can't give you much time—there's all these pigeons to feed before noon." Scattering luncheons for tame playmates is a daily delight to youngsters who live conveniently close to Trafalgar Square, London

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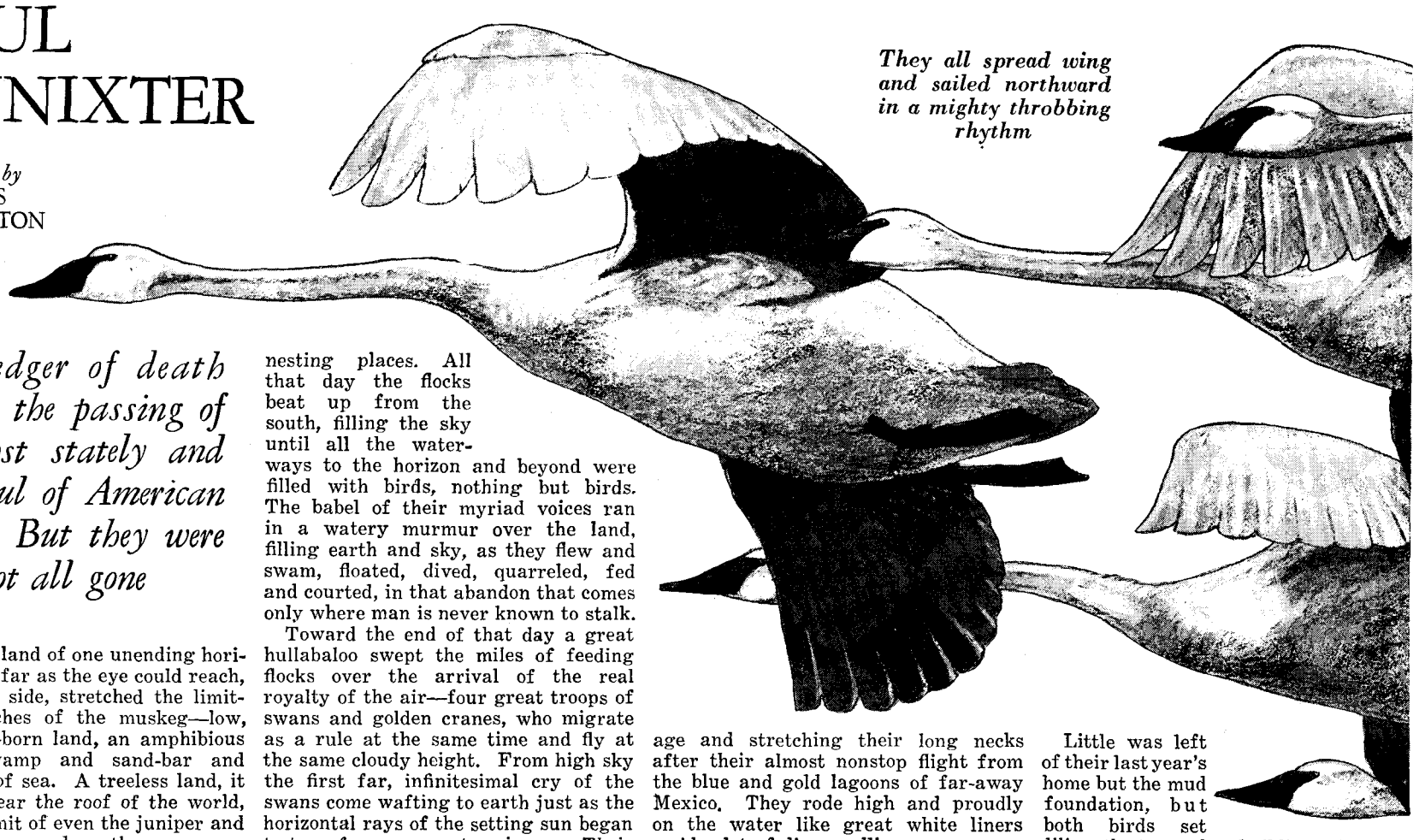
Trumpeter of the Air Lanes

By PAUL ANNIXTER

Illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



They all spread wing and sailed northward in a mighty throbbing rhythm

The ledger of death showed the passing of the most stately and beautiful of American birds. But they were not all gone

IT WAS a land of one unending horizon. As far as the eye could reach, on every side, stretched the limitless reaches of the muskeg—low, flat and new-born land, an amphibious blend of swamp and sand-bar and steely reach of sea. A treeless land, it lay far up near the roof of the world, beyond the limit of even the juniper and the dwarf spruce, where the upper section of the great Barren Grounds begins to stretch out an arm through unbroken desolation across the Northwest Passage to the Pole.

Here, beyond the frontiers of man's unknown, amid the endless reed-grown sphagnum swamps that fringe the Arctic Sea, was the one domain where human footprints and handiwork had never touched—the last stronghold of the kingdom of birds. A hunter's paradise which yet no hunter had seen, save perhaps the little Innuits, or the wandering Eskimos.

Summer had just come to the muskeg. Between darkness and daylight it came, routing all in a night the last forces of winter—for there is no spring in the Far North. Last night had been dark and ominous with cutting gusts of wind, filled with the threat of sleet and ice; today, from the south and east as the mists began to lift, warm zephyrs came puffing, with a melting, ineffable tenderness, as if earth, air and sun had met in a long, swooning embrace.

Now it was that the countless squadrons of wild birds began to arrive from the Southland. The few flocks of early migrants who had been lingering for days about the icy tidewaters, uttering faint, disappointed cries, flew screaming here and there as they chose their nesting places. All that day the flocks beat up from the south, filling the sky until all the waterways to the horizon and beyond were filled with birds, nothing but birds. The babel of their myriad voices ran in a watery murmur over the land, filling earth and sky, as they flew and swam, floated, dived, quarreled, fed and courted, in that abandon that comes only where man is never known to stalk.

Toward the end of that day a great hullabaloo swept the miles of feeding flocks over the arrival of the real royalty of the air—four great troops of swans and golden cranes, who migrate as a rule at the same time and fly at the same cloudy height. From high sky the first far, infinitesimal cry of the swans come wafting to earth just as the horizontal rays of the setting sun began to turn from orange to crimson. Their calls came ringing like the faint treble notes of huntsmen's horns, sounded miles and miles away, with now and then a deeper note as of a military trumpet from the giant leaders, as the swan flock tipped majestically earthward, winding down from the clouds as if along some invisible spiral stairway.

In all nature there is no sound more stirring to man, bird or animal, than the trumpeter swan's call, that wild, unearthly trumpet note that comes floating down from the clouds in early spring and fall.

THEIR graceful descent into the waters of the little lake was a sight of beauty, awesome as the flight of angels, their vast wings flashing snow-white against the blue enamel of the sky while the sunset struck a reddish ruby glow from their flawless breasts. Not for an instant did they break their strict wedge-shaped flight formation. As if in homage to the coming of these kings, every flock of birds for miles around sprang suddenly upward in unison as if at a prearranged signal, in screaming, flapping confusion.

The swan flock, unmoved apparently by the turmoil of these common folk, came to anchor in the lake with many tremendous splashings and loud bugling calls and horn notes expressing infinite peace and satisfaction. For a time they swam here and there over the still water, preening their plumage and stretching their long necks after their almost nonstop flight from the blue and gold lagoons of far-away Mexico. They rode high and proudly on the water like great white liners amid a lot of dingy colliers.

There were twenty-seven birds in the white flock that had led the northern flight—not the familiar whistlers, but those long-distance kings of the air lanes known as trumpeter swans, the largest and stateliest birds of which the American continent can boast. Each bird had a wing spread of over eight feet, while the great clarion-throated leaders exceeded even that. The pure white of their plumage, radiant and flawless, was balanced and set off with artistic effect by the polished jet black of their bills and legs. Noncombative by nature, only by their great size and an aloof majesty was their kingship among the flocks maintained, though when pressed they were capable of a fierce offensive which even the sea eagle and the fierce gerfalcon had learned to avoid.

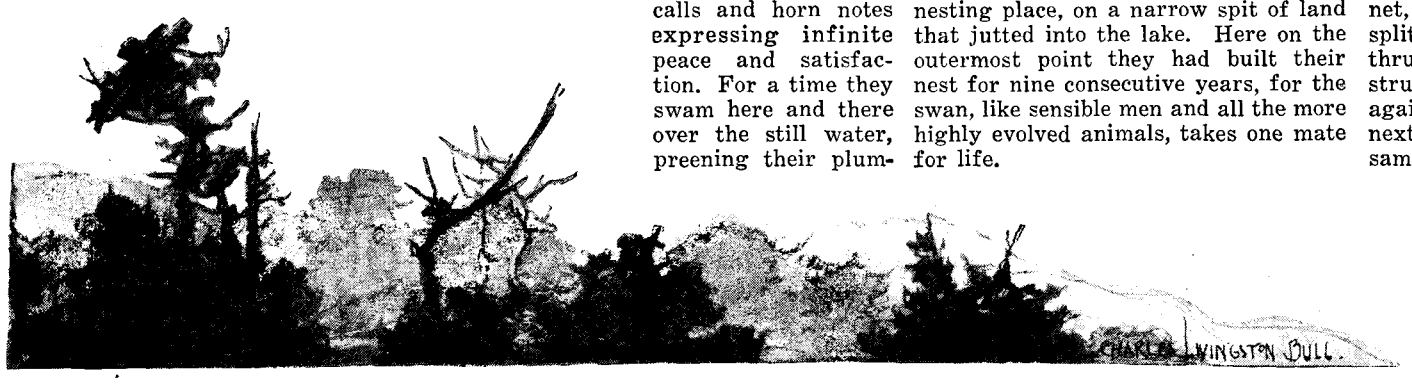
Scattered here and there over the muskeg were the remains of broken watch towers of mud and sticks—all that the winter storms had left of the last year's nests of the swans. They stood out boldly along the waterways, in full view of every marauder of the waste, for the trumpeter swan, like the great bald eagle, scorns to hide its nest, and fears no foe of earth or air. The great leader of the flock and his chosen mate swam at once to their old familiar nesting place, on a narrow spit of land that jutted into the lake. Here on the outermost point they had built their nest for nine consecutive years, for the swan, like sensible men and all the more highly evolved animals, takes one mate for life.

Little was left of their last year's home but the mud foundation, but both birds set diligently to work rebuilding, the male working with the same zeal as his mate—collecting dead sticks, moss and brushwood from all around the lake shore where the winds and floods had driven them.

ON THE very day the leader's nest was completed his mate began to lay, lining the cup of the nest with down as she went on sitting. When she was done there were four vast eggs in the nest, full five inches long and a dozen in circumference, colored a dull buff gray. Throughout the long and arduous labor of sitting the male swan, unfailing in devotion and the court etiquette of his royal caste, remained constantly on guard near the nest and became the bringer of food.

At last, five weeks and two days from the laying of the first egg, came a morning when the patient brooding mother heard faint stirrings and tappings, and infinitesimal cries rising from the four warm eggs beneath her breast. From time to time she would lower her head among them to listen with a rapture unequaled by any other mother among birds. Her mate drew close to the nest, wings spread and flapping, but never relaxing his fierce watchfulness for the enemies that never came.

Two hours later the first young cygnet, after long and ordered rapping, split the top off his confining shell, and, thrusting it aside like the lid of a box, struggled forth all damp, bare and blind against his mother's breast. Within the next hour two other eggs hatched in the same manner, and the mother swan was half standing in the nest to give the naked sprawlers room. Furious excitement swept both parent birds all that day. They forgot to feed, and the old male marched up and down, flapping his wings at intervals and stretching himself to his full height to sound a



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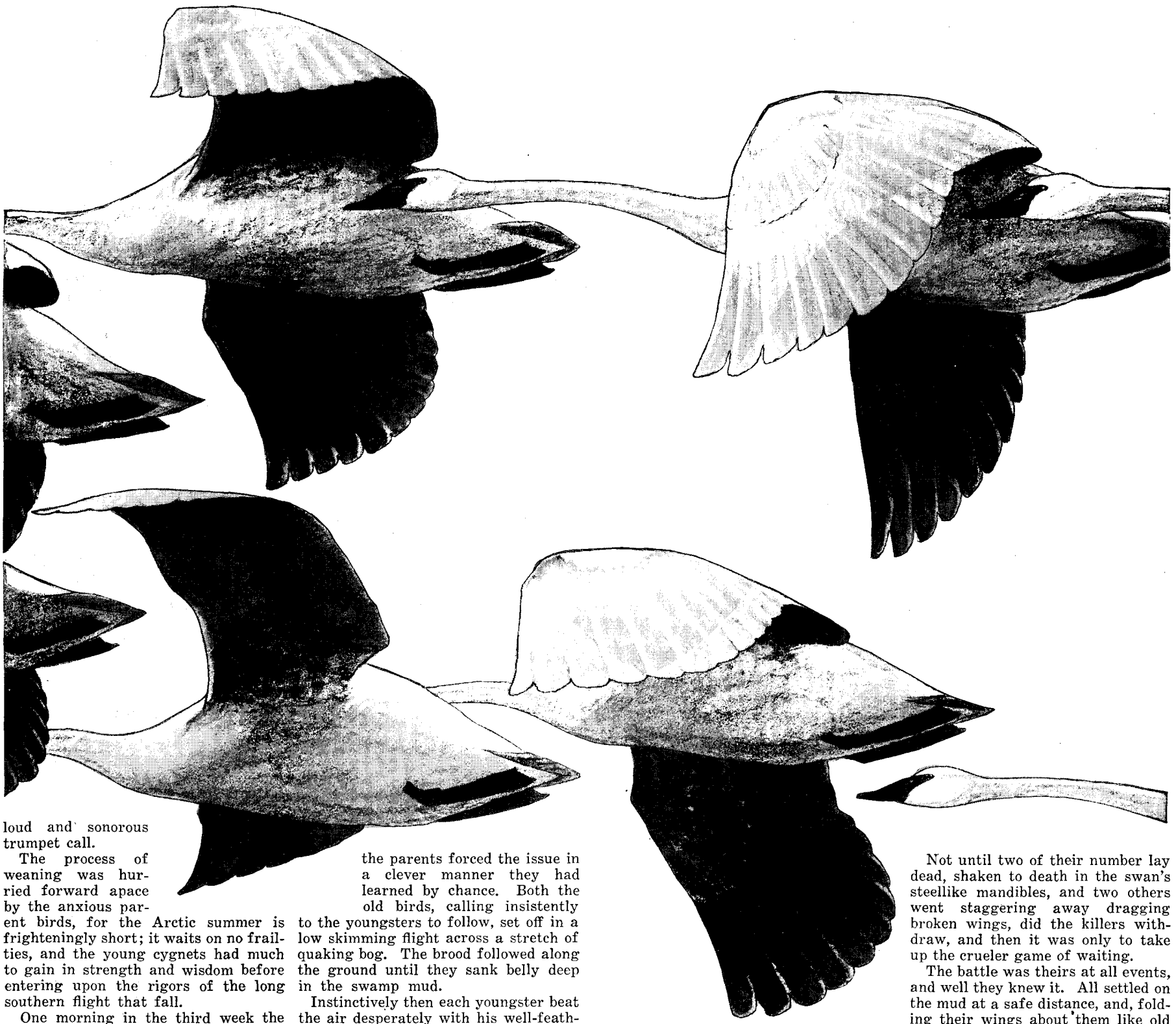

loud and sonorous trumpet call.

The process of weaning was hurried forward apace by the anxious parent birds, for the Arctic summer is frighteningly short; it waits on no frailties, and the young cygnets had much to gain in strength and wisdom before entering upon the rigors of the long southern flight that fall.

One morning in the third week the mother swan without warning tipped them all gently but firmly over the edge of the nest, where they fell squawking on the damp ground beneath. Then they had their first trip by water. Of course they could swim from the first moment, and it was only second nature for them to imitate their parents by tipping up and thrusting their long necks under water after tempting roots. The next few days were one ceaseless foraging expedition as the family swam up and down the waterways in search of food.

These were days filled with danger for the young ones. The parent birds, as has been said, feared no enemy but man, but they could not keep all the brood constantly under their eyes. Each day fierce hunting goshawks swooped low over the little family, waiting a chance when one of the youngsters should stray to pounce and deliver the fatal stroke of their kind.

For a month danger was held at a distance by the watchful parents. Then came the first lessons in flying. Owing to their increasing bulk, racing and winning against their growing strength, the brood rebelled, as is the usual thing, long after their stiff flight-feathers had grown, at the ordeal of mastering the higher life of the air. But one morning the parents forced the issue in a clever manner they had learned by chance. Both the old birds, calling insistently to the youngsters to follow, set off in a low skimming flight across a stretch of quaking bog. The brood followed along the ground until they sank belly deep in the swamp mud.

Instinctively then each youngster beat the air desperately with his well-feathered wings until—miracle of miracles—all found themselves wavering upward in their first trial flight. That is, all but the weakest of the four, the timid one of the family. For some reason the development of this little one had been retarded, so that she was no more than two thirds the size of her companions. The instant she sank in the viscous mud terror gripped her and she lay flat, calling pitifully as she sank, until even her wings became mired and flight was impossible! The parent birds did not notice that one of the brood had been left behind until from mid-sky the male swan caught sight of a flashing golden meteor that fell hissing earthward—a great sea eagle, whose prism-binocular eyes had noted the little drama in the bog from a mile high and turned it quickly into tragedy.

LONG before the parents could wing back to the rescue the lone emperor of the northern skyways was flapping upward, bearing a still, limp form in his talons. The swans gave hopeless chase, but dared not go far and leave the remainder of their brood unprotected.

A week later disaster struck another blow at the family. Having conquered fear in their first flight, the youngsters now went to the other extreme—the fever to show off. Like many a novice in aëronautics, they already hankered for stunt flying. They spent hours a day flapping into the eye of the wind, then volplaning back in great looping arcs to where their parents fed, gabbling and trumpeting with excitement.

It was a gusty day, and the swan brood were at their wind-riding, while the old birds watched. The swiftest of the three persisted in flapping higher and farther than the others in spite of whistled warnings. Caught aloft in a sudden fierce updraft, he was unable to make a landing and was swept many hundred yards down the wind plump into a company of cruel and thieving skuas, fierce, dark, hawklike birds, who among other things are cannibals. A high insensate yelping from a hundred pirate throats told the parent birds the culmination of the youngster's rashness.

With a deep trumpeting challenge, the male swan rose in the air and hurtled down the wind like a projectile, straight into the gray cloud of the meat birds, sprung suddenly from heaven knows where, eddying and screaming in a dark maelstrom about a flapping, tearing tangle on the ground. The center of that tangle was the luckless little swan.

Not until two of their number lay dead, shaken to death in the swan's steellike mandibles, and two others went staggering away dragging broken wings, did the killers withdraw, and then it was only to take up the crueler game of waiting.

The battle was theirs at all events, and well they knew it. All settled on the mud at a safe distance, and, folding their wings about them like old men wrapped in heavy overcoats, they huddled in dense ranks and proceeded to demonstrate the horrible patience the sea has taught them through the ages. Whatever happened, a banquet of meat would presently be laid for them there.

THE cold moon that night looked down on one of those pitiable tragedies of bird life. All through the night the father swan stayed on guard over his helpless little one, pacing up and down and answering now and then the anxious call of his mate by the lake shore hundreds of yards away. There was nothing to be done but watch, while the fluttering of the wounded one grew weaker and finally stilled, but not until twenty-four hours more had passed did the big male leave off his grim and hopeless vigil.

The thin, bitter-sweet melancholy of the Arctic summer drew to a close. There came another day of swift change. A phalanx of dun gray clouds, that seemed to have been waiting just beyond the horizon, spread over the upper sky, turning the gold of the sunlight to a dim sulphur hue. All in a few hours the brooding desolation of autumn had spread over the land.

In a few days (*Continued on page 42*)

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Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

David begins his triumphant march to power—and Saul trembles

The Story Thus Far:

JOAB, nephew of David though only two years his junior, is sent by his family to bring David back from the armies of King Saul of Israel, in order to herd the sheep. David had been sent with foodstuffs for his older brothers who had enlisted, and he had not returned, much to the annoyance of his brothers, who considered him of no possible use, sitting around playing his harp and singing.

Goliath of Gath at this time is terrifying the Israelites. One evening David, carried away by his imagination, sings a song about conquering the giant. Saul takes him seriously and David finds himself expected to kill Goliath and thereby win Saul's daughter.

Joab and David lie down under the stars. Joab falls asleep but David begins to blame his harp for getting him into this fix and, rising, flings it from him.

During the night Elhanan, private in Saul's army, is returning to his post sadly the worse for wine. He finds himself face to face with Goliath and in a fright loses his balance, accidentally tripping up Goliath who cracks his head against a stone and is killed. Elhanan realizing that he has killed Goliath falls happily into a drunken sleep.

Just before dawn David regrets casting his harp away and rises to reclaim it. Some time later Elhanan wakes up, and sees David marching triumphantly up the hill with the giant's head impaled on his spear. All the army acclaim their deliverer and, hard as poor Elhanan tries to tell the truth, nobody believes him.

II

"I DECLARE I don't know what the world is coming to," said old Jesse querulously. "First one and then the other, going off like this! When I was a young man we had some respect for our parents."

From his seat on the housetop he stared across the rolling hills of Judah, purple in the dusk. A dull buzz of voices came up from the close-packed houses of Bethlehem; sandals padded softly on the unpaved streets; somewhere in the distance a child was squalling.

"Pull your cloak up around your shoulders, Father," Zeruiah commanded. "It's getting cool." Tall and somber, she stood by the parapet, peering down the fading white streak of the northward road. "Something must have happened. If there really was a battle—"

"Eliab would have kept them out of it, don't you worry."

"Have they heard anything more about the battle?"

"Nothing but the story that Jebusite brought from Jerusalem—that Saul had beaten the Philistines and gone back to Gibeah."

"But I can't believe Joab would flatly disobey us."

"Oh, he's always letting David get him into some mischief. The boy has no strength of character. The Lord knows David is bad enough—all this harp playing. But at least he thinks up his own deviltry. Well, I've got three sons married and settled down and respected in the community; I can't complain if the youngest doesn't amount to anything."

But his stock tapped irritably on the roof tiles. In the stair well appeared a shock of black hair, a pair of burly shoulders; Zeruiah's second son came softly up on the roof, his good-natured face uneasy.

"Mother!" he whispered. "Did you speak to him?"

"Yes. It's all right." Jesse turned about in his chair.

"Abishai!"

"Yes, sir!" Nervously, the boy came forward.

"Your mother tells me you want to marry Tirzah. You're young to be getting married. But Tirzah's a good, sensible girl, and maybe she'll keep you out of mischief. Well, well! I'll speak to her father tomorrow."

"I thank you very much, sir. It's mighty good of you."

"Well, it steadies a young man. I only wish Joab—but, Abishai!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I'll probably have to pay her father fifty head of sheep. So I want you to understand right now that when you want a second wife you'll have to pay for her yourself."

Abishai grinned. "I don't want any wife but Tirzah, sir."

"Oh, they all say that at your age. Then when they begin to get on in the world they want to show everybody that they can support two wives, or maybe three—showing off, that's what it is. I don't know what the world is coming to." He was morosely silent.

"May I go now, sir?" Abishai ventured.

"Off to see your girl? It would look better if you waited till I'd spoken to her father."

"Perhaps so, sir. But, you see, she'll be wanting to hear— I mean, she and I have been sort of talking it over—"

"Well, well, boy—go ahead. When I was a young man there was an etiquette about such matters, but nowadays—"

BUT as Abishai turned there was a disturbance below: a knocking at the street door, the creak of hinges as old Hannah, the servant, opened it; her voice respectful—

"Yes, sir?" Then: "For the land's sake!" A patter of bare feet: twelve-year-old Asahel's voice rose in a squeal of delight. "Joab!"

"Joab, eh?" Old Jesse got up. "And no David. . . . Joab! Come up here and give an account of yourself. You're four days late—"

"Now, Father!" Placidly imperious, Zeruiah cut him off. "Give him a chance to tell his story. He may have—"

She broke off with a gasp; from the stair well rose a crested helmet, bronze-clad shoulders; Joab came out on the roof, his sword slapping against his thigh.

"As God lives!" said Jesse. "Where did you get all that flummery?"

Joab looked into his grandfather's eyes—impenitent, confident, proudly elated.

"I took it from a Philistine, sir. In the battle."

"So you had to get in the battle, eh? And David? Where is he?"

"Why—" Joab stared at him. "Why, haven't you heard? . . ."

They all clustered about him as he told the story.

"Heh!" old Jesse chuckled at last. "I always thought that boy had something in him. . . . Going to marry the princess, eh? Well, I don't know that that's so much, but— So he's commander of a regiment already?"

"YES, sir. And Prince Jonathan swore friendship with him—gave him his own sword and armor. Oh, you ought to have heard the women singing when we came back to Gibeah! They mentioned Saul, but it was mostly about David. All playing the tambourine and singing about David—"

"Well, well!" said Jesse comfortably. "Where would these Northerners be

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Joab wanted to ask her why David should come to see her, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth

without our boys to win their battles for them? . . . So he stayed in Gibeah?"

"Yes, sir. He's going to write you a letter as soon as he has time. The King keeps him pretty busy—he's taken a fancy to his harp playing. It cheers him up when he's feeling low. At table David sits beside the King, on his left—Abner on his right; Jonathan and the other princes across the table. He's a pretty big man in Gibeah right now."

"Joab!" said his mother. "Did you see David kill this giant?" The boy flushed deeply.

"No . . . I wasn't awake yet; David killed him as soon as he showed himself that morning. I'd meant to stand by—in case anything happened—"

Abishai slapped his brother on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, old-timer—David didn't need you. . . . And did he really knock him out with a stone from his sling?"

"He really did. I saw the hole in his forehead myself; it cracked the bone. Then David ran down the hill and cut his head off."

"It all seems very strange," Zeruiah observed.

"Now, there you go," said her father. "When once you get your mind set against somebody— Well, Joab, what are you going to do with all this armor?"

Joab drew a deep breath.

"Well, sir, the King's offered me a commission in the regulars—with your permission, sir. David spoke to him about me—"

"SO YOU want to go chasing off to be a great man too? Humph! You haven't killed any giants. Do you think there's no work for you to do in Bethlehem, that you have to go tagging after these Northerners?"

"Well, sir, this war is about the most important work there is, just now. You let Eliab and the others volunteer—"

"For one campaign, yes. But they're still free men of Judah—they haven't taken Saul for their King. All nonsense, this running off—"

Bitter with frustration, Joab looked at his mother.

"Come, Father," said Zeruiah firmly. "You must think this over. . . . Joab, come to my room after you've taken off your armor. We'll see."

Abishai and little Asahel hung admiringly about him as he unbuckled his armor in his own room and flung it on his bed.

"Haven't quite got the feel of it yet," he admitted with a grin. "Look at that sword, Abishai. Steel! The best steel from Gath."

"And did you kill the Philistine that owned it?" Asahel asked in awe.

"Oh, that wasn't much—he was running away. I hit him over the back of the neck. They all ran away after David killed Goliath."

"What do you think of that?" Abishai murmured. "David! Who'd ever have thought— What's Gibeah like, Joab?"

"Oh, it's not much of a town. Bigger than Bethlehem, of course. The King's house is bigger than ours, but no palace or anything like that. He says he's never had time to build a palace."

"Have you talked to him, Joab?"

"Oh, yes. Two or three times. He's quite friendly when he hasn't got one of his gloomy spells. I don't think Abner cares much for David, though. He's jealous. Naturally."

"Huh!" said Abishai. "Joab, do you remember when we were kids and used to play soldier—David used to say that when he was King of Judah you'd be his commander in chief? Well, he's not king of anything yet, but—"

"There'll never be any King of Judah," said Joab thoughtfully. "If this tribe ever takes a king at all, it will be Saul."

"Talking unionism already!" Abishai snorted. "They're converting you quick."

Joab looked at him soberly.

"You get a different idea of these things, Abishai, when you get out in the world. The northern tribes found out they had to have a king, to make any headway against the Philistines. What Saul's trying to do is a big thing—and now that David has shown we can beat them, shown that Yahweh is a strong God—"

"Of course Yahweh is a strong God!" said Abishai hotly.

"Yes, but we had to take it on faith till David killed Goliath. . . . Abishai, I believe we're going to win this war now. There's been the biggest change in the spirit of the army— We'll win this war and be a real people! . . . Look here, why don't you come up to court too? David could get you a commission. You and I could go to the war together."

"I'd like to do it," Abishai sighed; then, with a slow grin: "But Grandfather said tonight I could marry Tirzah. . . . You go to court, Joab, if he'll let you. I reckon Bethlehem is good enough for me."

"Well, I'm not going to stick around here all my life!" little Asahel sputtered. "Joab, if the war's still on when I'm old enough—"

"Don't worry, kid; I'll see that you get your chance." Joab stood up, frowning uneasily. "I'd better go and see if Mother has any news."

On the low bed in her room Zeruiah sat erect, her hands clasped on her knees. In the lamplight Joab noticed the gray streaks in her hair, the deep lines running down to the corners of her mouth, as he had not noticed them in years. Somberly she stared at her son.

"He'll let you go," she said. Joab blinked back a rush of tears.

"Mother! I don't know how I can thank you. I didn't suppose you'd—"

"Oh, I haven't much confidence in this scheme of yours," said Zeruiah. "But you're a man now, Joab—I saw that when you stepped out on the roof. You're old enough to make your own choice and live your own life."

"I'm sorry to leave home, of course," he muttered. At this moment, surprisingly, he was. "But this is such a big thing—trying to build up a nation—helping the King, and David—"

"I'll give you only one piece of advice," said his mother. "Be yourself, not just a hanger-on of David's."

Joab sighed.

"Mother, I don't think you've ever been quite fair to him."

"You don't think I've been fair to you either. . . . Oh, I know, son. You've had an old-fashioned home; we've been strict. But I've tried to train you as well as I could for life as I have found it. Life isn't easy, Joab; it's work. That's one reason I distrust David. Work is what he hates. Unless you count making up silly songs."

"But see what he's done, Mother! God must be with him!"

"YES," said Zeruiah thoughtfully. "That is the way you will find it, Joab. Some people don't need to work; God is with them. But I'm afraid you and I are the sort who must work for what we get—and work for yourself, Joab, not for David. Because he was a little older, because he was my brother and not quite so much under my control, you've always followed his lead. . . . Stealing melons, staying out late at night, or what not, he always organized it, and somehow you and Abishai always took the blame."

"Well, he's different," said Joab stubbornly. "Besides, Mother, I owe him my chance—my chance to be somebody, to do something, to make a name for myself by fighting for our people and our God."

"If you can always be sure that you're fighting for our people and our God when you're fighting for David," said Zeruiah, "I shall be much surprised. . . . What is this Princess Merab like, whom he's to marry?"

"Well—" Joab sought for courtly adjectives. "She's a well-built girl. What I'd call wholesome-looking. . . . Not like her sister!"

"Oh!" said Zeruiah. "The Princess Michal? Tell me about her."

The boy regarded his sandals.

"She's slim and keen and eager," he said. "Like a—like a flame. And she has ideals—for herself and the kingdom and our people. She's never satisfied with anything petty and half-hearted. Only the best."

"You seem to know her pretty well," his mother observed.

"Why, yes—we've talked a good deal. There isn't much ceremony at Saul's court; the princesses can receive anyone they like—always with a maid in sight, but out (*Continued on page 43*)

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Wonders to Perform

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AT HOUSTON the women held prayer meetings to beseech the intervention of heaven in behalf of a dry candidate. Texas itself is wet, at least such parts of it as I visited. Being an empire in itself, there may be parts of it that are dry, sections that are far from the Gulf of Mexico or from the Rio Grande.

For Texas is conveniently located—on the Gulf side not far from those sources of liquor, the Bahama Islands and Cuba; and on the south separated only by a narrow river from wet Mexico. So the state is as wet as New York or New Jersey.

In bars I saw Canadian rye, Scotch, Bacardi rum, Mumm's extra-dry champagne, gin from England and from Holland, the latter in the old stone jugs, apricot brandy, bottled beer and a variety of other drinks that the eye has not rested on in years.

Far from the Mexican border I drank Mexican beer, proving that the passage of the contraband about the state is not greatly impeded.

The good ladies who did the praying, living in Texas, must know this better than a casual visitor such as myself. The good ladies evidently look upon the presence of liquor in their state as a matter of course, but they went down on their knees for a dry President in Washington. There is a picture of the comedy of this campaign!

The One Really Wide-Open Town

LIQUOR, as a result of prohibition, has social standing. It used to be low, drunk by the vulgar, or by indiscreet youth, or by established members of society over whose weakness people bowed their heads in shame. Moved from the saloon to the home, it rose in social rank. Even the praying women Drys haven't it in their hearts to do anything practical against a cheery creature which has access to the best houses.

Carrie Nation used to go out with a hatchet and smash bottles. Her descendants pray for a symbol of virtue in Washington and leave the bottles alone.

During the convention one jester, estimating the money that would be spent in Houston, put down one item as $181,000 for "wine and women." The Texas ladies cried that this reflected upon the honor of Southern womanhood. A Houston newspaper retorted that in a near-by city was a red-light district; and so there is, I am assured—one with red fanlights in the houses advertising their commercial purpose.

This city is unique. Liquor is sold openly by the bottle or the glass, cocktails, highballs, straights, rickeys, fizzes and everything else that is almost a memory elsewhere. Gambling places run openly. There is nothing like it, all in all, anywhere else in this country. As there is a good social reason why no Carrie Nation smashes the bottles of today, there is a good commercial reason for this wide-open town. And it is in the dry and virtuous state of Texas!

I do not wish to say anything against Texas. It is a wonderful state, and fortunate are those that live in it. But it is a caricature of these United States. It is a place of extremes, of pious horror over Al Smith—and of the one really wide-open town in this country.

There whisky has as high a social position as it has acquired anywhere in this country, able, indeed, to give social position to its possessor; and there live 100,000 Democrats who will vote for Hoover or stay away from the polls next fall.

Take the religious issue which I suspect is most important in the minds of the 100,000 Texans who won't vote for Al Smith this fall. If there is any place where church and state are mixed up, it is in Texas. The newspapers, I suppose, make public opinion, and public opinion governs the country. That is popular government reduced to its simplest terms. But the newspaper editors of Texas live in fear of the fundamentalist preachers with large popular followings. Their circulation is at the mercy of the sensational pulpit. Mayors, police officials, district attorneys, judges, all avoid the disfavor of the man of God. They may be excommunicated politically.

Texas is Self-Conscious

THERE preachers use their power in singular ways. Even business is not exempt from their thunders. One famous evangelist in Texas had a quarrel with the leading store in his town. He called up a woman from his audience to the platform:

"See this dress that sister Mary Wiggins is wearing, how ill fitting, how faded it is, of what inferior stuff it is made. She bought it at Blank's. It is nearly new. They ought never to have sold her such a dress. It does not fit her, and it has no wearing qualities. She took it back, and they refused to make good her losses on it. Now I want all of you who trade at Blank's to stand up."

Most of the audience rose.

"Now I want you to put up your right hands and pledge that you will never patronize Blank's again."

Now I wonder in what "priest-ridden" country the power of the church is any more ruthlessly used than in this instance?

Texas presents all the absurdities of this coming campaign in sharp blacks and whites. You may see there all the forces at work in this election, naked and undisguised, exaggerated, for everything in Texas is on a large scale—Texas has the gigantic quality of Russia.

It is naïve. It talks freely. It is in trepidation as to what visiting newspaper correspondents, especially those from England, will think of it. It is self-conscious. It apologizes and reminds visitors that it is young and should receive the allowances made to the young. It is dry and accepts without question the ministrations of the bootlegger.

Its upper classes are snobbish about Al Smith. Its lower classes listen popeyed to the Heflins of the pulpit. And it is a little ashamed of its absurdities. The election, however it comes out, will do it good, for it makes Texas face its own political and social conscience.

"See this dress that sister Mary Wiggins is wearing, how ill fitting? She bought it at Blank's"

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Gold Rush

In this age the glint of sporting gold outshines the morning sun and is rather more tempting than anything business or the professions offer

By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS, Jr.

COLLEGE athletes are flocking to the ranks of pros, and it won't be long before they dominate every lucrative field of professional sport. They may even capture boxing.

IN THIS age, when the glint of gold outshines the morning sun, there seems to be a general collegiate tendency to reap while the harvest is ripe.

Red Grange was something of a seven-day wonder, but in spite of all his publicity he was not of an unusual type. It would be interesting to know today just how much annual pay ex-college athletes are taking from professional sport and how much they will be collecting a few years from now, for it won't be very long before ex-college stars will dominate all the paying fields of professional sport.

This may sound like a wild statement, but the facts back it up. The collegians took over baseball first, or the better part of it. They have complete control of professional football. They are swinging into professional wrestling. And they are now making a serious advance into the big money of the prize ring, one field where the path has been crossed by many barricades.

Wisdom Looks Three Years Ahead

SOMEWHERE around forty years ago Hutchinson of Yale, a college star, signed with the Chicago Nationals, and the general astonishment was far from mild.

Later on Fred Tenney of Brown and a few other ex-collegians heard the clink of gold calling them to big-league diamonds. But even in Mathewson's day the big-league collegian was a rarity. The corner-lot brigade dominated the scene. In the main they were Irish and German lads who had never been interested even in night schools.

Connie Mack was practically the first big-league manager to go in for collegians on a large scale. He enlisted Plank from Gettysburg, Bender from Carlisle, Coombs from Colby, Collins from Columbia and Barry and Coakley from Holy Cross.

Today there must be over 200 ex-collegians in the two major leagues. The University of Alabama alone has sent two Sewells to Cleveland, Stephenson to Chicago, Andy Cohen to New York, Barnes to Washington, Ike Boone and one or two others to various cities. St. Louis had thirteen ex-college stars at one time. The New York Yankees, with Gehrig from Columbia, Pennock, Combs, Dugan and Gazella from other colleges, signed up Penn. State's star battery and New York University's crack pitcher. College stars are collecting more than a million dollars a year in big-league salaries.

Baseball is only part of the show. The announcement has been made that Benny Oosterbaan is to play pro football next fall and that he and Benny Friedman, Michigan's great pair, will team up again—not for the Maize and Azure but for the yellow gold.

Naturally the ex-collegians dominate professional football, but there are several thousand ex-collegians coaching and training prep and college football teams. Harvard last fall had twenty-six football coaches for its various squads, including class and dormitory line-ups.

All this runs into more millions. It is all well enough for those who expect to give their careers to coaching and instruction, but the easy money isn't always as easy as it seems. A star football player dropped around some time ago to get advice on the matter. "I have been offered $3,500," he said, "to play pro football next fall. I have been offered another job that pays $3,000 a year."

"What about three years from now?" I suggested. "As a pro football player you are likely to be out of a job but a job that pays $3,000 a year now ought to be good for $4,000 or $5,000 three years from now, and in addition to this much money you will also have three years' experience to work with."

He took the $3,000 job.

College Boxers Start too Late

SOME time ago Wayne Munn of the University of Nebraska won the heavyweight wrestling championship, and now Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth is on his way to the top. Sonnenberg is an old Dartmouth football star and not so old at that. He is one of the best in the business and as a star wrestler will be good for over $50,000 a year. As a champion he can retire with at least half a million saved, provided he can hold the title two or three years. Nat Pendleton of Columbia has collected a fortune without quite reaching the top.

The big barrier to the collegian so far has been the fight game. The kingdom of the cauliflower ear has had no throne-room for any collegian. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney never took up campus life. Most of them had no interest in anything a college teaches, Tunney being the exception.

No collegian ever fought his way into the ranks of the challengers. But they have been trying for some time. Sully Montgomery, Centre College's 210-pound football guard, made some headway before the noncollegians began leaving him on his ear. Garvey of Notre Dame did well for a few months, and then flopped. Monte Munn, the giant Nebraskan, another football star, won fourteen successive fights by knockouts before Knute Hansen outpointed him. Later on he was knocked out by Godfrey, Phil Scott and Roberti, but, still undiscouraged, he sailed for the Argentine to hammer Victor Campolo into submission in nine rounds.

Other college boxers have been trying to make headway, but the traveling has been slow and full of bumps.

Marriner of Illinois has scored something like fourteen knockouts while completing his senior year and working for his degree. Warren of North Carolina, another big collegian, has also been hammering his way steadily to the front. Warren is under the care of Jimmy Bronson, one of Gene Tunney's directors and advisory board. Either may arrive if he is handled correctly. Few have the patience that Tunney had in picking his way for seven years before he felt ready to go after big game.

There is another collegian, Armand Emmanuel from California, who also has a law degree. Emmanuel is probably the best boxer of the lot, but while he has won every fight but one, something between twenty and thirty, he has yet to show that he will hit hard enough to be a heavyweight champion.

One trouble so far has been that, unlike most big-league ball players, most of the collegians who turned to the prize ring started boxing too late. Walter Monahan, the well-known trainer rates Monte Munn as one of the hardest punchers. He started too late, otherwise he might have been one of the greatest champions.

Give All You Have to Give

WHEN Ned Mahan and Red Grange romped into the open of a broken field neither had to apply any conscious thought to dodging and side-stepping. It was all natural. Munn could outpoint Phil Scott three to one, but he couldn't hit Scott, and Scott could hit him.

With boxing now being taught in many of the big universities there will soon be others of the Munn type who will know their stuff and who will turn out heavyweight champions.

College life and college contacts develop the competitive side to a marked degree. The general idea is to give all you have to give and pack in a little something on the side. Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion, was a high-school star at both football and basketball, and this double training has given him a big edge over others.

It is quite possible that within a few years collegians will almost dominate the ring game. An entry such as Al Lassman, the New York University football captain, would soon be a dangerous opponent for anyone to face, as Lassman is a first-class boxer who knows how to hit. And among the ring professionals today not 10 per cent know anything about the art of punching.

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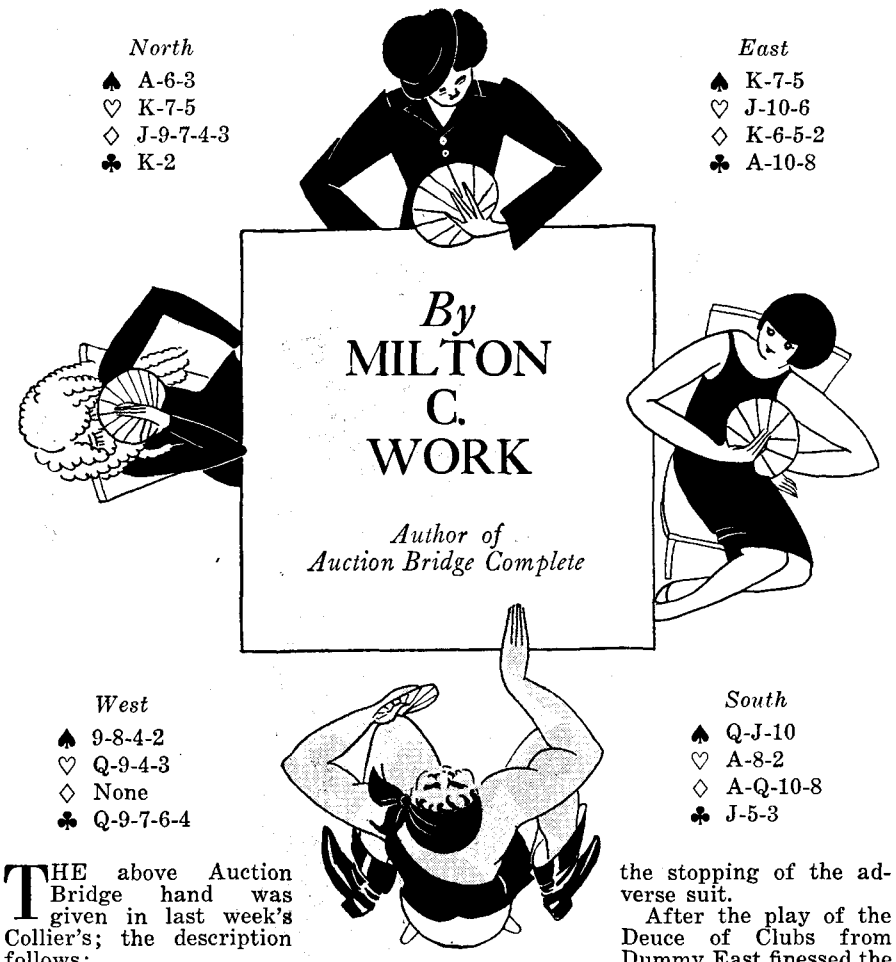
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

There are few hands dealt in which there is so little to say concerning the bidding. South bid an obvious No Trump; West made a pass which was equally obvious.

North made the only questionable declaration with a jump to two No Trumps. He had the choice between it and a pass. The argument in favor of the jump is that a lead-directing bid from East, especially if made through one of North's Kings (should North or South rebid the No Trump), might result disastrously; whereas an uninspired lead by West from her own suit would give Declarer game. From North's viewpoint there is every probability that, with assistance in four suits, South can make two No Trumps; so, while jumping partner's No Trump always is attended with some danger, in this case there appears more to be said in its favor than against it.

Even if North had passed, East would not have had any declaration but a pass. Her hand obviously lacks the strength for a suit bid, and it is distinctly below doubling strength when sitting under the No Trump. Furthermore, the hand has one important element which renders a bid unnecessary. It has an Ace or face in all four suits, so that it has support for whatever West opens. This is a most important element of defensive strength when sitting on the right of a No-Trumper.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead was the Six of Clubs, and it immediately forced the Declarer to decide a question which bothers some players; viz., with a small card led, what to do with King-x in Dummy and Jack-x-x in Closed Hand. If Closed Hand had not held an Ace or Face, the King would have been the play from Dummy. It is the play—the contract being No Trump—on a small card led whenever Closed Hand is defenseless, but the Jack-and-two-others holding (it would have been different with Jack and one other) is of great value with King and one in Dummy. It enables the Declarer to play small from Dummy and to be sure that a trick will be taken in the adverse suit no matter how the high cards of it may be divided. It will be noted in this case that if the Declarer played the King from Dummy, the adversaries would start by running five Club tricks; but the small play assures the stopping of the adverse suit.

After the play of the Deuce of Clubs from Dummy East finessed the Ten, because it would shut out an entry in Dummy which would have been established by the play of the Ace and would gain a trick if East's lead was from Jack and not from Queen. This left the Declarer no alternative; he must win this Club trick or none. Having done so, he planned his campaign and could see, in addition to the one Club, two Hearts and at last one Spade. The game depended upon running the Diamond suit or, in other words, upon a successful finesse in that suit. Consequently to trick 2 Declarer led a Heart, postponing the possibility of the Spade finesse until later; took it in the Dummy; and to trick 3 led the Jack of Diamonds from Dummy. On this Jack East of course played the Deuce. There is an old saying, "Always cover an honor with an honor"; but, in this case, there is a good chance that Closed Hand has only three Diamonds; if so, holding up the King will stop the suit. Aiming to obtain as many Diamond leads as might be needed from Dummy without expending another entry to get in that hand, Declarer played from Closed Hand the Ten of Diamonds on the Dummy's Jack and, when the finesse won, led the Nine from Dummy, playing the Eight under the Nine. The third Diamond finesse placed Declarer in position to drop the King and thereby to establish a long Diamond in Dummy. This assured game and consequently, on trick 7, Declarer, leading the Queen of Spades from Closed Hand, did not risk an unnecessary finesse when the King did not cover. Game was assured by refusing the finesse, and to take a chance would have been the limit of folly. Declarer consequently scored one Spade, two Hearts, five Diamonds and one Club—nine tricks—game at No Trump.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 7-6-4-2	S. K-8-5
H. 5-4-2	H. Q-10-7-3
D. A-K-Q-3	D. 8-6-4
C. 6-5	C. Q-8-2
West	*South*
S. 10-9-3	S. A-Q-J
H. K-8-6	H. A-J-9
D. 7-5	D. J-10-9-2
C. J-10-9-7-3	C. A-K-4

Blake's Wild Lass

Continued from page 11

you tonight and mean mischief. Which we, knowing you would not listen to reason, have taken steps to keep you in your house tonight. The house is surrounded with orders to use force to keep you in the house.

SOME WHO WISH YOU WELL.

They read it through twice, but there was no need; it was clear enough. The White Hill men—the squire's men—were waiting, scarcely breathing, flattened against the wall of some dark alley down in the sinister town.

He took courage to look at her at last.

"Do you realize what this means? We are shut in here for the night, alone. Of course the servants have had a hand in this. They mean well, but they little know; they little know—"

In a towering rage Blake's daughter cried:

"You planned this, sir! I know another that had a hand in it! Because you hate us! I will go, if I break the windows through!"

"If you believe that, I will break them through myself and go first!"

HE MOVED away, but she sprang toward him, as she had done in the storm, to drive him back from danger.

"No—no! You will be hurt!"

He stood still in the one bright pool of light.

"Do you care if I am hurt?"

"Oh, what answer can you expect—and you a traitor?"

"Not to my own heart," he said again, as though all the speech that had ever been between them was of one piece. "It is because of this, and with no thought of reparation for tonight's circumstance, that I ask you to marry me!"

"Are you mad?" she breathed from the shadows.

"Ah, my dear!" he pleaded. "There is so little beauty in the world! Must we turn our backs, for no sane reason, upon God's bounty to us both? You are no coward, they tell me. Then trust me with your courage. I do not ask humbly, for I too have much to give. My heart and soul and all my dreams. Come to me, Helen. . . ."

He held out his arms, and suddenly she came to them, into the little light that there was.

"See, then," she murmured, "I am no traitor to my heart."

Parson Hilyard would never have married them, but Parson Hilyard was tied to his bed with a lordly attack of gout; and the burning-eyed young curate who took his place recognized no barrier, political or social, between the eternal purposes of God and these His instruments. So they were married as soon as might be, but secretly, because of the harm to her father's dignity.

"He loves me," she told her husband. "Now that I know what love is, I am sure that he loves me, more than any living soul, in spite of his blusterings. And if this were spoken of they would laugh and jeer at him, who could not hold his own daughter under his flag. You and I know the truth of it, but they will not, and it is too sweet a thing to shout abroad. So it must remain hid between us, beloved. Just until this silly war is over."

So she rode back to her home, guarding her looks and tongue as well as she might, lest the wonder and beauty in her heart should betray her.

But rumor was there before her; and she found the squire in no mood to search for beauty, though it glowed like a lamp within reach of his hand.

"I have heard something which I can scarcely find it possible to believe! I must have the truth from you, Helen, or I'll thrash it out of you! In whose house did you dine on the night I left for Sheffield?"

She faced him with a new calmness, upheld by the thing in her heart.

"At Mr. Collen's house, sir!"

"You admit it! You are brazen enough to stand there and tell me to my face—"

"You demanded the truth, and I am too old for a thrashing, sir!"

"Are you, by God? We shall see! But since we are to be favored with the truth, what took you to Mr. Collen's house, of all others?"

"I was riding that way, as I might ride any way, when a violent storm began. Mr. Collen saw me in difficulty, from the windows, and sent his man to offer me shelter. What was offered with courtesy I accepted with courtesy. Must I and my horse be struck by lightning because Mr. Collen holds different opinions from ours?"

She seemed in more danger of being struck just then, standing before him in her happy defiance, than she had been in that other storm.

"And your courtesy was such that you must stay and dine with him, alone! I have heard all, you see. Bah—I will let you taste *my* courtesy! Get to your room, miss! You shall dine there alone for a week, and try if that cures your taste for evil company!"

So he had not heard all, God be praised! Up to her solitary confinement went proud Helen, with a light step and bright eyes. The squire himself locked the door on her, and forbade the servants any speech with the prisoner. But she carried with her such a gay company of dreams that she was the less lonely for being alone.

It was a still, sunny afternoon when Belle Helen first sat again in the paneled window, a little pale from want of sun and air, but lovely as a dark rose in her spreading gown of crimson silk flounces. She and her father had kissed and forgiven each other; they had cried a little too, and she had been very near sharing her precious secret. But she feared to hurt him afresh just then and kept it for a less tremulous moment.

A figure on a short, strong pony appeared round the bend of the drive. Helen, from the low window, shook back her curls and spoke into the room:

"Father, here is Parson Hilyard! So he has got the better of his gout! What can he want with you, I wonder?"

The squire went out to see. Helen watched him stride into the sunlight and speak gravely to his friend. Presently he came back. The parson mounted his pony again, and rode on by another path.

"Well?" questioned Helen, sorting a strand of bright wool. "What was his business, sir?"

THE squire was so long in replying that she lifted her head from her careless work to see what ailed him. He was standing with bent head, deep in thought, gazing down into the empty hearth. At last he answered, very low:

"He asked permission for a man's funeral to pass. Ay, dear me, this unhappy business—"

"God rest his soul!" commented the girl gently. Then: "Whose, Father? Whose funeral is to pass?"

The room was very still, and full of sunlight.

"Didn't you hear, my lass? No, of course you would not. He was shot on Wednesday last, at dusk, down in the town. The White Hill men are out of hand, you see. It appears he was warned several times, but he would go. This unhappy business—"

"*Who* was shot? Oh, tell me who—"

"Why, I have told you, my dear. Young Guy Collen. The son of my friend, after all. The son of my friend. . . ."

And then Blake's wild lass shamed him for the last time.

She sprang through the tall window. She rushed down the drive in the wake of his enemy's funeral; and stood in the little church throughout the service, bareheaded, in her crimson silk gown.

Helen Blake died at thirty, a quiet, gentle woman, greatly mourned by the poor and sick. But Blake's wild lass died eleven years before, died standing upright in the violet-dyed and holy sunshine, and no one knew enough of her to throw a flower upon her grave.

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

When the soldiers in your blood go "over the top"

A first-class man's army can't compare, for speed and straight shooting, with the soldiers in your blood.

The moment germs threaten your health, your body declares war right off—regardless of secret treaties or Congressional action. Tiny fighting units are mobilized and thrown against the enemy in mass attack.

Plucky little fighters called "antibodies" do their best to protect you by destroying the invading bacteria or the poisons which they produce.

How medical science sends reinforcements

But maybe the antibodies are not developed quickly enough, or in adequate numbers. Then they must be reinforced. Medical science has learned how to *manufacture* antibodies—rescue parties which can be sent to the aid of your hard-pressed shock-troops.

Certain serums, which your doctor knows how to administer, bring countless eager allies to the battlefield. If they come in time they are practically certain to turn the tide of victory.

Stranger and more astounding even than this, however, medical science has learned how large forces of these antibodies can be manufactured in your own blood, before they are actually needed for defense against the enemy. In this way the once-dreaded smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. This preventive method produces protection, or immunity, which lasts for years—often for a whole lifetime.

If you would like to know some important ways in which your doctor can help you *prevent* disease let us send you a little booklet we have prepared, called *Fortresses of Health.* Send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

America's first biological laboratory

Ever since Parke, Davis & Company established the first biological laboratory in America, in 1894, we have played a leading part in the development of vaccines and antitoxins. We have standardized their manufacture and vastly improved their quality. Our present diphtheria antitoxin, for example, is ten times more concentrated than the original antitoxin of thirty odd years ago.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

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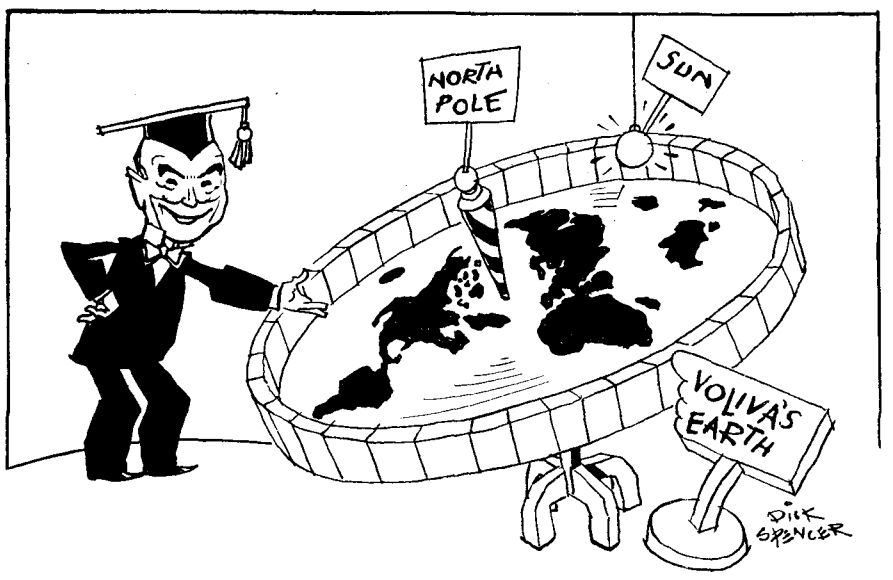

$5,000 for Byrd

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

NOW that Commander Byrd is preparing for his flight across the South Pole, we publicly call his attention to the department entitled "Catching Up With the World" published in Collier's, June 12, 1926. For there was quoted the offer of Overseer Voliva of Zion to give $5,000 for evidence that this earth is a globe.

The General Overseer makes his position very plain in the sermon which he gave at the Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion, Ill., Lord's Day Afternoon, October 14, 1923, in which he said:

"If there is a person in the United States who can give me one fact that shows that this earth is a globe—the shape of an orange, hanging in space, rotating on an imaginary axis and revolving in an imaginary orbit—I will give him five thousand dollars. That is the kind of 'bunk' that is given to the children in the schools all over this country. . . . It is too absurd for any thinking man or woman to accept for a second! The people do not think nowadays, and those who have swallowed evolution and astronomy never did think.

"Mr. Amundsen, according to the papers the day before yesterday, is arranging to circle the North Pole. Let him circle the South Pole!"

According to Voliva's theory of the cosmos, the world is flat like a plate. The sun, which is thirty-two miles in diameter, has his tabernacle set at the tropic of Cancer, from which he travels to the tropic of Capricorn and back beneath the solid dome of the firmament. The North Pole is situated in the middle of the circle of the earth, and therefore there is no great difficulty in crossing it as Amundsen did, but an impassable wall of ice running around the rim on the southern edge of the earth keeps people from falling off.

"When we used to dig holes for fence posts," says the General Overseer of Zion, "my father would say, 'Be careful, boys, or you will hit John Chinaman on the head with your spade!' That is correct, according to the globular theory. In Australia everybody ought to be walking with his head down, but that is not the case."

The Rev. Mr. W. G. Voliva came from Australia, so he certainly ought to know which end of the Australians is up. I suggest that Commander Byrd be awarded the $5,000 if he surmounts the ice barrier and comes out on the other side.

Muscle Shoals and Birth Control

THOUGH the Muscle Shoals Bill somehow got lost in the President's pocket in the hurry of the adjournment of Congress—if it did adjourn—the main issue involved remains, not so much before Congress as before the world at large, as the most serious problem of the future: how to keep up the nitrogen supply.

For the question of how many people can live on the surface of this limited sphere of ours depends upon the food supply. So long as food cannot be made by the chemist it must be grown from crops. How much food can be grown depends upon how much nitrogen the crops can get. There is plenty of free nitrogen in the air, but the crops cannot make use of it. So long as nitrogen could not be supplied in usable form by the chemist, the crops had to depend on the bacteria that colonize on the roots of legumes. The bacteria are remarkably numerous and industrious and prolific. A new generation comes on every twenty minutes or so. But the population of the colonies in the soil could not keep up with the increase in the human population above ground, which was living off their leavings.

The human race has more than doubled since 1800, when science began to interfere with the processes of nature.

Twenty years ago it became apparent to chemists that if the multiplication continued the human race would have to go on half rations within a century unless means were found to increase the nitrogen supply.

So the chemists set themselves to thinking, and they found the means, several means.

Now that the chemists have come to the aid of the bacteria in the fixation of nitrogen the day of world famine is postponed but cannot be indefinitely averted unless the manufacture of synthetic fertilizers continues to increase and the birth rate continues to decrease.

Last year the world production of nitrogenous fertilizers was 1,250,000 tons, but it would take sixteen times that to replenish the farm lands of the United States alone.

But Muscle Shoals does not figure as a factor in this problem so much as the farmers hope or the fertilizer manufacturers fear. For by one of these sudden shifts in profitable processes characteristic of chemical industries the chief factor in the production of ammonia and nitrates has ceased to be cheap water power and has become cheap coal.

The new process employed by the Mont Cenis coal mining company at Solingen, near Düsseldorf, works at lower pressure and so requires much less power. The hydrogen comes from the waste gases of the coke ovens. The nitrogen comes from the air. A more efficient catalyst combines the two gases, and that makes ammonia. Fixed nitrogen fertilizers are likely to be a by-product of the coking business, and the farmer will then be dependent upon the miner.

Money Mad

Continued from page 9

women have been singularly successful in the market. They take their profits quicker than men, are less inclined to let their winnings ride for higher hurdles, and they're harder fighters (possibly because they haven't been at it as long) and they'll suffer paper losses with greater fortitude than their men will. . . .

Look! Do you see that broker who just galloped across the floor from No. 2 post to No. 8 where General Motors is being traded? The one who seems to have no eyebrows. Maybe they've been burned off; he's been singed enough, Heaven knows! Well, he's supposed to have made two million dollars in three days by correctly interpreting a single word that he overheard in a brief conversation between a railroad president and a banker. The word was "but."

He knew the two were discussing the stock of the railroad. He heard only the railroad man's voice and heard the tone change suddenly. The president sighed deeply and exploded: "BUT—" He sold that stock short. He was right!

Lambs Build Their Own Trap

THE man he's talking to is one of the biggest speculators in the market. A curious thing about him is his pet superstition. The majority of traders are wildly superstitious. But this one would rather lose $1,000 than part with a cent before the market opens at ten o'clock. He will refuse a loan to his best friend. He wouldn't give his wife a nickel before ten in the morning. He rides downtown in a taxicab, but never pays for it until noon.

He believes it is bad luck to begin the day with an outgo of money. He is convinced that he'd be sure to lose consistently all day if he were to part with a cent before ten. But if he receives money he's joyous. That's a sign that he's bound to win that day. If he finds a check in his mail, he's jubilant. But he takes no chances. Every morning before he leaves home his wife hands him a dollar. She's been doing that for years. And he's been a highly successful man for years.

There are traders who never neglect to start every week with a little flyer in some stock which, at one time or another, has fetched them a large profit. No matter how small the operation may be, they never fail to sell or buy that stock every Monday morning. The financial reward or penalty of the deal is nothing. They're starting the week right.

There are brokers who avoid $2 bills as they would leprosy, and there are others who turn their backs and shudder at the sight of a $50 bill.

There are brokers who would fire an employee who permitted tape from more than one kind of ticker to flow into the same basket.

One of the most consistent of the hunch players is the vice president of a large industrial organization who is in love with the figure 77. He has a standing order with his broker to buy any one of a long list of stocks at any time it is quoted at that price. He swears it has never failed him and that he has never failed to make a profit by buying at 77.

"Don't sell short when the sap is running up the tree," says one operator.

"Bunk," replies his friend; "the saps are always up a tree."

Nevertheless he can't be laughed out of his pet superstition.

"Tuesday is always reaction day in a bull market," says another.

"Lady Luck can't read," sneers his friend. "Not even a calendar."

And finally there's a speculator whose good fortunes date back to that day when he bought a yellow motor car. He'd not have a car of any other color. He'd rather walk ten miles than ride in any vehicle that isn't yellow. Before he takes a railroad journey he is very careful to get clear of the market because yellow coaches are rare.

The Stock Exchange is a market place for securities. That summarizes its chief function. Its services to the community are those common to all properly conducted market places in that it affords opportunity to dispose quickly of what you wish to sell and to acquire without waste of time that which you want to buy.

Its value to the economic life of the country may best be visualized by considering what conditions would be if it did not exist. You might hold the shares of a certain corporation and, being pressed for cash or desiring to be rid of those securities that you might possess others, desire to sell. If there were no central market where you could dispose of your shares, it would be necessary for you to enter upon a long search for somebody who wanted to buy them. Failing to find such person, you would be at the mercy of your local banker.

It was the existence of this condition that was back of the creation of the New York Stock Exchange in 1792. And, coupled with this fundamental reason for a stock exchange is the establishment of a fair and standardized price of securities through competitive bidding.

In the normal procedure of its business the Stock Exchange is decorous enough and conservative enough. But let something like a bull pool get busy on a stock and toss it skyward in hugely conspicuous leaps and the public gets excited. All thought of the true value of the stock is lost.

For example, let us take the stock of a company which happens to be quoted at 50. Its true value, based upon the assets of the company, may not be more than 25. The normal buying and selling of that stock may have been responsible for the inflation of twenty-five points.

But suddenly something happens to inspire the general public with the idea that the stock is going to 100. There are only a million shares, and presently the public has boosted that stock to $100 a share, $150 a share!

The stock is all out of financial proportion. In the meantime the true book value of the shares may have fallen to $20 or $10 a share. While the public chases the will-o'-the-wisp the corporation may have lost ground. Thus, in the old days, panics were born. The original bull pool, having gathered in a majority of the stock, and having waited for the ignorant outsiders to boost the price to grotesque heights by emulating them, and then having inside information, suddenly throws everything it holds on the market.

Before the dupes have come to their senses they have bought the pool's holdings at prices they themselves have helped create.

Luck and Nerves

THAT'S not the fault of the institution we know as the Stock Exchange. It has no rules governing widespread public folly, and can't have. The governors of the Stock Exchange are forever warning the investor to investigate first. Then calmly consider the risk you take, your duty toward your family. Then if you can afford it, buy.

But, the same broker warns you, buy OUTRIGHT. Only he who has much excess cash can afford to buy on margin, and usually he doesn't do it. Generally it's the man who can't afford to lose who buys on margin. He does so because he hasn't the money with which to buy outright.

But nothing like calm judgment influenced the average speculator's actions during the recent big bull weeks. There you had men and women joining the bear ranks and selling short when they were never quite sure what a bear in the market did nor what short selling involved. They learned.

They learned that the bears, by whatever means presenting itself, struggle to reduce prices—usually by selling

(*Continued on page 34*)

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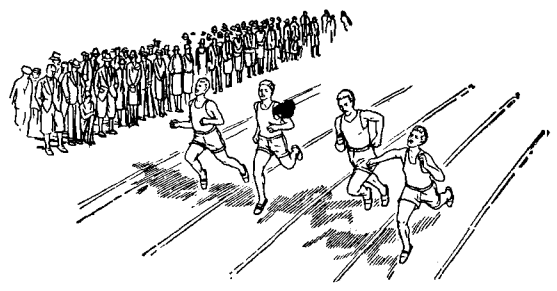


OLYMPIC GAMES could be run off in DUNLOP CITY

THE Olympic Games this summer are being held at Amsterdam, Holland, in a stadium 10⅓ acres in area. "Dunlop City," which the 100,000 acres of Dunlop productive properties would form, would be vast enough to run off 9,960 Olympic Games at one time.

What is the secret of Dunlop's great growth? Basically there is only one reason—*Dunlop Tires are better tires*—and have been for 40 years.

This is easy to believe when you realize that Dunlop possesses tire building advantages enjoyed by no other manufacturer. Dunlop owns and operates its own wide-spread rubber plantations. Dunlop resources total more than $195,000,000. Over 40 years of continuous production have given Dunlop the greatest of all tire-building experience. These resources and experience are converted into tires by 45,000 craftsmen and engineers.

There are other incidental causes, less impressive but equally important. They answer such questions as:

"Why does Dunlop pay such high premiums in order to get the choicest Egyptian cotton for Dunlop cord fabric?"

"Why is every bit of this cotton spun in Dunlop's own spinning mills?"

"Why is such care taken in analyzing, blending and compounding Dunlop rubber into the toughest compound ever achieved?"

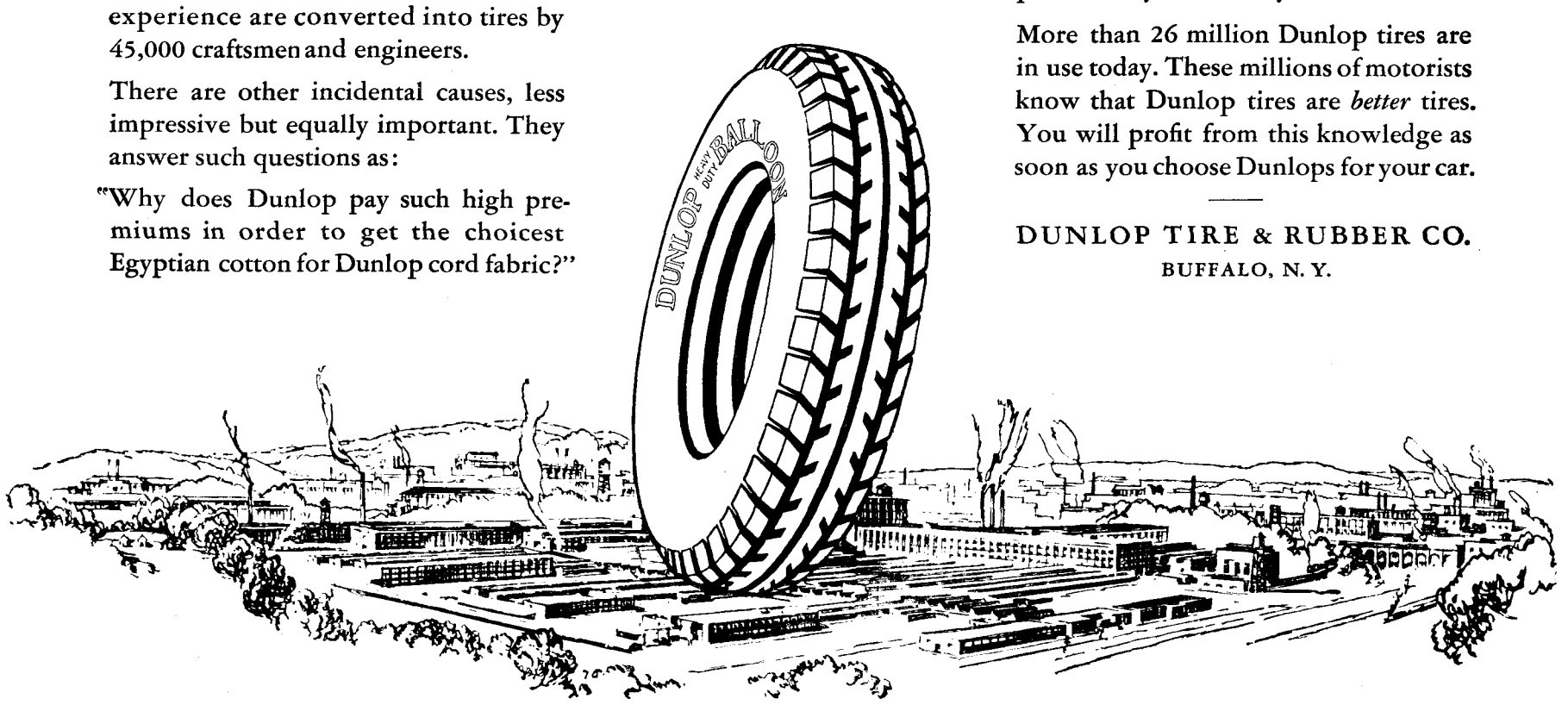
Taken together, these details mean two things:

1. It is Dunlop's policy to make consistently *better* tires.
2. This policy can be uniformly lived up to because Dunlop has absolute control of product from raw materials to finished tire.

Naturally, Dunlop seeks to select its dealers with the same thoroughness it selects its raw materials. And that explains why the service of Dunlop dealers is so proverbially satisfactory.

More than 26 million Dunlop tires are in use today. These millions of motorists know that Dunlop tires are *better* tires. You will profit from this knowledge as soon as you choose Dunlops for your car.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



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GENERAL

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FRIGIDAIRE *and* THE OPEN MIND

TWELVE years ago General Motors asked: "Is there any service which can be rendered *inside* the home comparable to the service which the automobile renders *outside?*"

Already the Delco-Light division was carrying the comforts of electric light and power to farm homes. Electric refrigeration was in its infancy, and General Motors, acquiring Frigidaire, set its research organizations to work to improve it.

Having accomplished this, the next step was to increase production and reduce costs so that the price could be brought within the reach of every home.

To the solution of this second problem many departments of General Motors contributed. The research laboratories in Detroit worked with the laboratories in Dayton, the home of Frigidaire. The Fisher Body Corporation was consulted in the design of the cabinets. The same engineering principles which have made automobile construction so economical were applied, for the first time, to the production of refrigerators.

Today Frigidaire is the world's largest selling automatic refrigerator. General Motors' resources and experience have made it possible to produce a low-priced model which is $570 cheaper than the lowest priced model of five years ago. All over the nation—and indeed all over the world—food is better preserved and health is safer because this big problem was met with adequate resources and an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

• • •

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

• • •

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

• • •

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

• • •

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

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By · JACK · BINNS

Welcoming Suzanne

PRACTICALLY all of the NBC staff members are talented musicians irrespective of their duties in the organization that keeps the Red and Blue chains on the job of holding up their end in the realm of radio entertainment. Take the case of genial Johnny Johnstone, the gent who keeps us all posted on the coming doings in the Fifth Avenue studios. Johnny can ramble up and down the pianoforte with an agility that may account for his prolificness on the typewriter.

This much of his musical talent had been displayed on many of those emergency occasions when scheduled soloists or accompanists suffered from lapse of memory—but Johnny sprang a new talent during an all-staff program which WEAF put on. Without previous warning he suddenly burst into song as a whispering baritone while otherwise engaged in punishing the keys of the concert grand for the attentive microphone. This new talent intrigued me very much until I learned that Fate had been good to Johnny a few days previously and then it was that I realized that, after all, he may have been just crooning, by means of his favorite station, to Suzanne, the little lady who has taken up her abode permanently in the Johnstone menage.

Oh! Yes, It Is

THE phrase "good night" may be said in so many different ways that it can convey an infinite number of impressions, but Ralph Frees, one of the announcers at KOA, Denver, has developed a tone while enunciating it that has brought Rocky Mountain flapperdom to his feet. At least the chronicler of KOA's doings avers such is the case, and, as a proof, cites the number of letters from listening sheikesses and Shebas that are cluttering up Ralph's mail.

Had said chronicler stopped right there, all would have been within the bounds of possibility, but he proceeds to "gild the lily" by adding: "All this is most disconcerting to the modest young man whose whole heart is centered in his announcing and his musical studies."

World-Wide Vision

THE newspapers recently carried an item relating to a new television apparatus that was demonstrated before members of the American Physical and American Optical societies in the Bell Laboratories in New York City. The scientists assembled in New York "saw" Charles Bittinger, a cartoonist, at work in Boston, his drawings being clearly visible while they developed at the point of his facile pencil.

Back of this brief news item is one of the most fascinating pieces of apparatus that the electric art has yet produced. It involves the first television screen big enough to be viewed by a large audience in a fair-sized room.

In order to establish the illusion that presents a moving picture of living things, a pinpoint of light must dart over this screen at the rate of forty thousand flashes every second. These flashes vary in intensity so that when viewed by the eye they paint upon the mental screen of the observer a complete picture of the distant scene that television is bringing to him.

The ingenious apparatus that achieves this seemingly miraculous result includes a long vacuum tube filled with pure neon gas. This tube is bent back and forth so that it forms fifty parallel sections close to each other. Through its center there runs a spiral wire from one end to the other. On the outside twenty-five hundred separate pieces of metal foil are pasted on the back portion of the glass wall forming the tube, and each of these pieces of foil is connected by an individual wire to a high-speed distributor.

Every time a high-frequency current is applied to one of the outside pieces of foil and the internal wire, the neon tube will glow in front of that particular spot. The distributor has to revolve so that it delivers a high-frequency current to each of the twenty-five hundred pieces of foil sixteen times every second. Moreover, it must do this job in exact unison with the revolving scanning disk that is "looking at" the scene in a distant city. If it should get out of step the slightest fraction of a second the moving picture that shows up on the face of the big vacuum tube will either be distorted or else ghostlike figures will flit across it and destroy the picture that is being presented.

This brief description gives an idea of the complexity of the problems that confront those patient investigators who are seeking to extend the range of our vision by means of radio so that eventually we may look around the earth and see what people on the other side of the world are doing.

Old-Fashioned Chaser

QUITE recently the male quartette that does the close-harmony work for the Columbia Chain stations sang the quaint ditty "Rum, Rum, Jamaica Rum."

I have been wondering ever since whether or not it was a qualm of conscience that caused the Columbia Network program arrangers to make sure Frank Croxton sang "Water Boy" the next night.

Money Mad

Continued from page 30

heavily or inducing other holders to sell. By selling short they meant that they sold stock they did not then possess at a figure below the market and promising to deliver it at the low price on a certain date.

If, on that certain date, the stock had fallen below the figure at which they had agreed to deliver they gladly bought and made a profit in the selling. But if the market had not fallen enough and they had to buy shares at a price higher than that at which they had promised to sell they properly mourned.

Just what created the bewildering situation through which they were passing is still a matter of much debate. Here you are informed that an excess of cash combined with a lull in business was responsible. Men found their business affairs stagnant. The markets were overloaded and the buying was slow and thin. Therefore men took their time and their money and spent both in the stock market.

Believe what you choose, or what you can understand. Perhaps it came about because of America's huge banking reserves and the consequent easy credit. It came to a staggering halt when the lending banks increased the interest rate on money.

At any rate, the situation was out of hand. All the stock required to be sent across the heavens was whisperings about it—provided those whisperings included the words "amalgamation," "merger," "buying for control," etc.

Not that it matters here. Something like order has been restored, although the marginal buyers are still numb from the shock. The crowds in the brokerage offices have dwindled to the regulars; the brokers themselves and their clerks are slowly catching up with sleep.

Viewing the littered field of battle now that the smoke has lifted, you see more to inspire cheer than to cast down the heart. The country's money is more evenly distributed, anyway.

Here's an actor who made $40,000 in six weeks by quick dips into Vanadium steel, Schulte Cigar Stores, Public Utilities of New Jersey and Wright Aëro; and there's Barney, a waiter still in spite of the $90,000 which he won by carefully assaying the market tips he received from his customers and cautiously placing thereon the $5,000 which they had given him in dimes and quarters for serving their lunches and dinners. Just samples.

Yonder's a stenographer who is richer by $15,000. And what gives her the greatest joy is that she was able, thanks to the market, to pay the balance on that fur coat she bought last winter. It had her worried until she bought General Motors.

They're the small fry of course. The important money went to men like William C. Durant. They gauge his winnings at $100,000,000 in Anaconda Copper, General Motors, United States Cast Iron Pipe and International Nickel. Nobody I talked to seemed to have anything like a correct estimate of the millions taken by Arthur Cutten of Chicago and his nephew Ruloff. They were most obscure men a few years ago. During the big excitement they were dealing in 200,000 shares a day—Armour & Co., General Motors, radio, copper, Montana Power. More samples.

The vast majority of brokers rejoiced at the coming of the lull. They were tired to death, and their nerves had gone bad. For example, they point out one of their number (he's feeling better now) who, at the height of the buying frenzy when four-million-share days were becoming accepted as natural products of such a market, fired his secretary for sneezing after cursing insanely.

He spent the next two days apologizing and beseeching her to return. She did.

The Next Bull Market

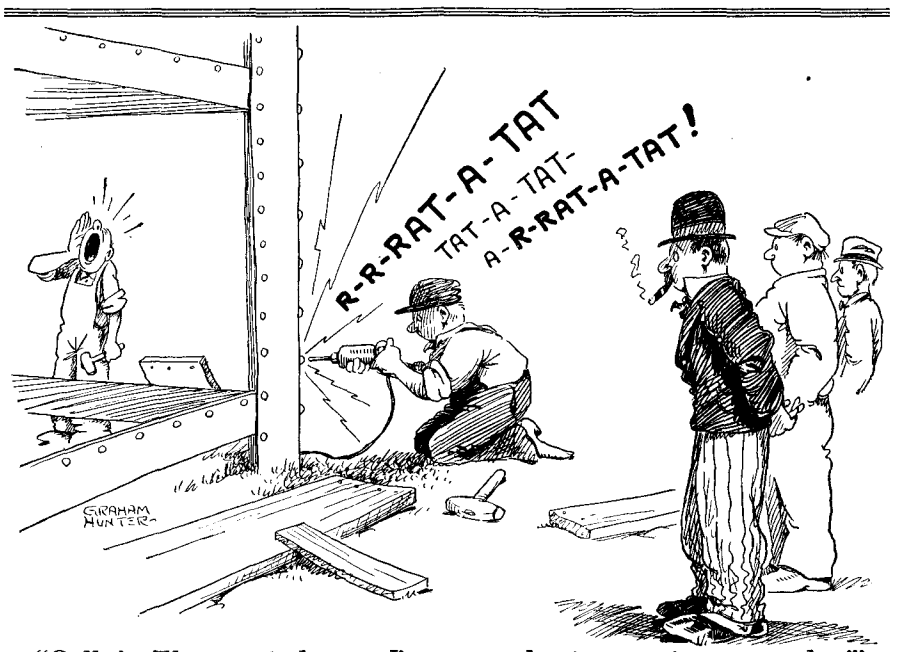
"SEE those shoes?" asked the broker who told me about the sneezing secretary. "A gentleman named Joe used to shine those. He'd been shining shoes in this building for eight years. Well, Joe's gone. Italy. He had saved $5,000 and had two small life insurance policies. He put them into the hands of a small banker who lent him $5,000 more, and with all of it bought stock in heaven knows what and in no time at all Joe had $40,000 and is now about to return with his large family and live the life of Mussolini."

"That's nothing," retorted an insurance official. "I had a stenographer who made $13,000 in General Motors in a month. Where she got the original money is her business. Anyway, it ruined her as a stenographer. She at once decided she was the reincarnation of Hetty Green and made a sort of investment trust of herself and $13,000.

"She distributed her winnings over half a dozen stocks, buying some outright and hocking them with a banker for additional capital with which to buy others. Anyway, that was the general idea. It was complicated. Her young man, a stockbroker's clerk, gave it to her. It was too complicated. Too much for inexperienced eyes to watch. It collapsed, and out of her winnings she managed to save $1,500 which she used as margin on some oil stocks or other, and, by gosh, she ran it to $37,000."

But you could continue thus for weeks. The next bull market may make this one seem puny. Not that anyone knows.

The only thing Wall Street seems to know is that it is logical to expect another. When? Your guess is as good as theirs, they say.



"Golly! That reminds me; I've got a dentist appointment today!"

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TOLD IN THE DRUG TRADE

THE manufacturer of a product selling through drug stores recently summed up Collier's to his 1,300 jobbers and salesmen this way—

> **"Collier's is primarily geared to the times—and edited to meet the demands of interest, intelligence, and convenience . . . Therefore we select Collier's for advertising ACTION in the weekly field."**

Many other advertisers have the same impression about Collier's. They say it is brief, sharply focused, easy to read, and possesses infinite variety.

Their conclusion is but natural when you remember that every superfluous word and paragraph is cut from all accepted manuscripts and thrown away. A costly process—but Collier's believes that no price is too great to pay for the interest and patronage of open-minded, fast-thinking people.

Collier's policy is to be newsy, pictorial, brief—edited to the spirit of the age—not up or down to an economic or intelligence level.

And the value of this policy to business is best told in the words of Collier's advertisers who say: "We use Collier's—for ACTION! It brings a quick return on our advertising investments."

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Collier's ~ for ACTION"

Now more than 1,600,000

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The Flight of the America

Continued from page 18

possibility. Imagine yourself in a great plane, six tons of delicately balanced machinery which cannot be landed at less than 50 miles an hour, lost in the darkness of an unknown coast; engines eating up your precious gasoline, and knowing when it is gone you must come down, willy-nilly—not a chance of safety.

The flares we had provided, we knew, would help if we could find water."

Should They Go On?

NOT a pleasant thought, yet it was one of the possibilities fate held in store for the America. But the greatest test of all was to flame out in the crucible of sky, where the human mind and body protest against sleepless hours, and deafening mechanical uproar, and soul-stifling cramping of limbs; while a few thin jets of gasoline, their sole pretense to life, keep their motors pushing through fog and storm, and over land and sea they cannot see.

How many times Byrd quit the little desk at which he worked in the fuselage, to crawl underneath the giant fuel tank and thence to the control cockpit, he does not remember. One trip through that back-breaking labyrinth is a memorable experience. It can hardly be identified as a passage, being simply the space between the cylindrical main fuel tank and the angle of the floor and side of the fuselage. One lies flat on the stomach and drags oneself through.

There he finds the skilled pilot, Acosta, silent and absorbed, in the left seat. At his elbow, in a similar steel chair, is Balchen, quite as grim, his blue eyes struggling to pierce the fog. They are scurrying up the coast at 95 miles an hour.

Ahead, or to the side, nothing can be seen. The fog swells up before them. Not even the wing tips can be seen.

No one talks.

Noville, a sound-proof helmet over his head, bends down over his radio set, now trying to reach some station, now jotting down a message. This he transcribes in longhand on a slip of paper, which he attaches to a little trolley such as you see in some department stores, and whips it back to Byrd.

Going through the log which Byrd kept, I found such notations as these: "It is impossible to navigate." . . . "I have never seen such fog." . . . "The wing tips are buried in mist." . . .

Fog, as fog, doesn't bother them. They are alone in the sky, and no plane will challenge their right of way. But it is costing them gas. To get above it, Byrd orders Acosta to fly high. Now the motors are pulling them up under full throttle.

Byrd, at his table, does a bit of figuring. They are 300 miles east of St. John's, Newfoundland.

"Check up on the gas supply," he orders Noville. Noville sends some figures over the trolley. Byrd engages in mathematics.

Not enough gas to carry them even to the French coast!

Shall he go on? Turn back? The lives of three shipmates weigh heavily in the balance. Let's see: what are the odds?

The conditions are rigid. The motors will use up so much: France is so many miles away. They have this much fuel.

"Zero," concludes Byrd quickly. But there are the winds, the prevailing westerlies. He has long studied the meteorological side of flying. Perhaps at high altitudes they may capture a strong following wind which will sweep them Europeward, while motors run at low speed. A wild hope, indeed. Even then . . . down into the sea, motors dead, at 60 miles an hour.

Now the America screams into the storm, tossing, scrambling up the precipice of falling night, fighting for altitude.

"If your estimate is correct," Byrd writes Noville, "we have not enough gas to reach Europe. Shall we turn back."

Noville's answer is quick: "Would say no. No landing field, anyway, between here and the States. Might as well go on."

In Byrd's log I found this: "A great worry is off my mind. I wanted to go on."

They decided not to tell their shipmates. Byrd thought they had enough worries of their own.

If the fog-bound day was grueling, the night is to be doubly so. On and on and on. Not a light in the cabin save the ruddy, intermittent flashes from the motor exhaust, 25,000 to the minute.

Acosta turns over the wheel to Balchen. It is becoming frightfully cold, below zero, and he buttons his jacket more closely. Byrd, coming forward to "spell" at the controls, gets jammed in the passageway. It takes him ten minutes to free himself.

Acosta stands with his back against the huge gas tank, glorying in a roast chicken which a Long Island delicatessen man had provided for them.

Now Balchen dozes. Byrd, at the wheel, suddenly glances at the Norwegian's feet. They swing dangerously close to the handle of the fuel discharge valve. A kick, and it need not be strong, and their whole supply of gasoline will spill into the sea within thirty seconds.

Balchen moans, stirs and swings his feet out of danger. Byrd breathes easily.

3 A. M. Acosta relieves Byrd.

How Long Can They Stay Up?

POSSIBLY half an hour later, Balchen gives a start. The plane is vibrating strangely. Its speed seems to be increasing, faster, faster, faster. . . .

Byrd senses this new motion, too. He plunges into the tunnel, just as Balchen stares at the instrument board before him.

The bank-and-turn indicator oscillates wildly. The altimeter hand is dropping; and for each space it moves down the hand on the speed dial springs up.

Were they in a "tail spin"—dropping toward the sea, nose first, rotating, faster than two miles a minute?

Balchen raps Acosta on the shoulder. Acosta comes to. He seems to have been dozing. His eyes fumble over the instrument board, then sleep flees. He kicks the rudder bar and, a moment later, draws back on the wheel. The fingers cease their restless moving, and Balchen slumps back in his chair.

For all they knew, they might have been flying upside down. Only the instruments saved them.

A glance at his thermometers, not long after this, shows Byrd a critical reading. Ice is forming on the wings! Ice, the most insidious menace of all. Enough of it, and it will drag a plane into the sea.

To add to the trouble, Byrd finds a leak in the fuel tank. He tries to plug it with putty. He had supplied himself with putty for such an emergency. But it still seeps through. Nor is the leak to stop until dawn, and then only to confirm the dire prediction that their main supply of fuel is gone. Byrd asked his log: "How long are we going to be able to stay up?"

The day breaks sullenly about them: the blackness gives way to a ghostly gray. Noville, relieved a moment from his radio duties, tries to "shoot" a few close-ups of storm formations with his moving picture camera, and gives up, disgusted.

At 6:50 A. M. Byrd notes in his log: "We have seen neither land nor sea since 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon." . . .

African Explorer (back on job again): "Well, one thing's certain: I won't have to put that darn cat out every night for a while!"

Then: "Our fuel seems to be exhausted." Again: "Balchen and Acosta are doing a magnificent job."

Two miles above the sea, their altimeter shows, the motors are kicking them along at 100 miles an hour. An excellent cruising speed. But it is interpreted pessimistically. Gas gone, load light—no wonder the speed.

There is the chance of being picked up. The radio might bring ships in time . . . if they are near and the plane holds together long enough. Byrd studies Noville's latest radio report. An unknown ship, plowing comfortably below them, has heard their signals, although they are buried in storm clouds two miles above.

Now, as the morning wears on, the weather gods relent. The plane cuts through a layer of clouds, and they catch a glimpse of the sun. Byrd gropes for his sextant, but a minute later the America knifes into a swirling bank of fog.

So far as instruments and intelligence could determine, Byrd knew their position. He knew they were nearing France. It wasn't until Noville established communication with the steamer Paris, however, that he could affirm his calculations.

"Never," he recalled, "did I feel quite so gratified. It was proof, tangible and exciting, that an airplane, under the most negative conditions, can be navigated, though buried in fog."

Cross-winds, he finds, have pushed them to the south. Not knowing how much gas is left—possibly only enough for minutes—he decides not to regain his original course. He will strike out boldly for Finisterre, France, and sends the new compass course to Acosta.

Now the trolley whips in another message. It is from Noville. "Made an error, sorry. Ship flying in positive position when I made gas estimate, consequently could not get accurate reading. Find now we have enough to get to Paris."

Exultantly, Byrd squeezed forward. "We've got gas," he shouted. The others stared blankly. Then he remembered the motors had deafened them. Then he remembered, too, neither Acosta nor Balchen knew what he was talking about. He hadn't told them about the gas.

They Are Nearing France!

BUT the joy in his face was enough. A smile a mile long broke under Balchen's keen blue eyes, and Bert Acosta joyfully relinquished the wheel, and stepped back to smoke. Many times, in that compartment reeking with oil and gasoline fumes, he and Noville puffed at cigarettes. A single spark, injudiciously scattered, could have blown them to kingdom come, before the radio could have spoken a word.

Of food, there was little thought. Byrd touched only coffee, and that from Noville's container. But Balchen and Acosta ate heartily. Bother with niceties. Three whole roast chickens, sandwiches, cakes disappeared without benefit of knife and fork, and with palpable relish.

Once, when they slid down a fat, ugly roll of fog, they saw the ocean beneath them—actually their first sight of water. Acosta pointed elatedly, then tilted the nose and the America rose again to battle with its enemy anew.

No one moves much. There isn't much room. Also they are red-eyed from staring so long into the fog; and Acosta, complaining he can't see, pushes open the sliding window on the port side, letting in a 100-mile-an-hour gale from the propeller which slashes in his face and howls through the cabin. Like a sullen Norseman, Balchen slouches in his seat, his eyes protected by goggles.

Acosta, accustomed to flying in a cabin ship and disliking goggles, scoffs at the idea of putting them on now. How slowly the time drags past! It becomes almost torture to exchange places at the controls.

Noville stirs excitedly. They are nearing France! From out of the depths of fog wells a tumult of radio. Unseen ships, near and far, are answering their signals, calling them. Again Byrd figures their position. They are on their course. He knows they will hit at Brest.

A low-hung headland springs ghostily out of the mist, and melts away. Then little black spots speckle the grayish panorama. Cities and towns! Brest! They are moving toward Paris!

Success and his goal so near, Byrd is already phrasing a congratulatory message to Rodman Wanamaker, sponsor of the flight. But he decides to bide his time. Instead, he orders Noville: "Radio Paris and get weather conditions there."

Ten minutes later, the trolley brings back this reply: "Squalls, fog and rain."

Now darkness and storm ride angrily across their path. The propellers dig in tumultuously, and the struggle shakes the America from nose to tail. So terrific is the succession of air pockets that Byrd finds it difficult to keep a footing. Dark! He can't see his hand before his face.

Acosta's lips become a straight, grim line, and his eyes narrow as the rain beats mercilessly upon them. Noville induces him to try goggles, but Bert immediately tears them off.

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"Bert went through hell," Noville told me. "There was only one way he could see—to poke his head out the window, where the slash of the rain was enough to tear his eyes out. He couldn't stand it more than two minutes at a time.

"He'd draw back a moment, rest his eyes, then put his head out. Believe me, it was punishment."

One hour passes, then two. For Byrd, moving restlessly from his charts to the forward compartment, there is little peace. His flashlight plays occasionally over the instrument board, but he uses it sparingly. By this time, the reflected glare from the glass is blinding.

Byrd Meets a Crisis

A FROWN comes over Byrd's face. He figures on a bit of paper. They should be nearing Paris!

Paris—but where? For all he knew, it might be just below them in that unplumbed sea of fog.

"Shall we go down?" he shouts.

"Can't do it," replies Balchen. "Hit something."

Something is most decidedly wrong!

Acosta sits tense, his massive hands holding the wheel in a grip of steel.

"Bert," the commander calls, "Bert!"

The pilot scowls into the blackness, his eyes fretful under the hurricane of wind pouring into them.

Byrd acts swiftly. He pounds Acosta's shoulder. "You are off your course. You are flying in a circle."

In the unholy glare of the flashlight, Acosta turns, his eyes red and bulging, and cuts the motors.

"I'm going back." His voice rises brazenly in the suddenly muted cabin. A different, towering Bert. He whirls back to the controls, the motors burst into a screaming crescendo and the America spurts out, they are soon to learn, toward the sea.

Byrd, master of the ship, meets the crisis. He fingers the heavy flashlight in his hand. It isn't an easy thing to do, but the lives of all four depend upon it. He raises the flashlight like a bludgeon. . . .

Something in Acosta collapses and, in the bedlam, slowly, dispiritedly, he topples from his chair and falls noiselessly into the eight inches of leg room between his chair and Balchen's.

"Keep 'er going, Dick," he mumbles, and then fades into the first sleep he has had in 48 hours. The frightful strain of piloting that heavy ship; the merciless beating of wind and rain against his unprotected eyes, have emptied him of his last bit of strength. Magnificent Bert, the salt of the earth!

In the anxious moments that follow, while the unguided plane yaws into the wind, Byrd clambers over the seat—for Acosta jams the little passage—and grabs the controls.

Two hours more, and the America is still cruising stubbornly into the storm.

A light glimmers through the mist! Paris. It must be. Byrd's calculations show it. Hopefully he curves the plane down and toward it, two miles a minute. And then despair slaps them in the face. Instead of being the steady beacon lights of Le Bourget, it slowly resolves into the flashing, intermittent beam of a lighthouse. They are once more at the coast.

"Astonishing," Byrd jots in his log. "How under heaven did that happen?"

An examination of the compasses soon showed the trouble. The steering compass had gone awry, and led the America in a wide circle.

Wearily, he computes his position anew; lays a bee-line course for Paris, and wheels the America about.

Three hours more in pounding fog; in the depths of night; rain so thick it literally batters past the propellers. Noville tinkers with the radio, trying to get a message. It is useless. "The whole world," he reports, "is trying to get us." Even at this crisis Noville is calm — "Magnificent," Byrd writes, "functioning perfectly."

Now Paris is below them. Byrd is sure of it. Paris, and warmth, and sleep. But not a light from the "Jewel of the Continent" penetrates to them. For half an hour they circle over the spot. It is agony. Of what use are instruments now?

"How much gas, Noville?" Byrd asks.

Noville tapped the tank, and it echoed hollowly.

Try to land? More likely than not, they'd crash into a house, or a crowded street, possibly kill somebody. Again, the odds are negative.

Byrd gave Balchen a new compass reading; and wordlessly the Norwegian swerved the America from its circling. A dash for the coast; for the sea, where they might land without danger to others, at least. If fate, and an ebbing petrol supply, saw fit to bring them down before, well . . . in Byrd's log I found this:

"We've got a chance in a million."

Out of touch with everything now, though two continents ache to aid them, the America races to the little lighthouse at Ver-Sur-Mer. Byrd orders Noville to pull up the radio antennæ cable, which trailed below the fuselage. "Better than have it kill somebody below." In that storm, with atmospheric conditions boiling, there was no telling their altitude.

Two hours and a half later, they made the sea, a superb demonstration of Byrd's navigational skill, and proof, it would seem, that he was not actually lost, as those vague and persisting reports insisted, throughout the hours they were over France. A constant determination of position, any student of navigation knows, is necessary to proceed to a given point. And, after he struck France, Byrd shifted his course twice, yet returned precisely to his specified objective.

What happened when they reached the coast is history. How Balchen magnificently landed the plane 100 yards from the shore, without overturning it; though the force shaved off the landing gear as cleanly as by knife-stroke.

And how all four were flung into the sea; and Byrd, Balchen and Noville frantically dived into the wreckage after Acosta, only to find him swimming in the darkness and calling: "Byrd, where are you? Are you all right?"

"I watched a leaking motor spout oil on the flight to the North Pole," Byrd said in retrospect, "and I watched it with the consciousness that after it had passed a certain point, we'd have to come down. And Bennett and I were rather certain, then, we didn't have much chance of getting back.

"But that anxiety in perspective was nothing to what I found over the Atlantic. I was responsible for the lives of three instead of one. Only the courage of the men, the skill of Acosta and Balchen at the controls, the resourcefulness of Noville at the radio, could have carried us through."

Yet it wasn't until six months later that he was to learn how really fortunate he was.

Costes and Le Brix, the French aviators, meeting him in New York, told him that had he tried to land that night at Le Bourget, he most certainly would have crashed; that he would have probably killed half a dozen.

"And do you know, Commander," Balchen told him, when he heard this, "I caught a glimpse of the beacons of Le Bourget that night in the fog, but couldn't pick them up again." Balchen ought to know them. He was in the European mail service, and landed there scores of times.

A Hazardous Venture

SUCH, indeed, is the "inside story" of the flight of the America; a flight that was to provide us with a glimpse of the future; an enterprise into which had been poured ten years of patient research and study that man might learn to fly the Atlantic with impunity.

What it taught them is that it can be done but that the time is not yet ripe for exploitation; that, for a few years, at least, it must remain a hazardous venture, until:

Men learn to fly "blind"—by instrument only—and science develops perfect instruments, and the meteorological service Byrd developed is broadened to provide pilots with a comprehensive report of all weather conditions they will meet, and, finally:

Until the world shall learn that a flying boat is the logical transoceanic medium of the future and must be made safe for flight.

Soft summer sunshine. Luncheon kit overflowing with Heinz good things. Sweet mixed pickles, crisp and spicy. Sandwiches of peanut butter. Beans baked in real ovens. Plump stuffed olives. Sandwiches filled with a tempting, pickle-y Heinz spread. So very many wonderful things—what good Heinz flavor shall we try first?

There are so many, many delicious Heinz *picnic-y* things to eat that half the task of organizing a picnic is done when you give your grocer your order.

Heinz Peanut Butter, made by a special process with no oil on top. A moist and creamy blend made of fine Spanish and Virginia nuts . . . *Heinz Sandwich Relish*, piquant with chopped olives and sweet gherkins . . . *Heinz* mild, yellow *Mustard* that gives just the right zest to tongue or cheese sandwiches.

Heinz Olives, stuffed with spiced red pimentos . . . Crisp, spicy *Heinz Pickles* and *Sweet Gherkins* . . . *Heinz Chili Sauce*, made of garden fresh tomatoes, delightfully spiced with spices selected by Heinz men where they grow.

And, of course, Heinz famous *Oven-Baked* Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor. Good hot or cold.

For 59 years Heinz has been helping to make picnics a success. And *your* picnic or automobile, camping or hiking party will be all the merrier if you take along some of the good things to eat that Heinz makes.

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Writing offers every mind a challenge... *Has yours ever accepted?*

NOT everyone can become a writer. Some people haven't the taste for it, some lack even elementary education. Others, who would like to write and who do have some of the qualifications, never get started because, they tell themselves, they never find the chance.

But for those who would like to write, for people whose minds instinctively go to work appraising situations, solving problems or analyzing character, writing offers a constant challenge—and the chance to add to their incomes. These people have ideas—original ideas. What they do with them depends upon the training they have had.

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Night Club

Continued from page 13

wouldn't do any good if you did," said Peter. "He'd take the money and keep the pearls, anyway."

"I don't know what to do!" she said. "I've thought and thought. If I said the pearls were lost, or stolen, I'd have to account for every second I'd spent, and George would find out I'd been to Emma's with Serge, and be furious; and, besides, he'd have all sorts of detectives at work, and they'd find out what had really happened—how do I know no one else besides you saw him take them? And even if I told George the truth he'd never buy Vasilov off, and Jack—"

"Ye-es, I see," said Peter. "Look here. There's just one chance that I see, and I can't tell yet whether it's a real one or not. It's too darned wild to tell you about, but it's just possible that I'm the one man in New York who may be able to straighten this mess out."

"If anyone can, it's you," she said. "You—I can't tell you—"

"I didn't mean it that way," he said, with a laugh. "If I can, it's dumb luck, not brains. Anyway, I'm going to take you home now, and you're to try to sleep, and sit tight tomorrow till you hear from me. When does George get back?"

"Late tomorrow night," she said. "It gives us till the next day, really."

"That ought to be time enough," he said.

"You know—it sounds beastly," she said. "As if I were being disloyal and—I don't know—doing something ugly behind George's back. I'm not such a worm as I sound, really. I'm going to play fair with George—"

"Do you suppose you need to tell me that?" he said. "Where do you live?"

She told him, and he told the driver, and the rest of that drive was silent.

Peter was busy the next day from early in the morning. He spent it mostly among Russians. There are many Russians in New York, and Peter had met a good many of them in the time he had spent in Russia.

He had remembered where and when he had seen Vasilov before. Eighteen months ago, that had been, in a small town in which there had been hatched one of those eternal and abortive counter revolutionary plots that are to overthrow the Soviets in Moscow. And that particular plot had been ruined by a man who had been ostensibly concerned in it—a man who had worn a mustache, and a sheepskin coat, when Peter had seen him last, denouncing the conspirators. Not as he had the night before, in Emma's, a tail coat by Wetzel and a white tie.

PETER hadn't known, eighteen months before, that Vasilov was an aristocrat by birth, a member of the order that had, as usual, contributed most of the victims the Tcheka had taken in that town. But he knew it now—and that Vasilov was not only a blackmailer but an aristocrat who had betrayed his caste and his friends and sent them to their death. He knew it, and he could prove it, and the cautious inquiries he made, the day after his meeting with Carol, confirmed the hunch he had had in the night, that Vasilov was at his mercy. If he told certain Russians he knew in New York the truth of what happened in that small town a year and a half ago the New York police would have within twelve hours a murder mystery to solve with Serge Vasilov as its *corpus delicti.*

It wasn't his plan, though, to tell what he knew to any Russian except Vasilov himself. The plan he did have was, he thought, a good plan; it had no weaknesses that he could detect. And it was complete in his mind when he telephoned to Carol and followed his voice to her apartment at about the right hour for a latish tea.

Strong men have always liked, it is said, to see approval of their doings in bright eyes, and to hear lovely ladies telling them how wonderful they are. And Peter was strong, and human, too; and he had never seen a lovelier lady than Carol, as, with flushed cheeks and warm, eager eyes, she exclaimed at his story. But strong men are perverse, too, at times, for this is how he ended what he had to say to her:

"So it'll be all right," he said. "And—you can marry George and be damned to him!"

She took no notice of that, because, after all, she couldn't. It had been all very well, the night before, for them to assume that they were old friends. But actually, they'd known one another not quite eighteen hours, although, certainly, for as long as they had known one another, it had been pretty well. Even so, though, she had to act as if she hadn't heard that and he knew it, and didn't press the point.

"You're an absolute darling, Peter," she said. "I don't think anyone else could have got me out of this jam. And I'm never going to get into another as long as I live, I promise you."

"No, I suppose not," said Peter gloomily. "All right. You'll get hold of Vasilov, then, and arrange to have him at—oh, let's make it Emma's. About midnight?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll call him up this minute. You might play that music from Rigoletto while I'm doing it—when the conspirators come in to abduct the soprano for the wicked duke—"

But he didn't because Carol's mother came in and made a great to-do over his having been away, and come back and all; and confided in him, too, that she didn't understand what Carol saw in Russians and other aliens, and didn't know what was coming over young people in general, what with a perfectly nice girl like Carol actually telephoning to a man and asking him to take her somewhere, instead of waiting to be asked. Carol, coming back from the telephone, heard the last of that and made a face at her mother; she felt much better Peter could see.

Vasilov, all things considered, behaved very well. He took his licking almost as a gentleman might have done, assuming that a gentleman would ever have behaved as he had, which is, of course, a good deal to be assuming.

"Yes," he said. "I see. Perfectly I see. You are a clever man, Mr. Bradford, and you have a good memory. I think it was a mistake, this idea of mine about the pearls. Yes."

"Quite," said Peter. "Slip them into my pocket, will you? No use letting people see. Thanks. That's all, I think."

But it wasn't. There had been, for a minute or two, an argument at the door. Someone wanted to get in who didn't, obviously, look like a desirable customer. A stout, slightly bald man, much excited. In two words, George Warner.

"Oh!" said Carol.

"Ah!" said Vasilov.

"Ye-es," said Peter.

They all meant practically the same thing.

George crossed the room toward them. His face was red, and he was angry.

"So!" he said. He didn't seem to recognize Peter, but Peter didn't mind. It wasn't, he felt, a time to stand upon ceremony. "So, Carol, in spite of all I've said you come to this low dive with this infernal Russian of yours the minute you think I'm away! I break my neck to catch an earlier train back to you—and your mother tells me that I'll find you here!"

"She—she just won't learn, poor darling!" said Carol. Peter loved her for that. For other reasons, too, but this was a new one. He would, he imagined, if he kept on knowing her, keep on finding new reasons for loving her too.

"Don't be flippant, Carol," said George crossly. "You will come home with me at once!"

EVEN men who have inherited midtown real estate by the city block ought not to address ladies thus, Peter felt. But it was Carol's move, not his. She bit her lip; her cheekbones were two high spots of color.

"George—please!" she said.

George was looking at her. She was, Peter knew, worth looking at, because he had been doing that himself.

"Where," said George, "are your pearls?"

That banished effectually and immediately the faint, derisive smile Peter had worn. He hadn't anticipated that, somehow. It made something that had been amusing serious, instantly; serious, and fraught with ugly possibilities.

"My pearls—?" said Carol. "Why—I—"

"Yes! Your pearls! Where are they?"

Vasilov rose, tall and elegant and bored.

"I think," he said, "that you might

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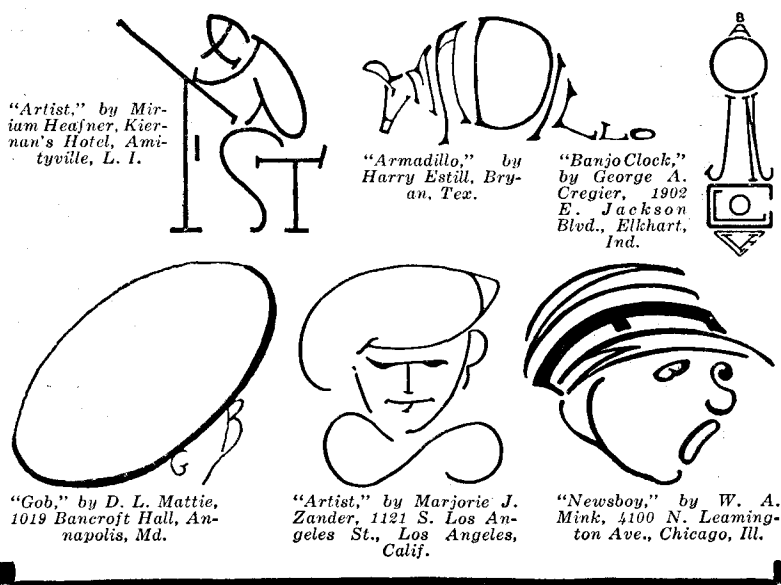

"Artist," by Miriam Heafner, Kiernan's Hotel, Amityville, L. I.

"Armadillo," by Harry Estill, Bryan, Tex.

"Banjo Clock," by George A. Cregier, 1902 E. Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

"Gob," by D. L. Mattie, 1019 Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, Md.

"Artist," by Marjorie J. Zander, 1121 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif.

"Newsboy," by W. A. Mink, 4100 N. Leamington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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find them in the right-hand pocket of Mr. Bradford's coat. Yes!"

And he walked off, not wholly, it is to be imagined, displeased with himself, and not wholly, either, Peter had to admit, without some of the honors of war.

"What?" cried George. And then a very ugly look indeed came into his small, unpleasant eyes. And he did the last thing in the world that might have been expected of him, and from his own point of view the most intelligent. He lunged forward, and before Peter so much as suspected his purpose, thrust his hand into Peter's pocket and brought out the pearls!

"I see," he said. He glared at Peter. "I don't know who you may be—but I imagine the police can find out! Carol—can you explain this?"

"Oh, George—" Her voice was calm now. "You're being perfectly idiotic. Do you suppose Mr. Bradford *stole* my pearls?"

"It's not a question of what I think! Here, waiter! I want a policeman—at once—"

"George—!"

But he meant it. People were beginning to pay attention.

"Warner—don't be an ass!" said Peter. "You know me perfectly well, if you'll stop and think. Don't start a row here—I'll go with you—we'll find a policeman if it'll make you any happier—"

"Wait—" said Carol. "George—"

"Carol—stop!" said Peter. But he couldn't check her. She told the whole story.

"You wouldn't have done anything—of course!" she said. "And Peter did. He's scared Serge out of his wits—he'll never dare make any trouble for Jack now. So—"

"I—I don't know what to say," said George, dully, staring down at the pearls.

"I do," said Carol. She was pulling at her engagement ring; in a moment she had it off her finger. "Here, George—you'd better keep this with the pearls."

"But—" he said. "I—we mustn't be precipitate—I'll want to check your story, of course—there are several things that—"

"If you like," said Carol. "But it doesn't matter, George, really. I'm sorry. But it's better this way. Let's just let it all go. Good night. Would you mind going now—quickly?"

He didn't want to go at all. He wanted to stay and say things. But something, perhaps it was a look in Peter's eyes, made him go, none the less.

"I—hang it, I'm sorry, in a way," said Peter, trying to sound sincere. "I mean, I hate messing a job up. But how was I to know he'd get back so soon?"

"It's all right," said Carol. "I mean—oh, well—"

"I SUPPOSE your engagement's really broken?" said Peter. "You wouldn't be fixing it up—?"

"What? No—of course not—"

"Well, I wanted to know," he said. "You—I suppose I can't possibly ask you to marry me instead, can I?"

"What?" she said again. "You—you couldn't think of wanting to marry anyone like me—when I was willing to marry a man because he had plenty of money and—and—"

"I'm tired of the way you talk about yourself!" he said. "I've had ideas that were just as cock-eyed as that in my time, I'll have you know. And you—oh, what's the use? If I started telling you all the things I think about you you'd think I was cuckoo! But, Carol—later—"

"Do you mean it?" she said. "Really and truly? Oh, Peter, I'd love to be married to you! I—I knew that—last night—in the cab—"

Peter looked desperately around Chez Emma. That room can hold perhaps a hundred people, and all of the two hundred who were in it were looking at him and Carol. Naturally.

"In the cab!" he repeated, like one clutching at a straw. "Cab! Now—there's an idea! Waiter! *Check!*"

The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 15

"My neck?" pleaded Bert.

"I think I would wash my little neck, darling. There's company tonight!"

Aileen heard them laugh, and then something from Bert was indistinct, and Beatrice answered:

"All mothers call their little boys 'darling.'"

There was more mumbling, and then their gay young laughter, and again Beatrice's unmistakable tones:

"I'll take it under consideration, and let you know!"

Hugh came to his door, evidently with some query, for Beatrice said eagerly: "No, let me find them, Hugh; I can put my hand right on them!" And there was the sound of a closing door on either side of the hall and a subdued murmur from Hugh's room.

HUGH'S room! It had been Alice's, and then Hugh's alone for a while, and now it was Beatrice's room. Aileen remembered visiting here two or three times, after Alice's death, in her own husband's lifetime. She remembered one special visit, a week-end when Arthur had not been with her and when Hugh had had young Bert and Minnie and two interesting Hungarian musicians, brothers, for his guests.

A memorable time, a time of dignified talk among the three of them who had been old friends, of affectionate references to poor dear Alice, and dutiful occasional mention of Arthur, of beautiful music, wonderful walks, and a moon that had quite frankly affected Aileen, pacing slowly up and down the terrace under the pine trees, on her host's arm.

"Like you too much, Hugh!" she had whispered in the hallway, a little later, when they were saying good night in a perfectly silent house. And, smiling with his mouth, but with a sort of wistful sadness still in his eyes, he had quite simply kissed her good night. "You know how I loved Alice!" she had breathed senselessly.

"I know you did!" he had answered, a little incoherently.

This, she remembered now in hot scorn, and the solemn happiness she had felt that night—the triumph in winning even so much of a demonstration from the man she had always so deeply admired and respected—this had taken place in the actual hall where his son and Alice's successor were now exchanging their adolescent pleasantries!

It had seemed a distinction to her to have Houston Challoner's mere friendship. But evidently this girl had jumped cheerfully over all that, jumped right into the position of his wife, with no preliminaries and no misgivings.

During the meal she noted, with all the misery of the jealous, that Hugh's young wife poured his tea, and Bert's tea, without any question; she was very much at home at the head of the Challoner table.

After dinner they bent over the plans for the memorial college; Aileen knew what questions to ask, addressing herself directly to Hugh.

"They have to be mailed by mid-August," he said, catching up the delicate scrolls that curled in his fingers. "There's just one I'm working on now—some details of windows, and of course the big gate, which will carry an inscription."

"It's incredibly interesting!" Aileen conceded.

"Oh, isn't it?" Beatrice asked delightedly. "When you've watched it begin from nothing," she said, "and gradually altered this and changed that—well, it's wonderful!"

"You'll insure them, Dad?" Bert asked.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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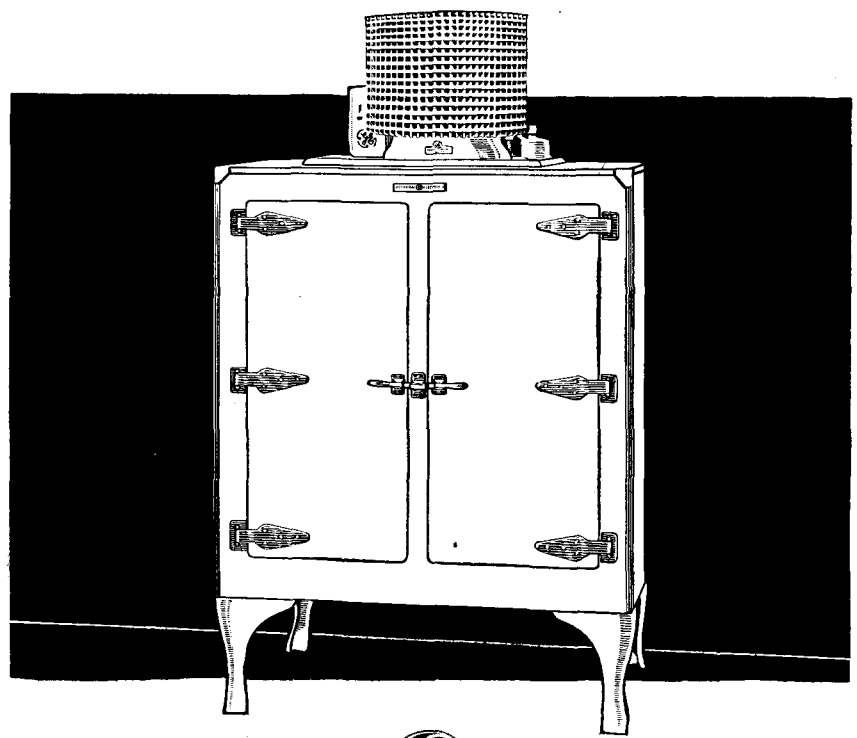

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 39

"They'll take care of all of that at the office, I imagine."

At the bottom of the thin sheet of oiled paper, carefully lettered, were the names, "Beatrice and Houston Challoner, Architects, Challoner Building, North Underhill."

Aileen was studying the scroll. She felt a sensation almost of physical sickness.

"I didn't know your wife was an architect too, Hugh?" she asked, tasting salt in her mouth.

"Oh, Bee's been the moving spirit of the whole thing!" Hugh boasted, laughing. "It was her idea, to begin with, and she's worked on it almost as much as I have, ever since."

"Not really that!" Beatrice disclaimed eagerly.

"I see that I must follow the fashion and fall in love with Beatrice," Aileen said, with as cold a look for her hostess as one woman ever smiled at another.

BEATRICE, turning with her own quick smile, was chilled, and all but drew back physically, as well as in spirit, from Aileen's neighborhood.

Bert drove Aileen home at eleven o'clock. She would have preferred Hugh's escort, but having this opportunity for a word alone with Bert, she did not disdain it.

"You know your darling mother and I were school chums, Bert."

"I know you were, Aileen."

"You used to call me 'Aunt Yeen' years ago," she reminded him fondly.

"I remember. But you were younger than Mother," Bert said politely.

"Three years. She was twenty when she was married—and I had on my first long dress at her wedding. Dresses were long then," Mrs. Kavanaugh said. And then, wistfully, "I wish I could be your mother tonight, Bert—for just five minutes."

"If you mean because you want to kiss me good night," Bert suggested, with his usual winning impudence, "I mean to do it, anyway."

"No, it's not that, you bad boy!" Aileen said. And with a touch of emotion, of softness, in her voice, she went on, rather low, "If I were your mother tonight, Bert, I think I'd say to you—" She paused. "Don't go too far!" she said. "With Beatrice, I mean."

There was a moment's silence, as the motor car ran smoothly along the dark, piny roadway, and then Bert said, with a little edge to his voice:

"Am I going too far?"

Aileen knew that she had blundered—hurt him. She had meant to cut deep. But she mustn't anger him. She was smart enough to retreat with honors.

"It's not you; it's for her that I'm speaking. Don't hurt her," she elucidated quickly.

"How could I hurt her?" Bert asked gruffly, unsympathetically.

"I know you wouldn't!" Aileen said loyally, in a satisfied voice, as if the subject were dismissed.

But Bert was not quite done.

"She has no use for *me!*" he said forlornly and suddenly. The woman perceived instantly that he really was suffering—she had only suspected it before.

"Ah, Bert, don't count on that!" she said. "I'm a woman—I can see what you can't see. She's riding for a fall—Beatrice."

"I think you're wrong," he said coldly. "In fact," Bert added, stopping the car, descending, and coming about to open the door on her side—"in fact, I know you're wrong!"

"I'm not wrong, and you're going to remember what I've just said, whether you want to or not!" Aileen prophesied triumphantly, amazed that she had brought blood so soon. But Bert made no answer, for these words were spoken only in Aileen's mind, as she nodded good night to him, without the promised kiss after all.

A few days later Aileen saw Hugh and had an unexpected opportunity for a few words alone with him. Her anger, her resentful sense of having been cheated, had not cooled, and in the height of the lake season she had had plenty of opportunity to discuss with old friends of his and of Alice's the weak spot in poor Hugh Challoner's armor, the obvious fact that that pretty wife of his—a mere unformed girl, after all—and young Bert, were evidently simply head-over-heels—

Today Hugh was playing golf, in smoky, hot, ominous afternoon sunshine. There were thunderclouds in the south; the air was sticky and heavy. And for once young Mrs. Challoner, affectionately christened by Hugh his "pilot fish," was not hopping along beside him on the bright greens.

"What's that stunning Bert of ours going to do, Hugh?" Aileen said.

"I don't know, Aileen," he admitted doubtfully. "He was with us for a while—everyone likes him. But he's very restless— I don't know what's the matter with him!"

It was her opening.

"Don't you really, Hugh?" she asked surprisedly, with an artless side glance.

He looked up, scowled in puzzlement.

"I? No, I don't!" he said briefly.

Aileen was silent. They walked along.

"Why, what's your idea, Aileen?" Hugh presently demanded, made uneasy by her manner.

"Well, it isn't *mine*, Hugh," she explained simply. "It's just—I'm like a stranger here, now; I hear people talk, and perhaps I get a viewpoint that you—wouldn't!"

"On Bert?" Hugh asked, sharply suspicious.

"Nothing serious, nothing that he won't get over like measles!" Aileen assured him, laughing.

"I confess I'm in the dark," Hugh said coldly.

"Bert's a heartbreaker," the woman stated thoughtfully.

"Bert—" his father repeated, on a thoughtful note.

"And she's pretty, and not—*particularly*—wise," Aileen pursued, still in a half-playful tone.

"She?" He stopped short and faced her.

"Well, my dear," Aileen said, with an eloquent shrug, "it's the most natural thing in the world, of course, and I daresay that neither one of them is aware of it. But, after all, he's extraordinarily handsome, Hugh, and the girl is a girl—twenty-two, it is? He's simply head over heels in love with Beatrice!"

"Bert?" Hugh said quietly, almost absently, with no surprise in his tone. "I—I suppose so."

"Not that there's any *harm* in it—" Aileen began, with an indulgent half-laugh.

"No." Hugh walked on. "Why should there be?" he said.

"Exactly!" Aileen agreed.

"SHE'S devoted to him, wonderfully sweet and kind with him, always," the man resumed, as if he were merely thinking aloud. "Natural. Natural that the boy should—most natural thing in the world!"

"If only it doesn't make them unhappy," Aileen suggested delicately, with faint anxiety in her tone.

Hugh glanced at her sharply.

"No, no, no!" he said decisively. "It's merely— She herself, Bee, hasn't the faintest notion of it!" he diverged to say hastily.

"Hugh, dear, that's where I think you're mistaken," she said firmly, but gently and regretfully.

"Why, what did you think you noticed, Aileen?" he asked, patiently, kindly. She saw that she had not reached him.

"Ah, I wasn't spying! How could I possibly answer that?" she protested.

"There's no question that he has a boy's fancy for her," Hugh admitted, walking on, speaking unalarmedly. "I've seen that; I'm not surprised. I suppose the sensible thing would be to pack him back to Europe—he wants to go."

"He *did* want to go," Aileen said, nettled at the course the conversation was taking. "He doesn't want to go now."

"You think not?" Hugh asked, with a shrewd, disconcerted glance.

"He told me so. No, he doesn't even want you to win that California college contest," the woman added, losing her head a little. "He doesn't want you and Beatrice to go away! I'm sorry, Hugh," she broke off to say, with a little emotion. "I'm so sorry! Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it at all—I don't know why I did. Except—I loved Alice—" Aileen ended, a little incoherently.

"No, no, I'm very grateful. It's just possible that we'll be off in California this winter," Hugh said presently. "And that will end the thing, for a while."

"I'm as much taken aback as you are at the thing, Hugh!" Aileen hastened to say. "And I only felt—"

She paused. Hugh nodded toward the edge of the field behind her.

"I'm over there—in the stubble. You're right there," he said briefly.

The woman felt snubbed.

"Hugh, you'll forgive me if I—out of my devotion to all you Challoners—" she began impulsively.

"Oh, my dear girl, of course I understand!" he said, coldly and wearily. They separated, and when they met again, Aileen was careful to open a totally different subject of conversation.

"How many firms are competing for this prize, Hugh?"

"OH, a great many. Two or three hundred probably—that's a lot, in a contest like this. But I have a notion—had a notion—" He stopped speaking, and brushed his forehead fretfully, as a man might do who was pestered by gnats. "What does it matter?" he muttered, under his breath, not looking at his companion or seeming aware of her presence. "I had an idea that I might win it," he resumed. "My chances are especially good because the men Kreutzmann appointed as judges mostly live in California, as it happens—one is a retired architect who lives in a Spanish *hacienda in Santa Barbara*, and the others—well, I know most of them; they all favor that type of thing. One very good friend of mine, Philo Applewhite, is a fiendish enthusiast for Spanish architecture; all of them are big men in the profession—and I know most of them intimately." He sighed impatiently, looked up, as if for air. He had the manner of a man suffocating. "Whew, what a day!" he said.

"Beatrice is not at all anxious to go. Why?" Aileen asked simply.

"Beatrice not anxious to go?" he asked, stopping again.

"Well, she said it wouldn't make the slightest difference to her, either way," Aileen corrected herself.

They did not speak again for some time. They had reached another green now, and Aileen had decided to leave him here; in any case, even before she saw Beatrice and Bert cutting across from the clubhouse to join Hugh—Beatrice and Bert, not hurrying, not apparently in the least self-conscious, as they came along. Evidently they were deep in talk, talk so absorbing that they stopped now and then to speak to each other face to face. Against the eastern sky hot clouds were massing slowly together; there was no wind.

Beatrice was in blue, broad stripes and angles of blue and darker blue and white, and wore a brimmed blue hat under which her hair smoldered like flames. The smooth cream of her cheeks was without color on this oppressive day; her blue eyes were blazing with some unexplained excitement.

She greeted Hugh with a glance and an upflung hand, but did not approach him; she paused beside Aileen instead.

"I didn't know that you played, Mrs. Kavanaugh?"

"I play very badly," Aileen assured her.

"Where have you been, dear?" Hugh asked, feeling suddenly cold and tired and clumsy.

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Her eyes danced. She looked at Bert, and bubbled with mysterious laughter.

"We've been selecting your birthday present, Hugh!" she burst out, electrically.

"You're in time," he said, in his dry, quiet way. "My birthday's September 20th!"

"I went shopping, and stopped at Bert's office," Beatrice said, "and he took me to have an ice, at the Underhill, and drove me out here. Do you realize that it's nearly six?"

"Two more and I'm done," Hugh explained. "I played the second nine first, because there were a bunch of women on this one, and I've about finished."

"We'll walk with you," she offered, nodding pleasantly at Aileen as she sauntered away at Hugh's side.

"Stay and gossip with me, Bert, until Frances Lennox comes up," Aileen said, boiling within, but outwardly waving a smiling farewell to Beatrice. Bert's fatuous gaze was upon the younger woman, now walking lightly, elastically, at his father's side, and turning her brimmed blue hat now and then, to glance into Hugh's attentive, serious face.

BEATRICE'S brown wrist, emerging from the striped blue cuff—her doubled fist, pushed into the pocket of the blue gown—her silky red hair, curling like feathers about her shapely ears—the rise of her firm breasts under the frail fabric of her dress—these things affected Bert like a potent wine. The fumes of her were in his nostrils, dizzying him and making him hardly conscious of what Aileen was saying.

Beatrice came running back. Her eyes were very blue, in the shadow of her hat.

"Bert, you have my house key!" she reminded him.

He could hardly answer; he laughed confusedly.

"But aren't you going to drive me back?" he asked blankly.

"No, I'm going with Hugh!" she answered, surprised. Her firm, warm fingers touched his as she took the key; she ran off again, with a nodded good-by over her shoulder.

Aileen watched Bert, as a scientist might watch an insect impaled on a pin. She saw him look after the girl's figure dazedly, and heard him give an abrupt, mirthless laugh. Then suddenly he turned away and began to walk toward the clubhouse slowly, without so much as a backward look for her.

"Fireworks there, sooner or later," Aileen reflected, sitting on the little bench beside the sand box, and alternately glancing at the receding figures of father and son, the gap widening between them, and Beatrice's slim figure fluttering faithfully along beside the older man. "I wonder just—how—long—it will take him to get her?" she mused aloud.

The late sunshine illuminated Bert's magnificent figure as he strode along; it glinted on his bared head. A few women, loitering across the greens, stopped him and spoke to him; Aileen saw one of the younger ones look after him as he went on his way.

"Now, if he'd married Beatrice," she thought, "how much more suitable! Mrs. Houston Challoner. Mrs. Houston Challoner! Poor Hugh, what else can he possibly suppose she married him for, if it wasn't just to be that—Mrs. Challoner. She's not awake yet. But she'll wake up, Hugh. They don't sleep forever, in this day and generation!"

(To be continued next week)

Tee Up!

YES, tee up and drive off, smacko! with a Jingle in the Rough. It always seemed as though golfers devoted so much time and attention to their life work on the fairways that they wouldn't have time to grab a pencil and start a bit of rhyming for themselves. But that wasn't so at all. All they needed was the invitation. Look:

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And eagle's two below."
"What's three less?" asked Ferdie.
"A miracle," said the pro.
—S. Rosenstein, Canton, O.

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Snappy outfit—"fore, you blokes!"
Three hundred yards—in seven strokes.
—A. B. Stutenroth, Des Moines, Ia.

The first nine in forty-three
I whistle and I sing.
The last nine in fifty-six—
Oh, death, where is thy sting?
—G. W. Waldie, Winnipeg, Man.

To down this mental hazard stuff
At the water hole he swung with dash,
Crying aloud, "There is no lake."
But echo answered only: "Splash!"
—Walton H. Griffith, Montclair, N. J.

I slice them right; I slice them left
And land them all in traps.
I'll keep on trying none the less
And I'll make it in par—par-haps.
—Walter J. Crawford, Toledo, O.

The medal—actual size

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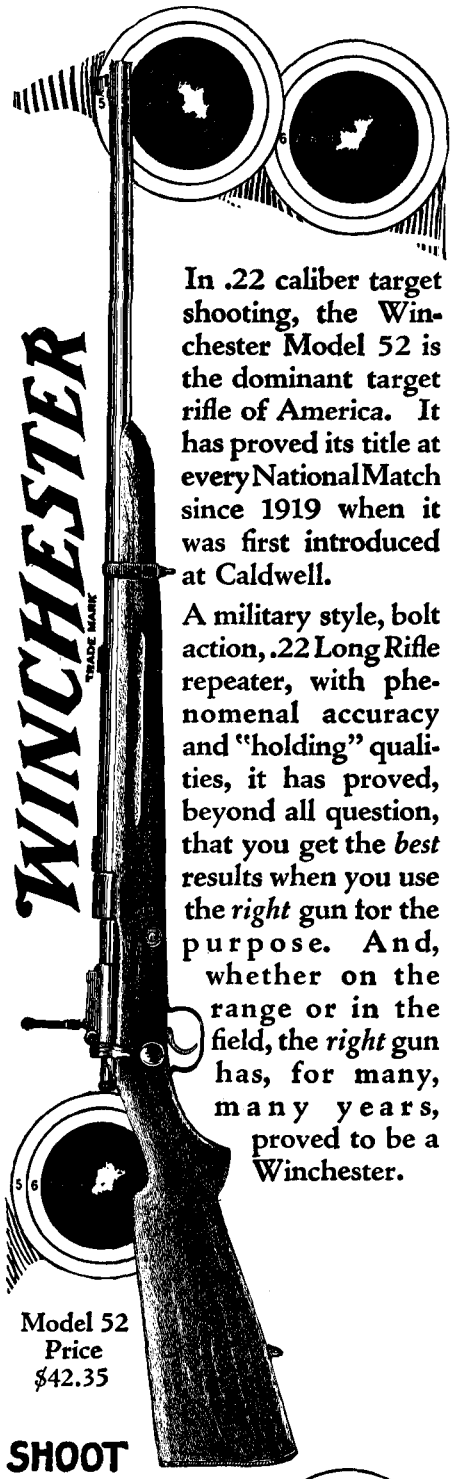

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Trumpeter of the Air Lanes

Continued from page 23

flocks of smaller, frailer flyers like the thrushes and martins began to decamp. Of all the clans the swans alone showed little excitement, though the seasoned leaders constantly looked to the north and watched the shifting wind. By the time the sun had gone for that year behind the permanent slate-black clouds of winter but a half dozen of the larger clans remained. Among these were the green-backed teal, the hardy brants and Canada geese and the cranes, all of which had learned to wait on the subtler wisdom of the swans for final storm warnings.

The last of September had come, and the pond margins were musical with the tinkle of shell ice before the first of these departed. It was the next day in the first driving flakes of a coming storm that the swan leaders sounded a hoarse, sonorous rally call and a minute later beat majestically into the wind, funneling upward in a series of great circles, followed closely by the cranes.

Slowly they rose to the giddy height of nearly three miles before they straightened out, and, with considerable jealous bickering among the younger birds for position, formed themselves into three baseless triangles of misty white and swept down the sky on the wings of the gale.

Over the empty expanses of the Barrens they passed in the first two days, stopping only at night to feed nervously in some still remote lake. Then beneath them the green-black forested lands of trappers and hunters began to unroll—the beginning of that vast territory ruled by the Hudson's Bay Company, where every furred and feathered thing runs a constant gantlet of death. Here nine members of the white squadron fell to the guns of trained sharpshooters, among them the female of the two remaining young ones of the leader's brood.

She was flying close to her brother toward the end of the long wedge, when the high whine of the bullets cut among them. A dull thud, an explosion of feathers filling the air like a white geyser, and the young female was suddenly gone from the ranks. For a minute her brother saw her beating desperately along, fifty yards below him, straining to keep up, then her struggle ceased and on her wings she pitched earthward, while up through the rare air came a high, plaintive whistling note, like the soft running of an octave, fainter and fainter till it faded to a mere filament of an echo and was gone.

IT WAS the first time the young male had heard the death song of his kind, that sad, unearthly cadence that in coming years was to ring continually in his ears. For a moment his wild black eyes held a stricken look, and he dropped suddenly from the ranks as if to hurtle downward in the path of the playmate with whom he had become inseparable. Other young ones also fell out, but only for a moment or two were the ranks demoralized. The old leader slowed the flight as if to circle back, and with a hoarse bugling call brought order out of the panic; the line closed up; then the flight swept ruthlessly onward and upward beyond the range of rifles.

These casualties were graver than any human could reckon to their dwindling numbers. For the remaining two thousand miles of their journey they would be beset with constant danger. In all America there was no spot where their hunted clan could be free of the far-reaching tentacles of the feather-trade octopus.

In the next two days the trumpeters overtook many of the smaller flyers who had left the Arctic weeks before and tarried in the Northern states.

In Texas and Oklahoma many of the clanging hosts of geese and ducks dropped out; Florida claimed the bulk of the remaining flocks, but the swans and cranes had learned long since to be decoyed for nothing on American soil. Ahead of them was another seven-hundred-mile carry to the unsettled forests of Mexico.

Two days more and the flock sighted once more the rank green solitudes of the jungles where lay the chain of palm-fringed lagoons that were their winter haven. Many other birds were there before them; from aloft the flock caught the flash of white wings open and waving on the water below, signal of welcome and safety. In the depths of the tangled jungle that was like a still vast hothouse the flock took up their winter quarters.

During long, changeless days in which there was never any cold or wind, the one remaining princeling of the flock, the only son of the old leader, slowly changed his first travel coat of rusty gray for one of flawless white.

His powerful, sinuous neck took on a high, proud arch; he gazed long, as all swans do, at his image in the water, and spent hours each day preening the snow of his plumage with deft touches of his bill, as a woman dresses her hair.

THAT spring hunters were thicker along the flyways than ever before. It was in this migration, as the flock dipped one night over a Missouri marsh, that a red flash leaped out of the dark with a thunderous roar, and the young prince's mother collapsed from her place near the head of the ranks. Flight slowed, the old leader made as if to circle back, but, seeing his mate lying still on the surface of the water, he swept the ranks resolutely on again. But thereafter something was gone from the soul and efficiency of the flock.

Weeks later, in the Arctic, the old king sought his familiar nesting place once more, but he took no mate, and his lonely cry was ever echoing over the waters as he searched the skyways for a flashing white form he knew. He associated with none but his son, for the swan breaks all rules of bird gregariousness.

It was not until the following spring that the young prince brought back with him a mate from the Southland, a beautiful, flawless young creature with whom he had often swum, fed and flown. Theirs was one of the very few nests reared on the muskeg that year, for during the last two flights the flock had been cut down by fully half. Their relation was full of devotion and an unfailing and gallant attention. That year their nest contained no eggs, and it was well for them, for it was the most perilous year the flock had known.

Again hunters were waiting along every travel way, and it was in the height of his first love year that the young prince's mate fell to the boom of four-gauge shotguns as the flock crossed the Mississippi from Tennessee. The young male saw her flapping frantically below him in a vain struggle to keep aloft, then pitch toward the water in a wobbling arc. For a moment he broke rank, uttering loud treble calls, then a sharp bass note from his sire swept him on again.

But that night the young prince broke every precedent of the flight laws of his kind. It was as if the very driving force of his life and instincts had been left behind him, and the evening saw him returning, a glinting rose-white speck in the last of the sunset, as he circled calling above the broad river waters.

It happened that the hunters who had lain in wait that day were out after live birds and had aimed to wing their quarry. They had captured two other birds, but by some miracle the young female had eluded them in the dense undergrowth alongshore, though they searched until dark. So it was that her mate found her that night, where she had hidden herself deep among the rushes.

Before morning both had stolen away from the danger zone. The female could no longer fly. Her right wing was broken and her white breast plowed by the heavy shot, but her swimming was still unimpaired. For four days and four nights the pair kept to the broad river course, swimming downstream. Time and again they were sighted by men or dogs, and hunters turned out with clubs and guns, but the death cordons never quite closed upon them.

They found refuge at last in the swampy bayous of Louisiana, but it was two weeks more before the female could rise from the water in a short, feeble flight. Then followed weeks of tortuous passage down the Gulf of Mexico, the pair half starved and buffeted by rain and wind, keeping to the only safety they knew, beyond the shoreward breakers. Only at dead of night did they venture to land to feed hurriedly in the harsh salt marshes.

But each day the female could wing a bit longer and farther, and by December they had won the last tortuous lap of the 700-mile carry down the treacherous waters of the Gulf to their old familiar sanctuary among the Mexican lagoons.

The old king of the flock was not there to meet them. He, with scores of others, had failed to win through the gantlet of high-powered rifles that year, and had gone to meet his long-mourned mate. When flight time came again in April, hunters marked that less than a hundred trumpeters all told came through on the northern flight.

Two years later at the great Hudson's Bay Company's post at Île à-la-Crosse, headquarters of the vast feather traffic of all the north country, Neil McQuestion, the factor of the post, sat in his office on a day in November going over his books. For fifteen years it had been his particular duty to keep a written record of the rapid sinking of the feather trade barometer for the great company which dealt in death.

Fifty years ago no entry showed less than 1,300 swans taken per annum, but the past two decades showed a rapid decline, the figures dropping to less than 50 birds for a run of years. Then abruptly they sank like the tail end of a fever chart till the final two years' entries showed but 9 and 3 respectively. And this year saw the end, the zero mark.

At the bottom of the page opposite the year, McQuestion had written in his crabbed hand, "No entry." Beneath it he presently drew two broad black lines, then closed the ledger upon a graphic story in black and white facts, of the passing of the most stately and beautiful of all birds from American soil.

THAT year word went forth that the trumpeter swans were no longer coming through. Learned men from the colleges were led to write belated papers on the subject, for from Mexico to Canada hunters had sighted no single trumpeter flock that fall.

But men were wrong in their surmises; the trumpeters were not all gone. Today, if you look for them wisely and long enough, you will still find a small flock making the long traverse each year, but they no longer follow the beaten air lanes of birds. They have been driven westward. Like the tern, the cranes and a few others of the wisest and most hunted of the flocks they have learned in time to take the perilous water route, which none but the high-powered kings of the air may follow. Straight down the wind-swept Pacific from British Columbia they travel, to Lower California, and thence across the unsettled parts of Mexico—2,600 miles, to their old goal among the sequestered tropic lagoons. There are never more than twenty of them, they travel high and out of sight of land, and they are wise in the ways of men and guns. Always they must battle for days against the heavy sea winds, they grow lean from lack of feeding along the route, but they know that neither hunger nor the elements can be half so cruel as man. For their wary old leader, once the princeling of the old-time flock, has taught them all he learned since the long-ago day when he first defied flock law and learned a new resourcefulness, for the sake of his wounded mate.

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 25

of earshot. . . . I never knew a girl like her."

"Naturally," said Zeruiah, "a king's daughter would have wider interests than a girl in Bethlehem."

The boy looked up in swift resentment.

"It isn't just that, Mother! She—she has ideals. . . . And she's intelligent. She understands politics—as if she were king. She's made me see that this war against the Philistines is more than just a war for freedom. It's a war for an ideal—to make Israel a true Promised Land. Our people came in from the desert to the land God had given them—but then they made mistakes; they fell into petty quarrels and jealousies; they began to fail— It's like a story broken off in the middle and then told wrong. . . . But now we can begin again—thanks to David! We can wipe out all the jealousies, unite the tribes and build a real nation, glorify our God in the land he has given us—Oh, I can't tell it the way she does, Mother! You ought to hear her talk!"

"Evidently I should," said Zeruiah. "I wondered where you'd got all this idealism. Usually you keep your feet on the ground. Almost too much on the ground." The boy looked up, slowly flushing.

"Why, yes, Mother. I suppose I'm in love with her. Of course I haven't dared tell her so yet—a king's daughter!"

"She knows it, son. Any woman could see it. . . . As for her being a king's daughter—the King is a gentleman, of course, but his family is no better than ours, and certainly the tribe of Benjamin is nothing special. But he'd probably expect a rich marriage present for her; more, perhaps, than your grandfather could afford."

"Probably," said Joab. "But there are some more giants down in Gath."

Zeruiah choked down an impulse to laugh; this was comic, but it would be cruel to let the boy know it. . . . And then, as she looked at his eyes, hard and resolute, his jaw, square-set like her own, she knew that it was not comic at all. She rose and embraced him with a sudden hungry intensity.

"Then I hope you may get her, son. Fight for her—fight for our people and our God and yourself. But don't do David's work for him."

"You don't understand, Mother," Joab sighed. "Nobody can understand who wasn't there—at the battle and before the battle. He's made everything possible. . . . everything. . . ."

IN THE heat of late afternoon Joab returned to Gibeah with a surprisingly comfortable sense of coming home. The town seemed empty, but the fighting season was almost over and he knew that most of the army had been demobilized for the vintage. Already he had his room in the one-story stone building that served as officers' quarters, across the parade ground from Saul's low, rambling house; whistling, he washed off the dust of the road, put on his best white tunic and his best cloak with the broad black and white stripes, and sauntered across to the doorway with the dignity proper to a young man about to become the officer of the King.

"Well?" Hands on hips, the doorkeeper confronted him; evidently, in a week, he had forgotten his face.

"Joab, the son of Zeruiah, of the tribe of Judah. To pay my respects to the King, at His Majesty's convenience." And as the doorkeeper still stared insolently, "I'm David's nephew," he added unwillingly.

"Oh, you are?" The doorkeeper was curiously unimpressed. "His Majesty went over Jordan this morning."

"Then I'd like to see the general as soon as I may."

"He went too," said the doorkeeper. "And the Princes Jonathan and Abinadab and Malchishua. All but Ishbaal."

"Did David go with them?"

The doorkeeper grinned.

"No, he's still here. Want to see him? . . . Boy! Take this gentleman to the son of Jesse."

RUFFLED and perplexed, Joab followed the slave across a courtyard, through an arched gateway, into another court where a stair led up to the gallery that opened on David's room. Against the wall lounged Ishbaal, Saul's youngest son, spitting grapeskins on the flagstones; a hulking, sheepfaced boy—but a king's son. Joab greeted him politely.

"I've come back to report for duty," he said, with an amiable grin. "My grandfather says I can join the army."

Ishbaal yawned at him.

"Fine," he grunted. "That's all the army's been waiting for."

Joab flung back his cloak, his fists clenching—but one didn't strike a king's son. Furious, he turned his back on the prince and strode away up the stairs. . . . David was sprawled on a couch by the window, his harp beside him.

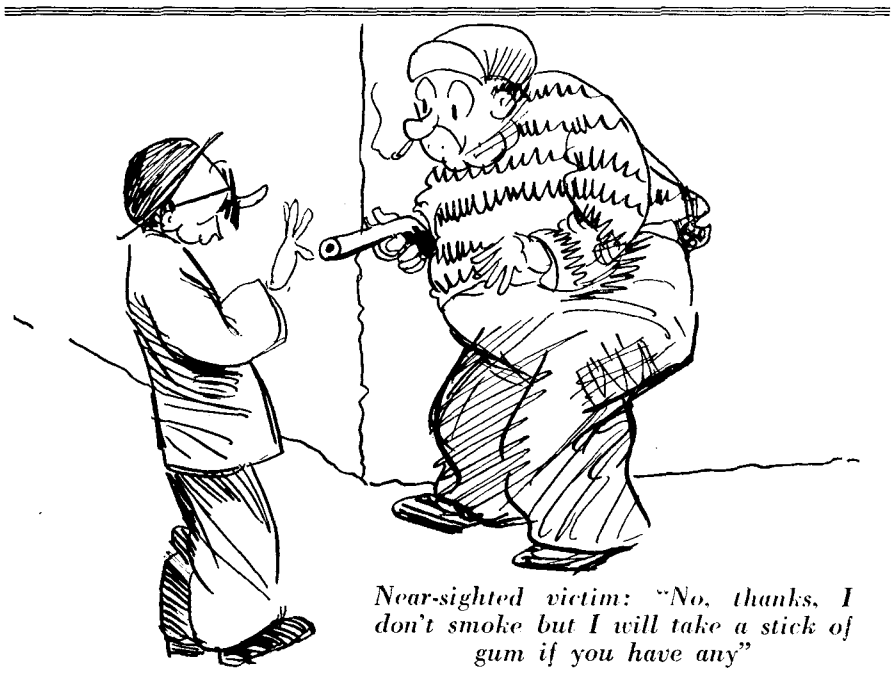
"What's wrong here?" Joab demanded. "Ishbaal insulted me just now—and the doorkeeper—"

"It's the fashion," said David sulkily. "Joab, they've cheated me. They're going to marry Merab to Adriel after all. The King and the princes have gone over to Gilead to arrange it."

"Why, the Benjamite dogs! What's the matter?"

"Oh—politics. Adriel's family is strong in Gilead, and Abner persuaded the King that he couldn't afford to break off the engagement—Adriel's engage-

(*Continued on page 44*)



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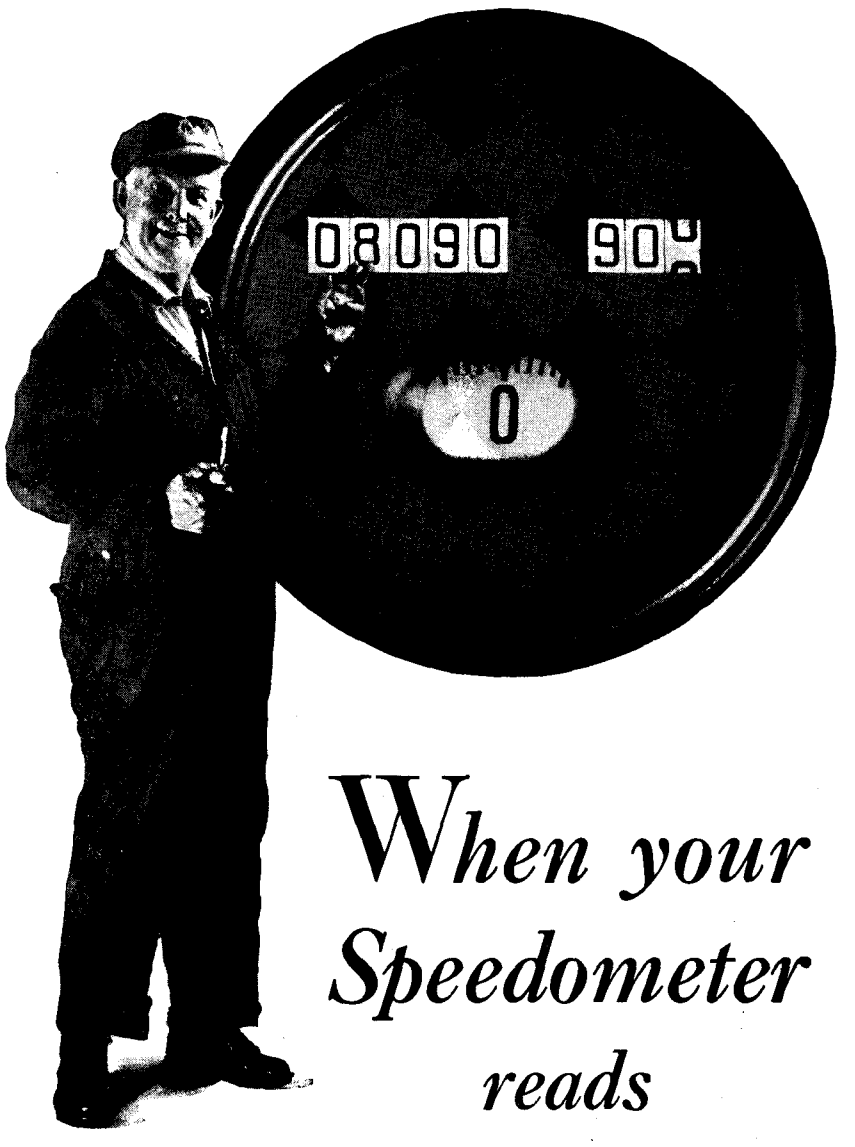

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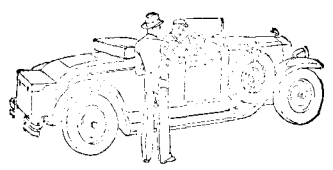

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 43

ment, that is. Evidently he can break mine."

"As God lives!" Joab raged. For this was an insult and more than an insult; it was ruin to all the hopes, the plans, the fantastic dreams he had been building up ever since he first looked into Michal's dark eager eyes. Those plans all depended on his standing as the nephew of Michal's brother-in-law.

"The King's jealous of me," said David, digging his toes into the mattress. "He's never forgotten that song the women sang when we came back from the battle—'Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.' . . . Oh, well!" He picked up his harp and began to strum it.

"Put that thing down!" Joab commanded. "This is no time to be making up a poem! Are you going to let them put this insult on our family?"

David yawned. "Well, what do you expect me to do—go back home and herd sheep? Go back and tell Eliab and the rest that it was all a mistake about that career I was going to have at court? I will not! Even yet I stand better here than I ever did at Bethlehem. . . . All the same, it was a rotten trick," he finished bitterly. "Nobody ever gives me a chance."

"Make a chance!" cried Joab. "There aren't a dozen servants in the house. Carry her off!"

"Carry her off? Are you crazy? Saul would run us down and burn us alive. Besides—" David yawned. "You've seen Merab. Is she worth carrying off? Let Adriel have her—I never could get up much enthusiasm about her, anyway." And as Joab stared at him in astonishment and disgust: "Oh, I'll get even with them. The people hate Saul, and you know what they think of the man who killed Goliath. Some day I'll show him. But just now—"

He began to pluck softly at the strings of his harp. . . . Joab cursed silently; he knew this mood. All that vindictive resolution to get even would be poured into the poem—a hot, searing, scornful poem; but when the poem was written the impulse would be exhausted, as if David had done all that he had dreamed.

"Well!" said Joab. "Thank God, I'm not an artist!"

He took David's sword off the wall and belted it about himself beneath his cloak. "Let me have this. I'll need it before you will."

"Where do you think you're going?" David asked, not even looking up. Joab paused, chin high and eyes alight.

"I don't know—Tyre, perhaps; or Babylon. To serve a king who keeps his promises."

In a blaze of high resolution he strode down the gallery to the latticed door of the women's apartments; he knocked imperiously.

"Joab, the son of Zeruiah!" he announced. "Will the Princess Michal see me?"

HE CAME out on a terrace, cool in the shadow of a high blank wall. Beyond the parapet, he knew, was an easy drop to the ground; he could let her down, jump down after her—the maid would shut her eyes; and then a swift raid on the King's stables, and they would be off and away, across the hills to Babylon. . . . From a cushioned bench she started up with an eager cry.

"Joab!" Her eyes glowed with candid affection. "Oh, you don't know how I've been wanting to see you."

He groaned with relief.

"Have you truly, Michal? I was afraid what your father has done to my family—"

"About Merab? Oh, Joab! Isn't it the most glorious thing that ever happened?"

"Glorious?" He stared at her; her eyes were dancing, her hand still clung to his; but his stomach contracted.

"Why, of course! Merab didn't care anything about David, or David about her; but of course the older sister had to be married first. . . . Oh, I know David is furious at the insult, but why hasn't he come to see me?"

Joab regarded her blankly; he wanted to ask her why David should come to see her, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. . . .

She laughed. "I couldn't very well ask him to come to see me, could I? But it's so silly of him, to stand on a point of pride. You'll ask him, won't you, Joab? Tell him I want to see him." She flushed. "I don't mind asking you to do it; you're my best friend."

Her best friend. . . . His mother had said that any woman could see it. Any woman whose eyes weren't blinded by some dazzling brightness—

"So you—" he began. "So you—" He could get no farther.

"Of course!" She had let go of his hand; she was staring down at her feet, white and slim in their gilded sandals. "From the first moment I saw him, leading the parade of the victorious army, with his hair blazing in the sunlight like a crown of gold—I knew! I knew he was the man who would save our people—the only man I could ever love. . . . And he knew, too, when he met me; he couldn't say it, of course, because he was going to marry my sister, but I could tell from the way he looked at me—" She looked up, smiling wistfully. "Oh, Joab, I used to cry all night because Merab was going to have him—Merab, who didn't care! I don't know how I could have stood it if I hadn't had you to talk to. I've always felt I could count on you."

"Yes," said Joab, his throat dry. "Yes. You can always count on me, Michal. . . . It's been pleasant for me too, talking to you. So you want me to tell him to come to see you? . . . Now?

Her soft laughter was tremulous with content; her eyes were starry.

"Now? Of course now, silly! Haven't we lost time enough already, he and I?"

DAVID looked up as Joab's footfalls shuffled in.

"Back from Babylon so soon?"

"Yes," said Joab. "I'm back from Babylon. . . . David, there's one member of the King's family who might give you a new viewpoint on this affair. It might pay you to talk to her. . . . Michal," he elucidated.

"Michal?" said David blankly. "Why on earth should I talk to Michal?"

Joab unbuckled the sword belt and hung it back on the wall.

"She's a king's daughter," he observed. And then, forcing himself to it: "I've just been talking to her. She'd like to see you."

David sat up with a bound, his close-set eyes sparkling.

"Michal! As God lives! . . . She's a pretty little thing too; too thin, but she'll fill out. . . . And she wants to see me? Why didn't I ever think of that? And Saul—he'd rather not offend Judah if he could help it; he needs volunteers—"

He got up and went toward the door and Joab's last feeble hope vanished. Even from a standing start, David never found it hard to make love to a pretty girl. . . . On the threshold he turned about; from the low slanting sun a single golden beam came through the window, lighted up his fiery hair.

"Certainly," he exulted, "God is with me!"

"I DONT like it," said Saul, tugging at his black beard. "Abner, I'm afraid of that boy. Ever since I heard those women singing—ascribing tens of thousands to him and only thousands to me—He's always pushing himself in—and now, if he marries my daughter—"

"Politically," Abner suggested, "the match would be very useful—very useful indeed. We couldn't afford to offend the greatest family beyond Jordan—but we can't afford to offend Judah either. If a gentleman of Judah marries your daughter, the whole tribe might accept you as king in a few years. After that, Caleb and Jerahmeel—all the south."

"I'm sick of political compromises."

"Then you are sick of being a king."

"I know. It's king's work. . . . You like it, Abner; you'd have made a better king than I, if you could catch the imagination." His eyes burned murkily. "David catches it, with that boyish face and red hair. . . . I won't have it, I tell you! Even Jonathan, who should know better—Jonathan, who will be king after me, thinks David will save Israel! And now Michal— There was a time when my children put their faith in me!"

"You might do this," said Abner thoughtfully. "Jesse is well off, I hear, but nowhere nearly so rich as Adriel's father. Set the same figure for both marriage presents. I doubt if Jesse could pay it—or if he would. These Southerners are so fiery proud of their lineage—"

"Yet we can't afford to insult Judah—you're right about that. . . . Abner!" The King's huge fist thumped on the table. "I have it—a proper marriage present to ask the man who killed Goliath! A hundred dead Philistines!" Abner leaned back, his jaw dropping.

"But suppose he gets them? He might always cut off a raiding party in the foothills. One was reported today, near low Beth-Horon—"

"Killing a giant in a single combat isn't like beating a force of troops," said Saul grimly.

"But you can't ask him to go alone!"

The
NOMINATION

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By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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"No—but he can't ask us to help him. His regiment has been demobilized. Let him pick up what volunteers he can get; you and I have fought the Philistines long enough to know that no handful of volunteers can cut up one of their battalions."

"We beat two regiments," Abner reminded him, "the day he killed Goliath."

"We caught them off guard that day; they trusted in the giant. Usually they trust in themselves."

Abner stroked his grizzled beard.

"It's a fair price to ask of the man who killed Goliath," he conceded.

"You're quite right—his popularity is dangerous. We had to give him a high command without experience; that might cost us a battle. This will show him up cheaply. Not a bad idea at all."

Saul laughed.

"Sometimes I think like a king, Abner." His face darkened. "I wish I didn't; I wish I could bring myself to put a spear through him."

"Let the Philistines do it for you," Abner advised.

DAVID stumbled into Joab's quarters and flung himself on the cot.

"I might have known it was a trick!" he snarled. "A dirty Benjamite trick! He wants a hundred dead Philistines as a marriage present. . . . I wonder if she knew that! . . . Oh, I suppose not," he granted as Joab whirled on him in a fury. "She was only the bait. . . . Well, they won't get me in their trap. It's murder. Plain murder."

"They won't get you—David! Don't you want her?"

"Of course I want her," said David sullenly. "But a hundred Philistines—!"

"Do you have to kill them all yourself, or can somebody help you?"

"Oh, I can call for volunteers; but what's the use? The King knows I've never commanded troops in action, and he wouldn't let Jonathan go with me. Dirty Benjamites—"

Joab rose, whistling softly.

"Well, David, here's one volunteer. Let's see if we can't get a few more."

He stepped outside. The dusk was lit by bars of lamplight from the officers' quarters, by the blaze of fires in front of the barracks to the right. The escort that Saul had taken across Jordan had returned; officers and men, there must be five hundred soldiers in Gibeah. And discipline was easy, in the Hebrew army.

"Volunteers!" he shouted. From all sides men drifted toward him, curious. "Who'll go to cut off Philistine raiders?"

They swarmed in, running—and then halted, clustering in groups about him, staring in puzzled contempt. They began to drift away.

"Who wants volunteers?" called a late comer in the rear. Joab waved toward the red-haired figure in the doorway behind him.

"David, the son of Jesse! David, the giant killer!"

They came forward in a wave; a clamorous roar leaped skyward.

"I'll go! . . . Count me in! . . . Here, sir—take me!"

. . . In the gray of dawn they drew up for inspection on the parade ground, eighty-odd officers and men mixed indiscriminately in the ranks. Prince Jonathan walked up and down the line, inspecting sword belts, armor buckles, canteens, counting the arrows in the quivers—

"They'll do," he approved. "Good men, David. I wish they'd let me go." He embraced David; then: "Forward—for Yahweh and David!"

But as the column tramped away the prince beckoned Joab aside.

"David's shaking like a leaf," he said. "Natural enough—I felt that way when I first led men into battle, and of course a boy in love, with everything depending on victory— But he'll need help. David's leader of the expedition, but you'll have to command in the fight." And, as Joab quivered in surprise: "It's all right. I've watched you on the drill ground; I think you know how. If you don't, there are some tough old sergeants in that outfit who can tell you. And you can keep your head; you haven't anything at stake."

"That's true, sir," Joab admitted.

"Don't try to surprise their camp at dawn," the prince advised. "That trick works on Ammonites and Amalekites, but you can't catch Philistines that way. And, above all, don't fight them in the open; their bowmen shooting from inside a hollow square of spears would cut you to pieces. Ambush them in the hills; don't give them a chance to form, and remember if you don't beat them in the first rush you won't beat them at all."

The prince stood back, the long, rosy rays of the rising sun glinting on his armor, lighting up his fine, troubled face.

"That's all, boy. Good luck! If you win, David gets the glory, but I'll know where some of it belongs." Joab felt a lump in his throat.

"Thank you, sir. I'll do my best." He saluted; Jonathan shook hands with him. . . . As he trotted off after the column Joab looked back once; from an upper window of Saul's house a white arm waved a white scarf, but not to him.

. . . From a hilltop above Beth-Horon they saw the sunlight glinting on a line of spears moving up the valley. Automatically the men had taken cover; David looked uncertainly at Joab. Joab felt quite as uncertain; there were officers in the party, but he didn't dare ask an officer what to do. Not in his first fight.

"We'll ambush them where the valley narrows," he decided. "There's plenty of cover in the thickets on this side."

"They'll have a flanking party on the hills on both sides," said a sullen, gray-haired man squatting beside him. "Five or six men—and one man on point, in advance." Joab looked down; the veteran's shield bore the insignia of a sergeant of regulars.

"Then we'll hide some bowmen in that pocket just above the crest to take care of the flankers—eh, sergeant?"

"Bowstrings twang, sir—the column would hear them. Javelins. You've got five or six good javelin throwers here." He named them. "As for the point man—" He passed a cautious thumb along the keen edge of his sword. "I'll take care of him myself," he drawled. Joab smothered his relief.

"Thanks, Sergeant. . . . You're from down my way, aren't you? Well, we'll try to show these Northerners. Pick out your javelin throwers. The rest—Forward—and keep covered."

As they crouched in the thickets above the neck of the glen Joab saw the other flanking party methodically picking its way along the farther hill; he hoped the sergeant was taking care of the one above him. . . . But this was war; you had to do your job and trust that the other man would do his. . . . David crouched beside him, trembling, breathing hard—

UP THE stony road came the Philistines, two hundred or so in column, their shouldered spears in faultless alignment; the circlets of feathers about their helmets erect and jaunty. The head of the column passed; Joab counted ten files—"Now!" he cried.

A whistle of arrows, a hum of javelines; up and down the valley armored men fell crashing on the stones. Another volley, another—

"Forward!" Joab shouted. "For Yahweh and David!"

With a yell his men swooped down. Joab stood poised on a bowlder, surveying the field; the gathering clusters of the Philistines were broken, one by one, by the fierce impact of the Hebrews. He saw David strike an officer down. . . . Suddenly Joab found that he was trembling. I ought to be in that. . . . I'm afraid. . . .

He leaped down the slope. A Philistine rose before him, cursing by Dagon and Atargatis; the sunlight flashed cold on the steel blade of his spear, and Joab's stomach turned within him. But he went on; he parried the spear thrust, hurled himself in; his sword drove into the Philistine's throat. Sick and shuddering, he stepped over the dying man and flung himself on the next—

. . . So David and his men slew of the Philistines a hundred men, and Saul gave him Michal, his daughter, to wife; and Michal loved him. And Saul saw and knew that God was with David, and Saul was yet the more afraid of him.

(To be continued next week)

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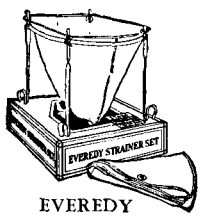

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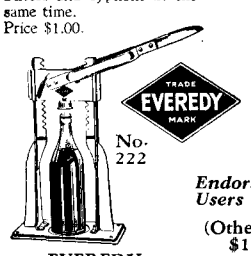

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Weary River

Continued from page 7

went to her and, catching her arm, halted her.

"What's the matter, Alice?" he asked, a roughness of concern in his tone. She drew away from him.

"Nothing—nothing, Jerry," came in an undertone, and he let her go. Far in the background he had seen a hulking form, and a queer sensation shot along his back, like the rising hackles of a fighting animal.

"Hello, big boy," he said calmly as he passed the glowering man. Jared Larrabee scowled more deeply, and, pawing forth, halted him with his touch.

"Wisecrackin' kid, eh?" he asked. Jerry looked into his eyes and saw that the pupils were dilated. Caution counseled swiftly.

"Just speaking; that's all."

"Yeh. I suppose that's all you've been doing with my wife too?"

"Nothing more." He bit his words.

"Better not be. Now, listen"—he moved closer, cocaine directing the enfeebled brain—"you stay where you're put. And don't step out of your groove. I don't want to get solitary for leaning on a butt-in."

"Oh!" Instantly Jerry knew; a hundred little mannerisms which he had noticed leaped to identification. "I knew you didn't get that walk of yours in the army!"

The next day Larrabee was gone again, and determinedly Jerry Davis sought Alice. He wanted to talk to her, question her, to try to help her—all of a sudden he realized that he was at the threshold of love. But when he found her she only begged that he leave her and promised—some other time.

A WEEK passed thus, in which Jerry Davis fought it out, surrendered and fought again. But curiosity piqued him, yearning harassed him. One afternoon he placed himself deliberately in her path as she moved around the guy ropes of the big top.

"Alice," he said, "don't you think it's better to talk it out? If I've done something wrong—"

She faced him squarely.

"That's not for me to say," came her frank answer. "Whatever you have done has been your own business."

"But you've avoided me, shunned me!"

"Not shunned you." She touched his breast with her left hand, and he clasped it tightly; it was with an effort that she freed herself. Then suddenly she straightened. "I've just been afraid, that's all."

"Afraid to see me? Afraid—" Like a bolt it struck him: the conversation in prison language with the hulk who was her husband; the way the man had eyed him as if striving to remember; now the hundreds upon hundreds of times in which his picture had been printed in newspapers flashed before him, like the ugly photographs of a Rogues' Gallery! "Jared remembered me: is that it, Alice? He'd seen my picture?"

The girl answered frankly:

"Why did you change your name?"

Jerry sighed, breath pulling sharp over open teeth.

"Oh, I'll write you a letter about that," he said.

She smiled, trying, it seemed, to give the conversation a little less serious tone.

"You owe me one. I wrote you a letter once at Ladring. I always used to listen in when you played and sang that song—you remember? So one time I just sat down and wrote you—"

"About what?"

"Oh, Jared, and what a mistake I had made, and how things hadn't turned out. I just signed my initials, of course. Some way I felt I could write it to the man who played Weary River; that he'd understand. You see, I believed everything that Jared told me; I was young and I thought—"

The chopped-off sentence, the widening of fright-ridden eyes caused him to whirl, legs suddenly bracing.

"Run!" he commanded. "Run, I tell you!"

A stifled cry, the sound of hurrying steps, and he was alone, awaiting the slouched, rolling figure of a hulking man as he picked his way through the guy ropes. There was no word of challenge, no vituperation. Clear eye glared into clouded eye, a guttural, muffled curse, and then the rush of attack. Jerry danced about the heaving giant, lashing him as he moved first to the right and left or under the milling arms; he jibed him and taunted him and led him on into straight lefts which stretched his flabby neck as the big head rocked from the jar of the impact. He circled him and tangled him in the ropes; he forced him over the guy lines, jabbing and crossing. Then suddenly the laugh departed, and his lips went gray.

"Drop that knife! You're not that kind, are you? Drop that knife before I—"

The answer was a curse and a closer flash of steel, accompanied suddenly by a cry of command from somewhere in the rear. Then a rush of figures and a jumble of forms; Jerry Davis found himself pushed to one side and out of the fray, as the show detective, with the aid of laborers, sought in vain to subdue the frenzied Larrabee. A workman screamed and dropped back, red streaking from his shoulder. The detective cursed, and, big fingers extending clawlike, reached swiftly for his hip pocket. Sickened, distraught, Jerry Davis heard the shot.

Vaguely, as dusk fell, he testified somewhere in a dingy room with the officer and workmen before the six men of a coroner's jury whose verdict must put the stamp of justification upon a policeman's act, performed in the line of duty.

The next Saturday Jerry Davis left the show.

If Jared could recognize him, then others could do the same. There would be harsh questions, rekindled queries about the causes for that fight—

At the hotel he wrote her a letter and told her why he was going, addressing it to meet her at Monday's point of exhibition. The letter closed:

"I am afraid that I never will play Weary River again. Because I cannot—its every note would cry out, 'I love you, I love you, I love you!'"

IT WAS six months later, in the evening, that Jerry Davis sat in the warden's office at Ladring, a drifting thing returned to the only mooring it knew.

"Oh, I don't know," he was saying. "The fire seemed to go out of my playing in vaudeville. It wasn't like when I was here. So I dropped away from it. Just been here and there since; played piano for a small rep outfit for

S H O P T A L K

Kathleen Norris

WHEN Kathleen Norris' story My Best Girl was nearing its conclusion in Collier's, twenty-two young women employed in a collar factory in Troy, N. Y., signed a letter addressed to the novelist. They demanded that Maggie, the department-store stock girl, marry Joe Grant, the owner's son. Any other outcome of the romance, they wrote, would cause them such deep pain that not another word by Kathleen Norris would pass their lips.

They felt a strong bond between themselves and Maggie, did these working girls of Troy, and the reason is obvious to anyone who knows the story of Mrs. Norris. For she worked in an office in San Francisco and she had to search no further than her own memory for "local color." And the picture was so true that our young friends in Troy saw themselves in Maggie and recognized her aspirations as their own.

With the fourth chapter of The Make-Believe Wife, in this issue of Collier's, Mrs. Norris' mail soon will contain other letters of advice. For there are prototypes of Beatrice Challoner everywhere and they want to see the story "come out right."

Few novelists in America have ever had so loyal and so large a circle of readers as Mrs. Norris. Perhaps it is because she commands friendship and admiration and manages to put so much of herself in her work.

Success came to her early—her first novel, Mother, was published in 1911, two years after her marriage to Charles G. Norris, the author, who was then an editor.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris live in San Francisco and, in summer, on their ranch at Saratoga, California. Wherever they are you will always find children. Their son is almost a voter but there are always small children in the world who need love and care and education and Kathleen Norris' heart is large enough to embrace them all.

Mrs. Norris crowds more enthusiasms into a busy life than any other woman we know. The church, work for peace, politics (did you read her article for Mr. Hoover in Collier's for May 5, 1928?) and innumerable charities take much of her time. Her only inexplicable activity is her passion for croquet.

THE EDITOR.

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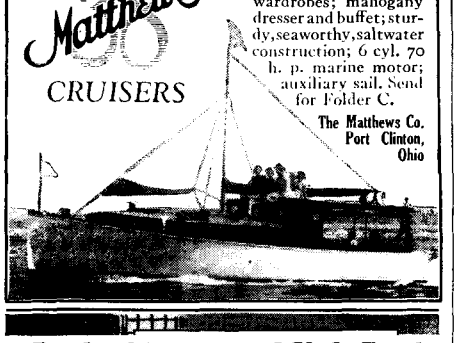

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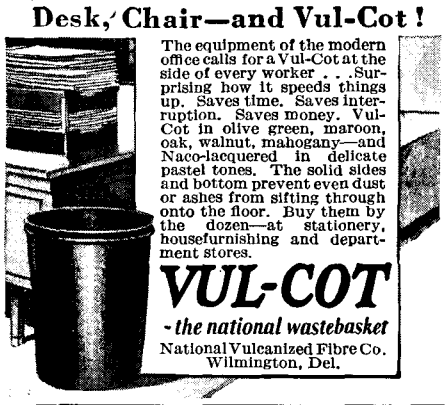
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a while. We closed the other day near here, so I thought I'd run over and see you." Then, to change the subject, "How's all the band?"

The warden shrugged his shoulders. "Not so good," he answered. "They don't play any more. You rather knocked the props out of things when you left. People here didn't realize it, but you were making this town a lot of money. It's all advertising, you know, this radio stuff. Without you the band was rotten, and the fans began kicking. Then those mail-order houses that had been announcing before and after the concerts said they weren't getting the response that they used to, so they cut out their contribution to the station, and that hurt. Then, since they weren't getting the business, they laid off a bunch of people—and things sort of went by sixes and sevens after that. Seen the station yet?"

"No, not yet," said Jerry. "I didn't think I'd go there."

"Old Joe's about the only one left now. You remember, in the file-room, where they kept the fan telegrams and mail?"

Jerry Davis walked down to town; it was dark now. He entered the hotel and walked swiftly to the elevator. A new boy was there; he ascended to the studio without recognition.

But old Joe knew him; together in the little cubbyhole of a filing-room they went over the packets together: memories of older and fairer days; telegrams; requests for echo stamps: postal cards from radio parties; letters—

His shaking hands held it closer to moist eyes under the swinging electric light globe. Again he read it and again:

"I listen to you every night you play, and wonder why you are there. I wonder what you have done that you should be there, you who have helped so much. For there must be others that you have given strength as you have given it to me, others dependent upon you—who can listen while they are all alone, just you and they and the radio carrying them the story of a weary river that is the lives of all of us, making us know that somewhere there is the sea, if we'll only look for it and hope for it. I am only signing my initials. In that way I can tell you how often I have hoped that it had been a soul like yours instead of another that I tried to rebuild. Because I know that yours would not have failed."

After a time Jerry Davis realized that he was in the shrouded broadcasting-room and that people were gathered about him. At the microphone the announcer was speaking. Jerry heard his name repeated. He turned vaguely, as if frightened. Old Joe nudged him closer to the piano.

"You said in the filing-room that you wanted to play again."

The Master of Melody only stood there, the keys beckoning. The room was silent, waiting; a face peered from the little window of the control-room; suddenly Jerry Davis tossed his head. As in the old days, feverish to be at the keys, his veins running agony in the love of the thing he was about to play, his heart, his life, his all bound up in the melody of his soul, he moved for the piano. Out over the ether there traveled an old refrain and a familiar voice that long had been silent. Again were there the fire and the beauty of inspiration in the chords and tones. Again the indefinable substance of life and hope that once had lifted Jerry Davis to the heights—now he was on the pinnacle again, for within his brain was another refrain, "I love you—I love you—!"

"Play it again!" the announcer was beside him, to whisper anew, only that he might hurry again for the microphone: "Yes, that is the man you think it is, Jerry Davis, Master of Melody, back at his old station, just to show you that he hasn't forgotten old friends—"

"Bunch of telegrams for you, sir," said a messenger boy, and Jerry Davis took them, only to have them jerked from his hands that eager volunteers might slit the flaps.

WELCOME! Welcome! The word sounded a hundred times upon the various sheets, from here, from there, from everywhere. The room had become hazy now, as if it were filled with smoke; faces danced before the man; unreal, chimerical. Then suddenly his hands trembled anew. He jerked viciously at the yellow paper before him, as if to assure himself of its genuineness. A quick hand flicked at his eyes. But still the words were there:

Read your message in the air. Do you still mean it? ALICE.

Again they thronged about him; the door of the telephone-room was now open, to emit continuous jangling. Hands appeared out of nowhere, reaching over shoulders to clasp his. And voices, asking, repeating:

"You belong here, Jerry. This is your home. We want you here. We'll fix things so you won't regret it. Won't you stay?"

He looked at them with eyes that believed. His lips parted; their trembling made his words shaky, uneven.

"If—you'll let me take a little trip first," he said. "I—I just got a telegram—"

The Bouncing Barton

Continued from page 19

ordinary prophecy and advice are treasured by James Barton, it is possibly because the gentleman who chucked the coin and the counsel was Steve Brodie, the world's champion chance taker.

Catch-as-Catch-Can Schooling

HIS schooling was necessarily piecemeal and patchy. He took it in transit and never underwent the ordeal of examinations from grade to grade until, deeming it a disadvantage to have no certificate, he went to a New Jersey town school near his birthplace. For less than three weeks he studied there and emerged with a diploma. This he proudly displayed to his parents, who were at once suspicious. Inquiry revealed the fact that Jimmy Barton's certificate of passage was genuine, with one little defect—the name originally on the diploma was not his.

"James," said his father, sternly, of course. "Do you know this is forgery?"

But James confessed to something else, not to forgery. The youngster who earned the diploma was stage-struck and dance mad. He had seen Jimmy Barton "doing dags," as they called them, in the school yard, and asked Jimmy to teach him the knee twist and the running pivot. Which Jimmy did in a trade for the diploma, artfully requiring the other lad to rub out his own name and to insert Jimmy's.

"Well," he adds, "it served as well as any other kind of diploma. I've never needed one to get or hold a job."

Although his schooling has been catch-as-catch-can throughout, James Barton knows books.

"I'm wise," he gags quite seriously, "to the difference between the Waverley novels and a permanent wave."

And that, at least, is a basis on which to build erudition. He had the reputation of being the only bookworm in burlesque when he romped around the Big Wheel with The Garter Girls.

"We did three shows a day including Sundays," James narrates. "We stayed in make-up all the time, from noon to midnight. I was a comic copper in that show, doubling as a lion tamer during the olio. Picking among second-hand book stores, I'd always find something to read. But the boys and girls in the

(*Continued on page 48*)

Pipe-Loving Sailor Makes Known His Discovery

Finds his "beloved" tobacco on sale in far-off Argentine and tells world

They used to say that a sailor had a girl in every port, and if he didn't have, he looked for one.

Here's a seafaring man who looks for Edgeworth Tobacco in the far corners of the globe, and is disappointed if he doesn't find it. Read his letter, written all the way from Buenos Aires, another place where he found this tobacco of which he is so fond:

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Calle Azoperdo 816,
Jan. 4, 1928

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Gentlemen:

I'm a seafarer, and as such of course travel quite a lot. Right now I am in the Argentine, and am glad to say that I can here purchase your beloved Edgeworth Tobacco, of which I'm so very fond.

It is indeed a pity that one can't find this good smoke in every place of the seven seas. While recently in Germany, my home-country, I tried in vain to come upon one of these little blue tins. I'm not saying too much in mentioning that I would outwalk that famous mile, hunting up dear Edgeworth. I dare say there is no other tobacco like it, and am convinced that Edgeworth cannot be improved.

Let me know when you contemplate ceasing to make Edgeworth so that I may lay in a goodly store to last till I'm seventy.

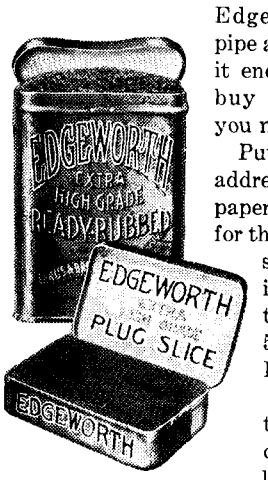
May Edgeworth never change!

I'll always remain

Sincerely yours,
Willie Schmekies

This tobacco that makes men seek it the world over, that somehow or other makes them write in their praises, must have about it that mysterious something that has been called "it." If you try Edgeworth, maybe you'll find out what "it" is.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth, this tobacco which has made men look for it throughout the world. Try Edgeworth in your pipe and see if *you* like it enough to want to buy more wherever you may be.



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The Bouncing Barton

Continued from page 47

show razzed me when I'd open a book in the dressing-room. And by the dressing-room I mean just one—with two or three blankets strung up to divide it among the principals.

Back to His Early Love

I BROKE away from burlesque after rounding the minor circuits for four years. Two other fellows in the company said one morning that they wanted to form one of those things people put their money into, and when I suggested slot machines they gave me the laugh. What they meant was a syndicate.

"We organized ourselves into a syndicate with a repertoire of Indian melodramas. They gave me the heavy parts, like Blue Feather in The Lonesome Pine, and we routed through the Carolinas and the South generally.

"And that would have been one of the most successful syndicates in the history of trouping if something hadn't gone wrong. I've told how my partners gave me the fat character parts: Indians and Spanish grandees and cockney burglars. Well, I noticed that to flatter me they'd argue that my best stuff should come last in the show to give the folks a good-by wallop that would send them out talking to their friends, which is the making of a show.

"Naturally I agreed. They even stuck in soft-shoe and tap-dancing bits for me when the rôles I had to play weren't too knavish or dignified to permit this. But I found out that, while I was holding the audience with strong finishing touches to the show, my two partners were counting up the gate and dividing it into three parts.

"And then I found out each of them had an original system of arithmetic.

"They were supposed to split our takings into three equal shares. Yet after a few weeks I saw them wearing newer clothes than I could afford, stopping at better hotels and smoking better cigars. Putting the well-known two and two together, I figured I was being gypped. They were taking me for a simp, because I touched off the shows with a wow while they cut the night's melon and left me a thin piece of the rind.

"I stopped that. For a full week I said nothing. We were making one-night stands, playing in parish and assembly halls, and using tapes of tickets bought from a Philadelphia house. I sent to that house for some rolls of tickets. When evening came I'd wait for the crowd to get to the theatre to dress (remember, my heavy stuff was planted for the end of each show), then I'd stroll about the blocks adjacent to the hall where we were playing and bark my tickets—at fifty cents, seventy-five, twenty-five, or what have you? I've sold tickets for beer checks and car-tokens.

"Of course that syndicate couldn't last. Finally, we broke up."

James Barton can't measure the value of that intensive trouping experience to him. He can hardly be expected to admit that it gave him the authentic "ham" touch which makes his serio-comic soliloquies so droll. Short of Shakespearean repertoire with some of the superb Victorian second-raters, he could have acquired that fustian touch nowhere else but in dime-novel drama.

"I went back to my early love after years of villainizing and heroizing," he recounts. That early love was burlesque.

During Barton's last year in burlesque, ideas of settling down entered his trouper's soul and made him weary of night jumps from here to there with no lay-off on the Sabbath.

He invaded New York, single-handed, with an Alger complex. His self-appointed route was from burlesque to stardom within a year. He achieved the transition within six months.

That was the year of the actors' strike, and the strikers engaged the Lexington Theatre, a super-barn, to throw a benefit show for themselves. Ed Wynn volunteered as chief comic, but the Shuberts stopped him with an injunction. All the Barrymores, all the Drews—indeed, everybody who was anybody on the working side of the footlights—had a spot on that benefit. All but a comic who was a sure-fire fun maker.

A friend of Jimmy Barton's, knowing Jimmy was in town and out of a job, spoke to the Lambs Club executive arranging the benefit program.

They put him last in a program of thirty acts. Naturally a tired audience reached for its hats when his number went up. The aisles were filled with outgoers when Jimmy Barton shot on the stage. Before him had gone gorgeous snatches of drama from the persons of the great, but little enough fun. Jimmy slapped his two-foot shoes in a "routine" and hollered to the ushers to close all exits. That halted the crowd. Then Jimmy did his stuff. He sang, he danced. And they called him back for five encores.

That night Jimmy Barton was made. Managers who had been bitterest in fighting the strike turned about and bid for the service of the comic who had made the comedy hit of the strike's biggest benefit. The Shuberts signed up Jimmy for eleven years, and Broadway, which is used to awaking to the same old story, rubbed its eyes at something new. A low comedian found himself cast in operetta. Jimmy played for months on end as the Grand Duke Borrowvitch in an important Viennese hit.

"It was a tough show for a guy used to broad methods," he recalls. "There was I, dolled up in a uniform, and only permitted to have my soft shoes of all my vaudeville and burlesque props. Yet I could see these audiences—men and women in dinner jackets and evening gowns—were aching to laugh, just like the lads in the burlesque houses. And I had nothing to give them but froth. I argued for heavier comedy. Nothing doing. The boys argued back that this was a dainty show.

"Mae Gaghan was playing opposite me. She weighs about three hundred pounds. I asked her permission to stage a slapstick gag, and that same night I did, slapping her broad back with a comedy boxing glove. It brought down the house. Thereafter I turned on all my burlesque show stuff, polished up a bit, and it went like a riot."

They put Jimmy in another "legit" musical show. And on the opening night when his name had gone up "in the lights," he found he couldn't sing. His voice was gone totally. Jake Shubert himself dragged a doctor round to the dressing-room, and they shot morphine into Jimmy. He staggered on the stage, voiceless. He danced; then, as he executed his jumping-bean jerk, a difficult locked-feet spring about the stage, his voice returned. He sang—and Jimmy can sing. But he sang too hard, and his voice vanished again before the end of the song. He whispered the rest and limped to the wings where Shubert was standing.

"You're finished," said the manager.

"In my dressing-room were baskets of flowers," said Jimmy. "For a minute or two I thought I was a corpse. That's a playful way some managers have."

Jimmy Has a Disagreement

ZIEGFELD took Barton from Shubert, and he sent Jimmy out as the sole comedian with the '26 Follies.

There is whispered a story that Ziegfeld purposely laid off Jimmy for months on the excuse that he couldn't find a play for him. And the lay-off circumstantially followed a little disagreement in Florida. Jimmy was starring in The Palm-Beach Girl, and Mr. Ziegfeld, who loves social diversions, desired to appear strikingly at a fancy dress ball. He sent a minion to summon Jimmy Barton, for he needed Barton's aid in make-up.

"Tell Mr. Ziegfeld," Jimmy is re-

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ported as telling Mr. Ziegfeld's minion, "to go to hell."

Like most other touring advice, that sort is free, but that sort is also foolish. Jimmy has had to suffer by being forced to return to headlining in vaudeville when he thought he had been graduated to higher honors for keeps. And he thought correctly, but not by the grace of Ziggy. Jimmy can't play in a play until Ziggy, who holds his musical-comedy contract, finds one for him. And Ziggy has myopia at times, so they say.

James Barton—Champion Cyclist

FROM a hard school Barton has emerged without any major vices. He yachts a bit—he's the only comedian who owns a real sea-going yacht—and he has a passion for six-day bike races. He once ducked a profitable engagement to get up to join the ranks of the all-week suckers. But that is pardonable, since he is undisputed champion cyclist of the theatrical profession, trick performers excepted. That must have been a wild race he had with Joe Jackson one afternoon at the Velodrome in New York, with the laurels of stagedom at stake. They say the pace of the grind was appalling, and there is still dispute as to who won, because the official scorers lost track of the laps, being confused when Joe Jackson, the tramp comic, you'll perhaps recall, pedaled backward to deceive them into thinking that he was one lap ahead. Jimmy Barton claims the title, and as there is nobody else to dispute him, why should we?

It was in the Palace Theatre in New York that I saw Mr. James Barton do his celebrated "rotine," meaning routine, which is the name the vaudevillians have for especially invented dances that are amazingly everything but routine. He had slipped new steps into his march of the wooden soldier.

A stage hand guided Jimmy Barton and me to the smoking-room. There we saw an exact imitation of the new steps he had introduced that afternoon.

"Isn't that what the boys call gag pinching?" I asked Jimmy.

"In plain words," Jimmy replied, "what difference does it make? They can copy a dancer's stuff or a singer's stuff; but they can't be *him*."

"Have to work too hard in vaudeville," said he later, stripping off his sweatshirt. "Now, in a musical show there's none of this sort of slavery.

"And then there are the girls. I like them not so much for their beauty as for their gossip. If you want to know what's going on in show business, ask a wise little show girl."

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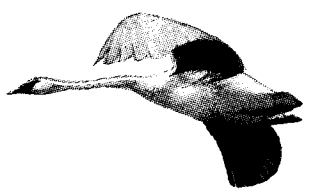

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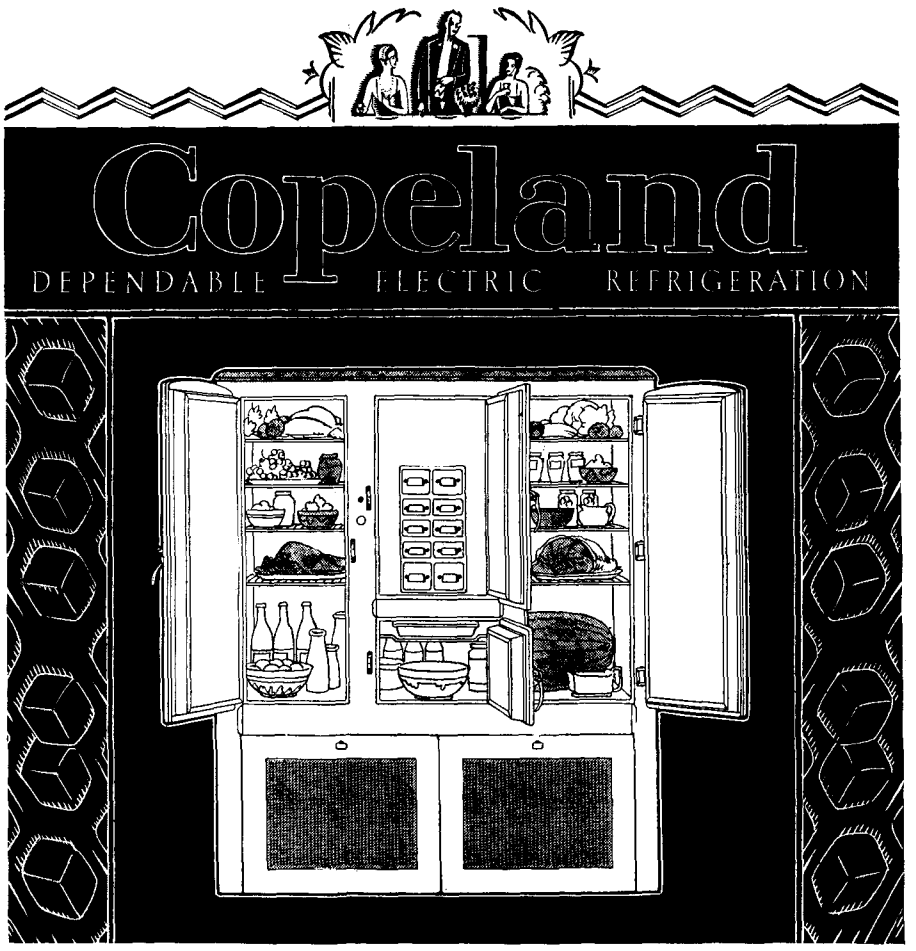

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Kellogg's Great Effort

IT HAS been customary to say that old men make wars for young men to fight, but the old man who is now our Secretary of State is doing his utmost to induce all of the great nations to unite with us in preventing wars.

Secretary Kellogg will succeed if we let him. Both the State Department and the Senate are willing to go as far as public opinion will follow.

Will these treaties actually outlaw war or must we look forward again to another period when killing will be the normal business of civilized men?

The World War is just ten years away, yet it seems so far gone now that we can scarcely believe its reality. But a decade ago men still in their early thirties were flying over populous cities, dropping explosives.

We are no better than men were in 1914. Human nature has not changed during these ten years. Tools have been improved. Guns are more effective. Airplanes can drop heavier bombs of more terrible explosives and of more deadly gases.

Have we any reason to think that we and our children shall escape the age-old tragedy of war?

The answer is an emphatic "yes." We can avoid war and we can honorably avoid war if we choose. War can be made as obsolete as dueling.

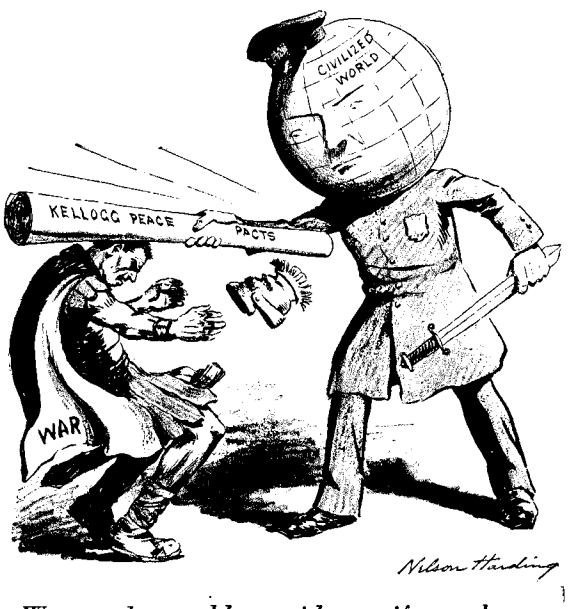
War is now a legally recognized method of conducting international business. Public opinion is more humane than international law and war is not tolerated except where it can be excused as an act of self-defense. But the right to make war exists.

What the political parties are demanding is simply that the same rules by which we live in other relationships be extended to international affairs.

Unless we are criminals and outlaws we don't kill those with whom we have private differences of opinion. We arbitrate, or go to court, or simply stop doing business with our private enemies.

Human nature won't be made different by the treaties outlawing war. We shall be just as selfish and just as generous as we were before. We shall have the same peaceable and the same quarrelsome instincts. But even though we are ourselves unchanged, the rules of the game of international life will be changed, and this is the vital essential.

So if you see no sense in utilizing the inventiveness of science to maim and destroy the finest of the sons of men, support your government in its attempt to prevent future calamities. Here is one place in which our government is as good and as wise as we will permit it to be.



We can honorably avoid war if we choose. It can be made as obsolete as dueling

What of It?

JEAN LUSSIER'S rubber ball carried him safely through Niagara's swirling waters and, being the curious animals we are, we shall doubtless pay sufficiently for the pleasure of looking at the adventurer and his contraption to reimburse him for his expenditures and perhaps give him enough to buy that farm he wishes to bestow upon his parents.

A mad exploit and utterly useless, but profitable so long as we are willing to buy admission tickets to get a look at the bizarre.

The participants in the absurd exploits are only a little madder than those of us who gape at them. A woman dances her shoes off to win money for her son's schooling. Viewed one way it is mother love, or the passion for education, or some other noble impulse. Looked at otherwise, it is a sorry bid for notoriety and dollars.

But it takes all sorts to make up a summer and the police needn't worry lest they condone too much. If the most solid of us did not have slight tinges of this lunacy, even the in-patients of Bedlam would know that no money was to be made by winning any one of the mad records which now are much sought after.

Pioneers

WHICHEVER way we vote next fall we will elect a President belonging to pioneer stock and bred in the pioneer way of thinking and doing. The word pioneer comes from the French and meant originally one who goes ahead and breaks trail. Hoover's early struggles were in far-off places while Smith had to fight through the jungle of tenements. Each in his own way is a trail-breaker and each, by the same token, stands for a tradition which is thoroughly American.

What is this tradition? Let us look at it in the lives of these two men who have so little else in common.

First, it is a tradition of opportunity. Both Smith and Hoover lost their fathers in boyhood. Both had to make their own ways in the world without wealth or favor to help them.

Second, it is a tradition of service—of neighborliness. Hoover and Smith are strong candidates because the voters believe that they are able to look beyond their own interests. Hoover gave up a fortune in order to give all his time and strength to Belgian relief. Smith has devoted the best years of his life in the state of New York at a salary which does not cover reasonable living expenses.

Third, it is a tradition of open-mindedness. Both Smith and Hoover are in many ways conservative. Hoover won the confidence of Germans and Allies alike because both knew that his mind was wholly on the job in hand—that of feeding a starving nation. Smith got needed legislation year after year from a Republican legislature because he, too, could look beyond platforms and generalizations to the thing that cried out to be done. That is Americanism at its best. How did both men manage to acquire it?

There could not have been two careers more widely different. Hoover, born in Iowa, migrated to Oregon and went to school in a brand-new California university. His work took him to out-of-the-way places all over the world. He was as much at home in London, Peking and Paris as in New York City.

Smith, on the other hand, lived till he was thirty within an area about a quarter of a mile square on the lower East Side of Manhattan. What Hoover learned at college and in his wide travels Smith had to acquire in the rough-and-tumble of the street, the fish market, the water-front and the political club.

The truth is that, rising far above differences of birth, religion and politics, there is an Americanism recognizable alike in the crowded tenement districts and in the open spaces of the West. It is the Americanism of the pioneer—hopeful, experimental, kindly, democratic. This year's opportunity to vote for it is far more important than partisan politics.

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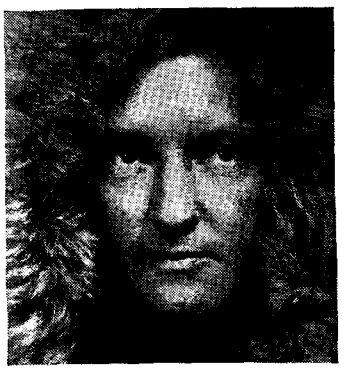

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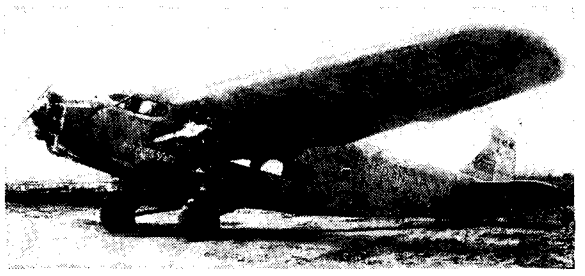

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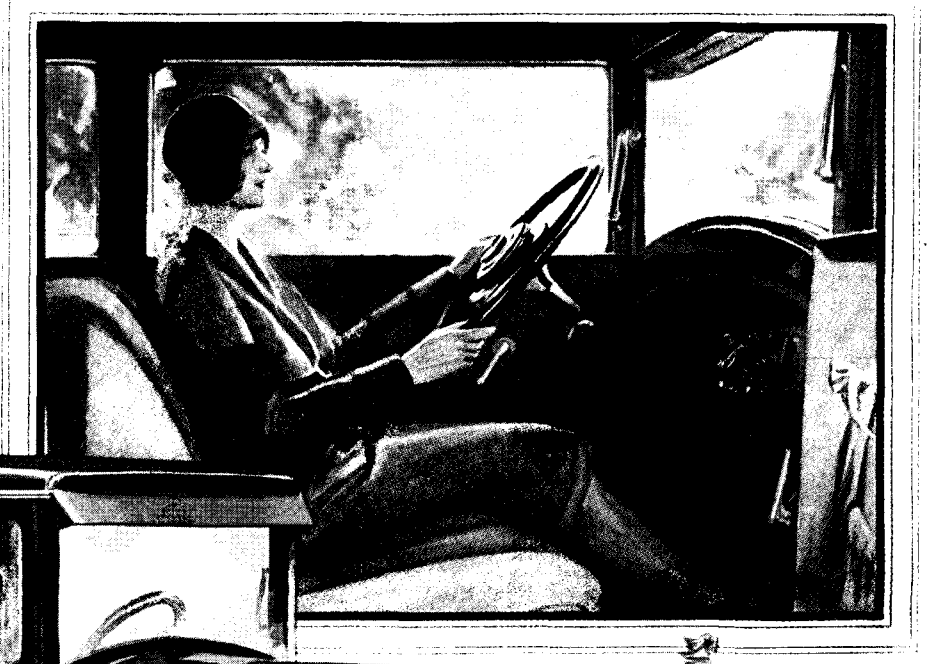

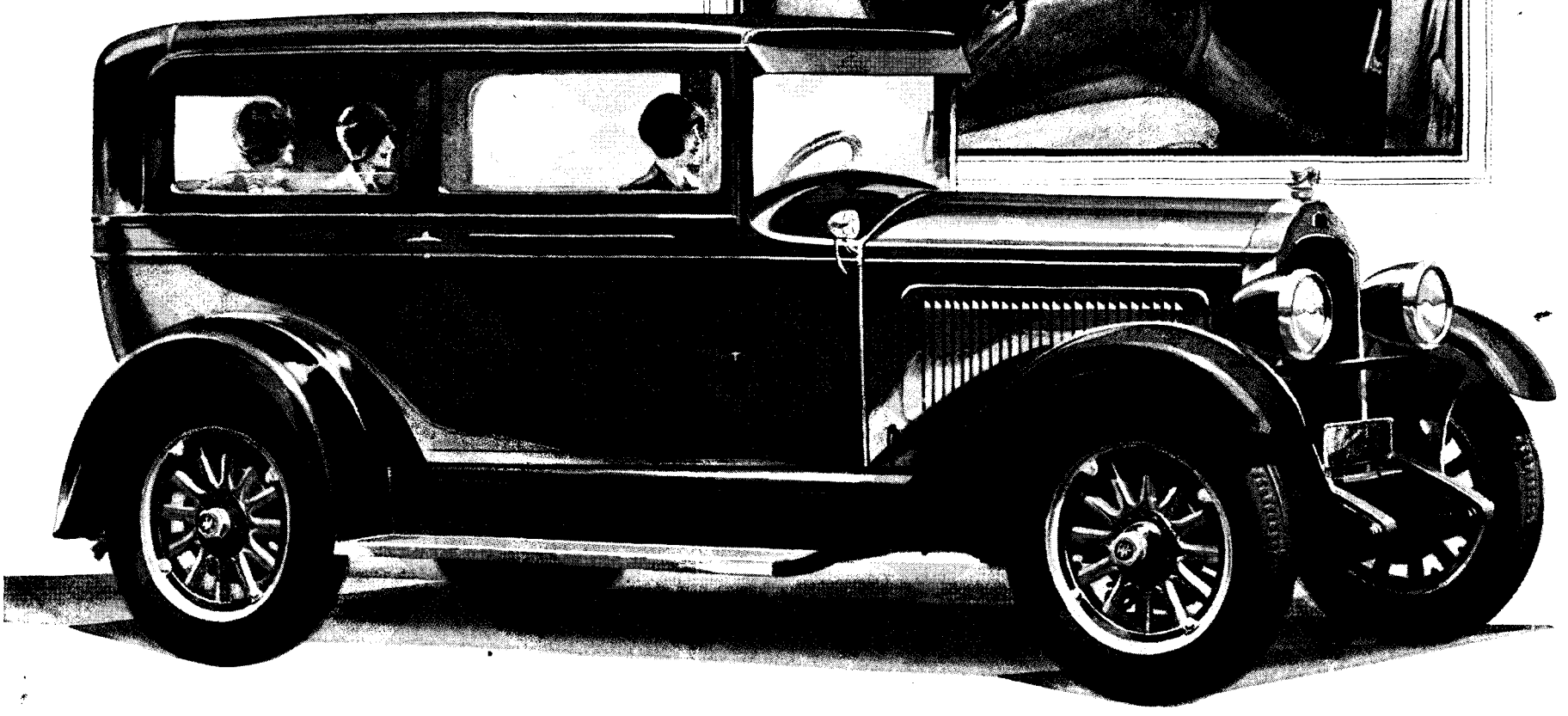

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